

Professional Witchcraft (Multi TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Planologer

Max is an ordinary young man struggling in college, while his parents Emma and Francis are dealing with an unexpected pregnancy. But everything changes when Aunt Lily drops by for a visit to his family. Aunt Lily is a witch, and thinks she can solve Emma and Francis' marital problems, just like her apprentice thinks she can help Max and his friend Corey with their gender studies course. Soon Francis will find himself a woman, carrying Emma's baby, and Corey will get to experience the other gender too!

Professional Witchcraft

Part 1: A Magical Reunion

'It's gonna be a sunny time in Midtown tomorrow thanks to our Arcane Meteorology Department. A big shoutout to our magical ladies for giving us a nice break from these Spring showers, though be warned, it's right back to rainy days until Wednesday. Can't be wrecking the natural order too much, after all! For now though, keep in doors everyone and look forward to tomorrow-'

Max switched off the television. Typical, he thought. One day of warmth among a ton of wet, depressing days, all when he was meant to be enjoying his summer break before getting ready for the next semester of college. And even then, it was only because of witchcraft.

It wasn't like Max had anything *against* witches, per se. Ever since witchcraft had become more accepted in the last couple of hundred years, the public had experienced a net gain. Major repairs after natural disasters were a lot breezier when you had a team of women who could knit together the deep fissures of an earthquake, for instance. And zoos worldwide had become a lot more up to standard and humane since the 'talking to animals' spell had been invented: it was hard to claim that the Bangkok City Zoo was conservationally friendly, for instance, when there were people who could get the lions to complain in a language everyone understood. Missing persons, particularly those that got lost on national park trails and the like, were now a walk in the proverbial park. So Max had to admit that witchcraft in the modern world was by and large a good thing.

He just resented the fact that he didn't have any magic power of his own to sort out a few life problems, most of which were compounding to make him increasingly uncertain

about the direction of his life. As far as keeping count, he had four problems that were making life difficult:

One: despite playing soccer enthusiastically all throughout high school, he had failed to make the cut to a college team *yet again*. Last year he had been turned away, and now he was training like a demon to get in *this* time. The possibility of another embarrassment was putting him one edge.

Two: in order to get full credits for his major in sports science (he wanted to work in fitness, health, or perhaps even become a P.E. teacher one day), he still had to pass his chosen minor. Unfortunately, his best friend Corey had convinced him to take *gender studies*, a course his buddy promised would be 'an easy cinch,' but instead now proved to have numerous in-depth essays and theoretical readings attached to it. It was also too late to back out of it.

Three: he was about to become an older brother in just five or six weeks. His mother Emma was eight months pregnant with a surprise baby. He knew she'd had him young, being only eighteen when she'd gotten pregnant, but that still put her at nearly thirty nine years old, given that he was turning twenty in just a month. In fact, the due date was placed exactly on his own birthday, just for insult's sake. His mother and father - Francis - hadn't stopped bickering ever since the news of their surprise baby had come along, and while Corey was increasingly by his side to listen to his woes, it irritated him to no end that his parents were having a *second* kid, one nearly twenty years his junior!

And of course, that led to Four: Aunt Lily. Max had never met his father Francis' sister, but apparently she was visiting for the weekend and to help his mother out. She was always travelling, at least according to Max's Dad, but he hadn't seen her in a long time. It was obvious that *something* was the reason she didn't visit until now, though, because his mother had been even more stressed than normal, and that was something, given that she was a cranky pregnant thirty eight year old woman. It didn't take a genius to realise, though, that if things were awkward between Francis and Aunt Lily, it was probably because Max's Mom Emma *really* didn't like her. She seemed to scowl everytime she came up in conversation.

"Just four things to deal with," Max said to himself, lying back on the couch. "A visit from a potentially hostile aunt, another essay due within a week of returning to college, a damn baby sister or brother to come along shortly, and the freakin' possibility that I'll fail yet another attempt to get on the soccer team. Ugh."

He puffed up, then exhaled in an exaggerated manner.

"It's not all bad, I guess," he said aloud. His phone buzzed and he checked the message. It was his best friend, Corey.

Hey dude, can I come hang tomorrow morning??? Parents are trying to kick me out again - not literally but u know what i mean.

Max smirked. He and Corey had been best buds since early high school days, but his friend could be a lot. He had the kind of excitable personality that could easily grate on newcomers, and he could only imagine that his parents wanted a break from him from time to time, especially if he was babbling on about a new movie or show he was obsessed with, or another hair-brained scheme to get a girlfriend, which often blew up in his face.

Sure thing, man. Sure my folks won't mind. Got a weird aunt visiting so it'll be good to have an excuse to dip out.

Sweet! I'll make sure to say hi to your mom 2. I bet she's struggling with being super duper preggo and all.

A laughing emoji was sent back, and that was that. The nineteen-going-on-twenty year old lay back on the couch, kicking up his feet. Despite his relaxation, he looked every part the fit athlete: his body was tan from the sun, and his dark hair swept back in natural waves as if he were running in a sneakers commercial. He wasn't chisel-jawed or anything, but he knew he was pretty good looking, and had experienced success with girlfriends in the past. Unfortunately, he'd lost a lot of his mojo since life's problems piled up and his confidence evaporated. He was really hoping to find a lasting relationship with a girl he liked, somehow.

"Get through this aunt visit," he said, tossing a hacky sack up into the air and catching it. "Then I can tackle the rest." He threw the sack and caught it again. "Hmm, wonder what Mom's beef with her is?"

"Damn it, she'll be here any second. I can't believe you convinced me into this, especially with me about to burst any second!"

Francis adjusted his glasses and scratched at his dark brown hair in a frustrated manner. "Honey, you're not about to burst. You're not even eight months pregnant. It's not that big of a deal. You're not going to give birth."

"Oh, and no woman has ever gone into premature labour, right? Especially over stress? Is that what you're saying?"

"Umm . . . no? But it's not likely. You just need to relax."

Emma flung her arms up in the air. "Exactly! This is a terrible idea. We should cancel. Tell her she can't come. Especially not with her . . . talent."

Francis placed a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder. "Honey, you know we can't cancel. She's come all this way. It'll be good for Max to connect to other family before the

baby arrives. Besides, she's my sister. I find things with her a little awkward but it will be good to see her."

He lowered her hand to caress her swollen belly, and this seemed to calm Emma somewhat. He was older than his wife by only a couple of years, but one would have thought the gap was bigger at that moment, and not in her favour either. Whereas Francis Donaldson appeared to be a slightly lankier man of around forty, with smart glasses and neatly combed brown hair, Emma appeared to be completely frazzled, as if she were a pregnant woman approaching her fiftieth year rather than her fortieth. She normally looked quite beautiful, and pregnancy theoretically should have had her glowing. But instead she was tired from the baby constantly moving about, stressed over dealing with her son's frustrations with . . . everything, she supposed, and her hair was a tangled mess that hadn't been washed properly. The bags under her eyes also aged her, the bloodshot look in her gaze adding a manic quality too.

"Mhmmm, just cup the belly a little longer," she said, letting her husband take the weight of it and relaxing her shoulders a little. "I swear, it's just the worst. I'd love to just do away with this whole pregnancy experience."

Francis paused his ministrations. "Honey, we've been down this road. I know you're concerned because this baby came along accidentally, but I thought we had both had enough time to be excited to meet them."

Emma rubbed her temples. "Of course I'm excited. I love this child, I really do, even if I wish I'd had them years ago instead of when I'm about to hit forty. But I just want the baby, dear. I'd love to just have the baby and not have to worry about going through all the pregnancy. It's affecting me medically, don't forget."

"Well, that's sad to hear," Francis replied. He raised his hands up, slowly moving towards her breasts in her white maternity singlet. "I think it's just a beautiful thing seeing you swell up with our child again. And I don't mind about *these*."

He cupped her large breasts, which had gone up two whole cup sizes, from respectable B's to full Double-D's, a ripe pair of cantaloupes which had necessitated new bras to support them.

"Hey!" she groaned, pushing his hands away and stepping out of his reach. "Those are sensitive! I've told you this so many times."

"Sorry, I just thought . . . maybe if you were in the mood, or I could calm you down by getting you in the mood-

"Don't lie, you just enjoy feeling my tits instead of listening to how hyper emotional I am. I swear, I just want this over with. I want a baby in my arms and a flat stomach and I want to be selling houses again, not languishing in maternity leave. And I'm really sorry, honey, I truly am, but sex is just so exhausting right now."

Francis huffed. “We could true. Sometimes you’ve got to go the extra mile to make your partner-”

“Don’t even finish that sentence, mister! I *am* going the extra mile. You can be patient and stop badgering me for sex!”

Emma gently pushed her husband out of the bedroom and slammed the door shut, catching her breath (a hard thing to do while pregnant) before moving to the bathroom.

“What a horndog of a man I married, I swear,” she muttered. She looked at herself in the mirror and was utterly despondent. Her belly was massive, dominating her form. Her obstetrician had told her that she was carrying more fluid than most. She thought it looked like she was carrying twins, almost. Her baby was sleeping inside her now, at least, but that didn’t stop the little tyke from stirring, almost like it could sense her stress.

“God, I’m a mess,” she said. “And huge. This big heavy balloon, not to mention these huge boobs. It’s too much. It’s all too much.”

But then she sighed, and began to strip down, ready for a shower. Lily would be here in an hour or so, and while Max was downstairs in his own room, shut off from the world as he studied or played games, she had a good amount of time to make herself ready.

One thing was for sure: there was no way she was going to have a hair out of place when her husband’s sister visited, no matter how she felt deep inside. Emma and her had never gotten along, and it was all because of Lily’s profession. No, the pregnant woman would prove how unnecessary magic was, even if she had to lie to do so.

The doorbell rang as Emma descended down the stairs. Francis found it hard not to look at his wife as she did so. Despite still looking a little tired and certainly more than a little irritated, she was undeniably gorgeous to the man. His wife wore a blue maternity dress that hugged her swollen belly just so, and she’d fixed up her hair, blow-dried it, and even put on the nice emerald-studded earrings that looked spectacular on her.

“You look unbelievably beautiful, my darling,” he exclaimed.

“Thanks, dear, but I feel like a beachball,” she said, clutching her belly as she made it to the ground floor. “Was that the doorbell?”

“I believe it was. I’ll get it. You fetch Max.”

“No! No, you fetch Max. We should all be there, and he listens to you more. Besides, I want to make a clear impression.”

“Please don’t scare my sister off.”

“I’m just showing her that I’m being tolerant.”

She waddled over to the front door while Francis moved to Max's room. He knocked quickly, then barged in, only for Max to groan.

"I told you, wait till I answer! I could be doing anything in here!"

"Well, if you feel that way, maybe you should move out?"

"I'm working on it! Who is it?"

Francis smirked. "Your Aunt Lily. She's arrived. You can come meet her now."

The pair moved back to the entrance hall, Francis with his teeth set. He really wanted things to go well. Emma was so on edge lately, and clearly not enjoying her pregnancy despite all of his efforts to make it so. With her hormones sky high, it had made it difficult for him to say even the most innocuous sentence around her, for fear of setting her off, though even he had to acknowledge that perhaps pushing her to accept his sister's offer of visitation was too much, especially since the woman was already insistent on staying the weekend. He could only hope that things went well.

That hope quickly died as soon as he rounded the corner and saw not one, but *two* women standing at the door, and his wife smiling pleasantly in an expression that could only be described as like that of a cat ready to pounce on a foe. The kind that said 'I told you so, didn't I?'

"Honey," she said, her voice laced with acid, "your sister Lily is here, and she's invited a *surprise guest*. Isn't that *exciting*?"

She indicated to the two women, and Francis was crestfallen. Antics like this were why he didn't see his sister often. The older woman was obviously his sister. He hadn't seen her in years, but somehow she was even lovelier than he remembered; she always got more compliments than him when they were young. She had long, luscious black hair and pale skin, and was a good deal more beautiful than her pregnant sister-in-law, but her facial structure had the same slightly thin lips and sharp cheeks as he did, and eyes that seemed to know more than they let on.

"*This* is your sister?" Max said, astonished.

Francis nodded, stepping forward. "Yes, Max. Meet your Aunt Lily."

Emma fumed, feeling very much not up to her sister-in-law's standard. Lily just laughed - it was almost a cackle. She stepped into the doorway, her sharp purple dress flowing around her ankles.

"Oh, don't stare too much! This is just a look I sort of . . . put on! You know how it is with magic. The customer expects a certain attractive and mesmerising quality and I've just gotten used to it! Now, my brother, come here! It's so good to see you!"

She embraced Francis, kissing him dramatically on each cheek. Even her voice sounded free and delightful. She gestured at the younger woman, who was a tomboyish looking Latina woman in her early twenties, abouts. She had her hair in a pixie cut and

several studs on her right eyebrow, and with her biker jacket and jeans she looked simultaneously very cool - at least to Max's eyes - and out of place.

"This is my apprentice and current assistant," Lily declared, pushing the smaller woman forward, "Valentina. She's truly gifted in the transformative arts, just like yours truly."

"Transformative arts?" Max said, not knowing what was going on.

Lily's eyes almost glowed with excitement. "Oh, but I forget my manners! You must be Max! My darling nephew. The last time I saw you, well, you had just learned to walk. How are you, dear?"

Max looked about, feeling put on the spot. "Um, pretty good. I'm preparing to try out for the college soccer team."

Valentina scoffed, which took the wind out of his sails, somewhat. Emma looked furious at the intrusion, but Francis was already at her side, pestering her to calm.

"Wonderful! And Emma, lovely to see you as well! You're so big! It's incredible! You look like you're carrying a house, but the most beautiful house there is."

Emma ground her teeth.

"By the moon, it's good to see you again. I hope . . . I hope it's good for you to see me as well."

Emma sighed, trying not to view Lily in the worst light, though she wasn't helping. Max was getting the distinct impression that Lily was quite the haughty one.

"It's . . . good to see you too, Lily, she managed. As for the bump, well, I can't say we expected a baby this late along in life, but a blessing is a blessing."

"It truly is a blessing," Francis said, placing a hand over his wife's shoulder.

Lily nudged her brother in the ribs. "Of course you'd say that, brother, you don't have to carry it. Or deal with swollen ankles. Or kicking in the night. Or exhaustion."

Emma actually felt oddly comforted by her sister-in-law's words . . . until the uninvited visitor spoke.

Valentina looked about. "Well, it's cool to meet you all. Um, I'll go and unpack. Where can I stay?"

Emma huffed. "I'm sorry, I didn't realise we'd get *another* person. Lily, you should have told me you had a plus one."

"Oh, honey, I didn't think you'd mind. Besides, she really is wonderful. She'll stay in my room, I swear. I need my apprentice. I really thought I'd told you."

Francis played peacekeeper with his sister. He took some of the luggage that Valentina was fiddling with and hefted it up. "Follow me," he said. "I'll show you to your room."

He left, and so did Valentina, though she did wave casually to Max. He was annoyed to realise the girl who had been dismissive of him a moment ago was actually quite

attractive, and her brief smirk made his heart flutter. To distract himself, he turned back to the crippling tension between his mother and Lily.

“Um, I’ve really got to ask something,” he said as the two passive-aggressively argued back and forth about Valentina’s status.

“What!?” Emma spat.

“What is it, dearie?” Aunt Lily said, far more casually.

“Well, uh, when you said ‘illusory’ before, and talked about ‘transformative’ stuff as well. Uh, what did you mean by that? Like, is that a metaphor, or do you do stage work or something?”

There was a protracted silence, during which Emma became crestfallen. The truth had to come out somehow, but she never expected it so soon. Aunt Lily, on the other hand, was finally without her cool, her mouth agape as she flicked her gaze back and forth between mother and son.

“Do you mean to tell me that you never told him what I do?” she said. “I know you don’t approve, Emma-”

“It’s far more than I don’t approve! It’s unnatural, and it’s chaotic! And all those difficulties you caused when Francis and I were dating, and then you upstaging our engagement party, not to mention the leadup to the wedding!”

“I know, I was a self-obsessed fool, vain and ridiculous! I’ve changed since then, and Francis has forgiven me. And I said sorry to you more times than I can count!”

“Not enough! I learned my lesson. What you do is grotesque!”

Max gestured wildly, trying to get their attention back. “What is? What’s grotesque!?”

Lily raised an eyebrow, but Emma just huffed and stormed off, muttering about needing to plan dinner for “this lovely family reunion.”

“What did she mean, Aunt Lily?” Max asked.

“Isn’t it obvious, dear?” the beautiful woman said, flicking her hair back dramatically. She touched a potted plant nearby and whispered some words, and it suddenly twisted and changed from its near-dead form, becoming a gorgeous set of vibrant purple roses to match her dress.

“I’m a witch,” she said, grinning.

“And she’s teaching me magic!” Valentina called from upstairs.

Part 2: Spells and Contracts

Max had a thousand questions. Francis did too, but he was aware of the moods of his wife and trying to keep them largely to himself. Emma had no questions at all, only judgement. And yet, as they all sat down for dinner, Lily showed no signs of the obvious tension in the air at all, instead being happy to discuss her magical powers as if it were just as ordinary as a plain old office job. Valentina beamed with pride whenever her mistress spoke, and it was clear that she was a dutiful apprentice.

“So you’ve always had magic?” Max asked. “Does that mean I can have magic too?”

It was easy to dislike magic when you didn’t have it, but Max was already considering the possibility of how better his life and its problems would be if he had a little arcane power.

“Of course, dear, didn’t your father or mother ever tell you about magical potential?”

Emma hadn’t, and it was possible that Lily knew this. Francis had drip fed bits to Max, but otherwise preferred not to wade into waters his wife found discomfiting.

“We didn’t think it important,” the pregnant woman said as she took another piece of roast chicken and dipped it into the homemade gravy.

“Well, would you mind if I told him?”

Emma shrugged, but otherwise verbalised no response. Francis placed his hand on her lap under the table, trying to get her to smooth her emotions. Lily turned to her apprentice. “Actually, Valentina, you tell him. You know my story, and I want to hear you explain it. Think of it as a challenge.”

The tomboyish latina sat up straight, coughed, and seemed to recite her answer, her voice warbling only a little with nervousness.

“Magic potential is almost entirely limited to women. Though there are cases of male witches - known as warlocks - they are exceedingly rare, numbering less than one in ten thousand. This is with witches themselves already being very rare.”

Max slumped a little in his seat as Valentina continued.

“Potential is there from the beginning, as far as observation has been able to tell, but can only really be detected in the mid-toddler years - around three years old - when breaches of gravity and transformative magic and all that may accidentally take place. From there, the child can be raised by a chosen mentor in the ways of magic, as well as its regulations and restrictions, so that no illegal and unsanctioned use of magic is used.”

Francis scoffed. “I wish I’d known that when I was seven, and you turned my hair green.”

Lily gave a sympathetic grin. “I truly am sorry looking back on that, Francis. But . . .”

Valentina took the hint. “Technically, magic deemed ‘harmless’ and administered upon family members is usually considered lawful, particularly when one is juvenile.

Otherwise a witch's magical development would be hampered - it sort of usually just happens."

Emma rolled her eyes. "Just happens, sure. But not into adulthood." She reached forward to spear another potato, only for a sharp kick to the spine from her baby to cause her to drop the fork with a clatter. "Oh damn it!"

"Are you okay?" Francis asked.

"It's just the baby. Your baby. He's kicking me in the spine."

Valentina perked up. "I've got a spell that could-"

"NO!"

Emma and Lily both blinked. They had both said the same thing at the same time, and for a brief moment, seemed to be on the same page. Lily immediately calmed the situation.

"Sorry, my apprentice. Your magic is not there yet, and it would be inappropriate. This is my family, after all."

"Sorry, mistress."

The moment passed, and they ate in relative silence. Max burned to ask more questions, but it was Francis that shifted the conversation when Lily asked about his work.

"Oh, I'm sure it's much more boring than your line of work. I get to work from home most of the time, unless I'm meeting clients. I design websites for businesses that want online stores and other online services."

"Fascinating!"

"What about yourself, Lily? Emma never told me you were a witch. Are there different kinds of witches? Do you do the major repairs or the weather?"

She laughed again. "Oh, nothing so big and attention-seeking as that!"

Emma raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

"Basically," the witch continued, "and I'm trying not to be too flashy about this, but . . . I work in Hollywood."

Max nearly coughed up his soda. "*The Hollywood?* Like, in movies?"

She grinned. "The very same! It's how I met Valentina, actually. She was a young makeup specialist and I sensed potential in her. Basically, I cast spells for money for Hollywood productions. Sometimes it's just little illusions and fog effects if a machine doesn't work and they really need the shoot today, but my real specialty is in physical transformations. Remember *Starlight Guardian*?"

Max's jaw dropped. He liked the movie, but his best friend Corey was *obsessed* with it, and the tie-in game. "You worked on *that!*?"

"She made the aliens," Valentina said.

“Well, I made the transformations that made ordinary actors and extras *look* like aliens. That was quite a big magical effort for me! But that’s a really out there job, and it took a lot of energy and a lot of contracts - magic works chiefly by consent and contract, you see. The more party to it, the more complicated it gets, especially if you’re not magically trained up yet. What I mostly do is make actors a little more buff for a particular role, or taller - Tom Cruise, believe it or not, is a regular contractor for that one - and even for them to change sex.”

This spurred a thought in Max. “Wait, there was a spate of movies a few years ago. Lots of female-led action flicks like *Blonde Kill* and *The Interrogator*. Lots of people praised the female leads, but they were nobodies, and I haven’t-”

Lily cackled. “I worked on *Blonde Kill*! Certainly, Vanessa Starling was my work. Or, as you might know her from a few small television roles, *Victor Starling*. *The Interrogator* was an actual woman though. Another witch in my work did help her muscle development, though.”

Max’s mind was already whirring. So she *could* make someone more muscular. Fitter. Perhaps even more likely to get onto the soccer team . . .

And judging from hot smoking hot the leads were in those two movies and many others he suspected had her or other witches working on them, she could also make people more attractive. Max was usually good with girls, but lately he’d been off his game and lacking confidence. And he’d never dated a girl outside his league before. Perhaps . . .

“So Aunt Lily,” he ventured. “Does that mean you could use magic to make me-”

“Absolutely not, and don’t even think of it,” Emma said. “We have enough stress in this household, and magic isn’t to be trusted.”

“Emma, I would never use magic on your son,” Lily said. “But you know magic isn’t inherently bad, don’t you? I *could* use it to help you, if you wish.”

“Not in this house,” the woman said. “Isn’t that right, Francis?”

Francis sighed, clearly not wanting to rock the boat. “I’m sure a small demonstration would be okay, honey. She’s my sister, and while I know there was the engagement party fiasco with the magical fireworks, I trust her.”

“No.”

“We’ll see, Lily, maybe later,” he tried, testing the waters. “Emma is very hormonal right now, so-”

Everyone winced. Valentina’s eyes went wide. Emma calmly put her utensils down, raised herself from her chair carefully, and waddled away.

“Please, Emma, just wait!” Francis said. He got up out of his chair, as did Lily a few moments later. That left just Max and Valentina in the same room.

“Um, so what magic do you do?” he asked.

Valentina looked positively chuffed to answer the question. “Oh, so much, and not nearly enough! I’m seriously bursting to prove to my mistress that I can do more, especially transformative magics. Basically, it goes like this . . .

While that discussion went down, Emma had retreated to her bedroom upstairs, which was far from the dining room, and thus divided enough that her words would not be heard by Max.

“Hormones? Are you serious!? Hormones!”

Francis cringed. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that. But you have been very irritable while pregnant. It’s meant to be a beautiful thing, my love. A truly joyous thing. I just can’t help but feel that if you really tried to enjoy our little miracle, you actually would.”

“Enjoy it? That’s easy for you to say, mister! You don’t have to put up with swollen feet and sore boobs! You don’t get woken up by little feet slamming against your freaking ribcage! And you don’t have to deal with all the hormonal surges, the difficulty moving, feeling out of breath all the time, along with a million, million other things! And don’t act like you don’t want me to enjoy it just so you can have a little more sex! I’ve seen how you look at my boobs. They’re not *for* you, pretty soon!”

Francis withered beneath his wife’s angry monologue, to the point where he - and she too - did not notice Aunt Lily arriving on scene.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” she asked, and for once her tone lacked any dramatic flair. In fact, she seemed to be entirely sincere.

“Not unless you can use your chaotic magic to *remove* a bit of chaos from my life and give me a break,” Emma declared. “Especially so this one can understand how different life is for me.”

“I’d love to help you,” Francis replied. “Truly, my love, I would do everything to take the burden of this pregnancy from you, if I could. I do mean that.”

“But you can’t, so it’s a moot point!”

“I know, but I just thought, you know, if I could, then you know I would.”

Emma snorted, folding her arms over her belly and beneath her pendulous breasts.

“Oh, I *wish* you could, so it seems we’re in agreement over *that*.”

At this point, Lily perked up again. “Fantastic!” she declared.

The two looked in her direction.

“Fantastic what?” they said in unison.

But Lily was already clasping her hands together, her hair starting to shift due to some ethereal wind. “Fantastic that I’ve arrived at the exact moment I can help the pair of you! Ah, I knew there was a reason you invited me, Emma, even if you didn’t realise why.”

“I did so because Francis insisted-”

“Because I’m going to give you exactly what each of you want. I’m going to give you some much-needed relief from your pregnancy burden, and I’m going to let my brother understand exactly what it’s like for you, all while letting him help you.”

“Oh no! No magic!”

But Francis didn’t have his wife’s bias against magic. He was intrigued. “You can do this?”

“Absolutely! I’ll do it right now, and the pair of you will finally understand one another - it’s the least an estranged witch-sister can do.”

Emma furrowed her brow. “I don’t like this. You know I hate magic. And I didn’t give you permission to do anything.”

“Well, there is the family clause that gives me greater leeway, and besides, you *did* give enough permission. You both agreed that you wished to help each other in this way, right in the presence of a wish. And so, with that in mind, and knowing it’s much easier to beg for forgiveness than ask for *true* permission, let me give you a crash course in understanding one another and fixing up your marital issues!”

Emma opened her mouth to reply, to shout at her sister-in-law to not interfere. But it was too late. The witch was speaking some strange, eldritch words, her eyes lighting up with the same vibrant violet purple as her dress, which itself was swirling around her feet from a sourceless gale. She extended her hands, speaking her strange tongue, and it drowned out any potential sounds from the married couple as beamed of violet light extended from Lily and spread around their forms, connecting them. These tethers only strengthened as they burrowed into the pair like tendrils, rooting them to the spot and then drawing out their own essence. Emma gasped; she could feel the very core of her being changing. Francis was the same, it was like someone had reached into his very soul and begun to transform it. The two shared a wordless look and then, suddenly-

“OHHH!!!”

“Sorry, the transformation can get quite . . . vivid,” Lily exclaimed.

The two groaned and grunted, moaned and whimpered as the changes began. Emma, who had bemoaned how weak and useless she had felt lately, was shocked to find that her form was suddenly lightened. She sighed in relief as the burden of her belly was relieved, as her breasts reduced down to their former B-cup size, as various aches and pains dissipated entirely.

“Oh, God, that’s so much better,” she managed to say, lowering her hands to her belly. It was only then that her eyes went wide. She wasn’t just feeling like she was losing her pregnancy mound, she was losing it!

“What the hell?”

The words hadn't come from her. Still surrounded in the violet light and tethered to Emma, Francis was changing far more than she could have imagined. While her pregnancy was seemingly reversing in time, Francis' entire form was softening and altering. His spine contracted, as did his limbs, and they did so in a liquid-like manner, like the man was made of children's playdough. His breath quickened as his pelvic structure changed shape, widening quite dramatically even as his shoulders contracted. His hair, which had been dark brown, took on a mousey quality as it spooled out from his scalp, settling over his shoulders.

"Wh-what's happening to m-meee!?" he cried. His normally fairly deep voice rose in octave as he shouted, becoming first androgynous and then outright feminine.

"Honey, something's happening to the baby! She's taking our baby!"

"Don't worry!" Lily called, still concentrating on the magic. "I'm doing nothing of the sort. I'm simply *relocating* it!"

Emma gasped as her body became almost entirely unburdened by pregnancy. She appeared to be little more than ten weeks or so pregnant, and her breasts were now too small for her bra's cups. Francis, meanwhile, was pawing at his chest, panting as the pressure there gave way.

"Am I growing *breasts!*?" he exclaimed, voice now entirely female. His face was rearranging, Adam's apple melting away and his somewhat scruffy face turning soft and hairless.

"Of course, brother!" Lily shouted, concentrating her spell further upon him, blooming his new bustline. "How else can I let you carry Emma's burden for a time, hmm?"

Francis' chest grew until they were undeniably breasts. His hips were shifting wider, wider, wider, even beyond Emma's dimensions, and his waist was contracting (for now). But even as his thighs became fuller and his arms thinner, it was his new set of boobs that concerned him the most. He tried to push them back in, only to nearly drool at their unexpected sensitivity. They surged forth, stretching his shirt as they grew, grew, then grew some more. They had to be at least D-cups by that point, prominent boobs that would certainly fill the hands of even a very large man. Francis was shocked by the clear weight and heft of them, and just as much by how his newly swollen nipples pressed against the outline of the shirt. This was matched by a discomfort between his thickened thighs, where his member was beginning to go numb.

"What do you m-mean carry her b-burden!?" he asked, desperately, hoping against hope that his suspicions weren't true.

"I would have thought that obvious, dear brother! I'm changing you to be the female version of yourself, capable of carrying the child you made together yourself, and giving my dear sister a break!"

"What, you can't just do - NGHH!!"

Any further retort was prevented by the next set of changes. The light faded from Emma as her body became completely her own again, pre-pregnancy, but it was only expanded over Francis as *he* expanded. He doubled over, clutching his stomach as the surface became taut. Something wrenched within him, a new organ forming even as his penis and testicles began to pull up inside him. It was, by far, the strangest, most alien sensation he'd ever experienced. It wasn't painful, unless one counted the painful wound it was inflicting upon his male ego, but there was a deep sense of discomfort as his stomach began to round out, rising and stretching and expanding like a souffle in the oven.

"Ohhhhhh, it's s-so weird! S-stop this, Lily! It's like - ahhh - I'm being f-filled up! Oh God, they were too big already! Mhmm!!"

In this case he was referring to his new breasts. Now that pregnancy was happening in fast forward upon his form, they too were expanding as a woman's did in the first and second trimesters, and then again in the third as he began to reach that. Even as his belly swelled and swelled, becoming shockingly heavy with the life that regrew within it, his D-cups jutting even further forward. They stretched the very fabric of his buttoned shirt until it could take no more, and then suddenly, one by one . . .

Ping!

Ping!

PING!

They shot off, and one even landed directly on Emma's forehead before sliding off. She barely even noticed as she witnessed her husband's transformation. The feminising man's face gained a slight chubbiness from pregnancy, but otherwise looked like a cute female version of him, glasses and all, but his body was shockingly curvy, especially given his new shortness. His ass was swelling, getting more *rondure* by the minute and making his trousers look snug in some places but very much not so in others. But all of that was eclipsed by the developments taking place at his front. Francis' chest now showed a deep line of cleavage well beyond even Emma's pregnancy boobs. To her estimation they had to be full F-cups, the kind that would overflow anyone's palms and sat like overripe cantaloupes - or bigger! - upon his chest. But even they were being dwarfed in size by his belly. The hem of his shirt rose, leaving it to hang out. The man gave a light and embarrassing squeak as his belly button popped out, and still it grew forth, making his midsection thicker. This was accompanied by a further widening of his hips.

"Oh God, I can f-feel it! I can f-feel a baby inside me! This is f-fucking insane! Oh God, and my di-ahhghhhh!!"

It pulled up inside him, forming a new tunnel that led all the way to his overstuffed womb. The final stages of his transformation finished, leaving him a mousey yet shockingly

curvy forty one year old pregnant woman, with a set of tits that looked like she was smuggling melons in her shirt, and a belly that looked ready to pop at any moment.

“Ah, better get you properly attired, of course!” Lily said before the magic could fade. She whispered a few new words in that strange language of hers, and Emma found her blue maternity dress pulling tight against her now-ordinary body, leaving it as simply . . . a dress.

Francis, on the other hand, was shocked to find that his trousers and shirt were joining together, remaking themselves into a single fabric. They changed to a pleasant green, his trouser legs fusing to become the end of a dress, and then loosening so that it was a flowing and refined maternity dress. A bra appeared beneath it, cupping his massive bosom and leaving a surprising amount of tantalising cleavage visible through the slight dip in its top. His arms were left entirely bare, exposing his - or rather, *her* - feminine shoulders, while the dress conformed to the shape of her new bump at the top before flowing straight down afterwards. It only seemed to emphasise further just how far along the new woman was in her new pregnancy.

“Done!” Lily declared, and this time the light did truly fade.

There was a moment of silence, and then . . .

“WHAT THE FUCK!?”

Emma almost had to block her ears from her husband’s - or was it wife’s now - exclamation. Her hands were on her flat stomach, marvelling at the freedom she felt, and that sense of relief warred with the anger in her heart.

“Change him back, now!”

“Don’t worry, it’s not permanent. I just thought you might like some time without all the pains of pregnancy, but the baby had to go somewhere, so why not the man who said he would like to help take on that very burden?”

At that moment, Max and Valentina rushed into the room, having overheard at last the loud shouts of his mother and some other woman upstairs. He skidded to a dramatic stop as he took in the scene before him though. From his perspective, his Mom was suddenly no longer pregnant, and there was a new woman who looked like a female version of his Dad who was not only *very* pregnant but almost distractingly voluptuous as well.

“What the hell?”

“Magic,” Valentina said, sniffing the air and seeming to sense it. “And I missed it! Drat, that’s not fair! I want to learn, Mistress Lily!”

“Sorry honey, this one was meant to be more private.”

“Change me back!” Francis declared, not used to his high and mousey voice - a voice that suited the rest of his voice. “And get this belly off of me! It’s heavy as hell!”

Even as frustrated as she was, Emma had to scoff at that. “Oh, you’ve had it just a few seconds, and suddenly it’s too heavy, huh?”

"I - I didn't mean that, honey. I just meant-"

"Dad!?" Max exclaimed. "That's *Dad!*? Why is he a woman? Why is he pregnant?"

"And why did I miss it!?" Valentina added.

"And why couldn't you warn us!?" Francis added, trying not to cup his new boobs. He grunted as something shifted inside him, and everyone's eyes went to his belly, which had the outline of squirming within it against the fabric of the dress. "Ohhhh, that f-feels so weird. Stop it! Stop it!"

The room descended into arguing. Max couldn't stop staring at his Dad, only to blush red and ask what was going on. Valentina was quizzing Lily over what spell was used, how she could use it, and if she could replicate it, pretty please please please. Lily was fending off both of them, all while dealing with an agitated Francis, who was trying to calm the baby he was never meant to carry. And Francis was finding himself *very* emotional all of a sudden, tears nearly leaking from his eyes as his sentences all blurred together in an emotional plea to undo this.

Everyone was talking over one another, except for Emma. She had intended to launch into a tirade against her sister-in-law, particularly her inappropriate use of magic that had proven once more that she had never changed. But now Francis' curvy form was catching her eye.

"I've seen you before," she said to her feminised husband, her voice lost in the chaos. "I know you."

She moved closer to her husband, who was biting his lip as he rubbed his massive mound, trying to calm his baby.

"I've seen you!" she repeated, voice rising. "I know you! WHY DO I KNOW YOU!?"

The room fell silent. Francis and Lily suddenly both looked very guilty."

"You're Rose," Emma said. "Aren't you? Or has it been you all along?"

Lily coughed. "Look, I can explain about Rose-"

Emma whirled to face the witch. "*You* knew my husband was Rose, too? You knew!?"

"Who the hell is Rose?" Valentina said. "I seriously feel like I'm lacking context here."

Max almost smirked beside her. "Join the club."

"Rose is the woman who was . . . very close to me back in college," Emma said, staring wide-eyed at Francis. "We got along like no one I've ever met . . . at least until Francis. I knew her for about six months, and then suddenly she went low contact, then *no* contact. I was distraught. I had lost someone deeply close to me. And then, out of nowhere, I met the man who would become my husband."

The epiphany hit everyone in the room, except for Lily and Francis, who already knew this particular play's ending.

“Except I’d already met him, hadn’t I?” Emma spat, now *glaring* at the feminised Francis. “She was *you*. Or you were *her*. Or whatever it was. It’s true, isn’t it? Don’t lie to me.”

Francis was hardly able to look her in the eyes. Instead, he stared down at his female form . . . an older, more pregnant form of a woman he had been before.

“It’s true,” he admitted.

Emma screamed. Max and Valentina both had to put their fingers in their ears.

“Magic everywhere!” she exclaimed. “Magic ruining fucking everything!”

She started to storm off.

“Where are you going?” Francis asked.

“I’m going to bed.”

“But this is our-”

“The couch bed! We’ll talk about this tomorrow. For now, Lily was right about one thing: *you* can carry my burden for a bit, until you’ve atoned for deceiving me. But I’m not going to force a pregnant woman to sleep on the couch, so I’ll take it. Even when I’m finally comfortable again I can’t be comfortable again.”

This time she stormed off for real, leaving Francis, and the rest of them, very confused.

Lily turned to look at Francis. “*I told you this would blow up one day*. You need to tell your wife that the whole Rose thing was your idea.”

Francis grimaced. “I thought I’d keep it a secret from everyone. I have to deal with this. Are you sure I can’t change you back?”

“Not without the permission of both parties.”

Max and Valentina exchanged a look.

“I, uh, think we should probably retreat,” he said.

Magic, it seemed, was just as unpredictable and unable to help him as he’d thought.

Part 3: Valentina’s Mishap

Max almost didn’t think the events of last night had occurred. It all seemed like such a crazy dream. His Aunt Lily had been a witch and brought an apprentice, and his Dad had changed into a pregnant woman with frankly huge boobs, and then it had turned out he had been that woman before, and connected to his Mom before they’d ‘met,’ and he’d never told her? And now she was pissed over the deception? It all just felt so surreal.

But then he entered the kitchen for breakfast, and found his Mom and Dad still feuding, and his Dad now in his 'Rose' body.

"Honey, if you could just find a way to get over it. It was a silly time where I was experimenting. Lily owed me a favour, and I asked if she could make me a woman for a short while, and I just thought I'd get to know you and then I could use that information to-

"Oh, so that's *another* deception! I don't want to hear it. If you want to make it up to me, you can carry our baby. Hell, you can give birth to it as far as I'm concerned. Maybe then you'll understand a bit of betrayal and what that feels like."

"Don't be dramatic! If you would just - ohhhh. Look, can you stop squirming while I try to make my argument?"

"Ha! Good luck with that. You look like you slept poorly, honey."

"You know I did. I didn't realise - mmh. Stop kicking!"

And on it went. Both acknowledged Max only in passing, and he himself ended up seated next to Valentina, who was taking in the whole spectacle with awe.

"The mistress likes to sleep in," she whispered to Max. "But I wanted to see your dad-mom this morning and try to figure out the spell."

"Can *you* turn them back?" Max asked.

She shook her head. "Only the witch that cast the spell can undo it, unless they're really good, and I'm just training. But what a crazy good spell it is. I can't wait to be able to cast stuff like this."

Max raised an eyebrow. "I mean, you could make me more muscular, just to try it out? Full disclosure, I need to make the soccer practice and-"

He unfortunately didn't get to the end of the sentence, and Valentina didn't seem to be listening anyway. Francis had shouted something, and Emma had thrown up her arms.

"Well, that's just how it can be! Maybe for once your sister's magic did me right! I'm heading off to take care of some errands, and I'm going to feel full of energy and without anything weighing me down. I'll need the time for myself."

"But I can't be pregnant today! I have to make a pitch to clients about their new webpage, and I can't do that while pregnant!"

"I had to work pregnant before my leave last time, so sure you can. You'll just have to get an aura check when you clock in and they'll know it's you. You won't be the first magically changed individual to have to go to work."

"But - but -"

"But nothing. You know, now that I'm lacking all those irritable hormones, I'd feel real sorry for you, honey. I'd take it all back to help you. Except it turns out you've been lying to me for our entire marriage. For decades. So . . . you can deal with my discomfort for some time."

She took off out the front door, almost colliding with a young man who was just heading to knock on the door.

“Oh, sorry Corey!” she said.

Corey was a short and skinny young man, the same age as Max. He had pale skin, blue eyes and short blonde hair that was always in a permanent mess, despite how short it was.

“No problem, Mrs . . . woah. Um, did you have the baby, Mrs Donaldson?”

Emma looked down at herself. “Oh, um, no. I just . . . I have to go!”

She strode past him, and Corey couldn’t help but stare. He was astonished that his best friend’s mom was suddenly thin, and without an explanation.

“There’s no way she had the baby,” he said to himself. “Even her boobs are smaller.”

Such a comment would have been abnormal for anyone to make, but Corey had paid particular attention to such detail. He’d never told anyone, not even his best friend, but he’d always had a huge pregnancy fetish. Something about pregnant women with their huge bellies and swollen, milk-filled breasts just drove him crazy. It wasn’t exactly the kind of interest you shared with other people, especially when you were already a bit of a comics and gaming nerd and the like. He kept his off-kilter fetish secret, visiting erotica sites that had images and videos of pregnant women, but always fantasising about getting a woman pregnant himself.

Thus, he entered the house, confused and disappointed over whatever had happened to Max’s mom, and a little concerned for her too, when suddenly he was confronted with an image right out of his fantasies. There was *another* pregnant woman, this one brown-haired and shorter than Emma, but with far more curves too. She looked to be almost ready to pop, and was struggling to adjust a workplace maternity dress that did wonders to show off her bump.

“What the -” he started.

Max intercepted him. “Corey! I’m sorry, in all the craziness I had completely forgotten that you were coming over.”

“Y-yeah. Uh, I didn’t realise you had visitors. And dude, what’s going on with your Mom? She doesn’t look like she was ever pregnant all of a sudden.”

The woman finished adjusting her dress. She waddled over to Max, placed a hand on his shoulder, and gave a wan smile. “Hold down the fort while I’m away. Do you have work?”

“No, my shift is tomorrow.”

“Then try not to let Lily cause any more chaos. I’d wake her to berate her, but she might turn me into a butterfly, I don’t know. Hey, Corey. You kids stay safe now.”

She left the house, leaving Corey utterly confused.

“Dude, why was that total MILF talking like your Dad always does?”

Max sighed. "Because she *is* my Dad. And please don't call him - her - a MILF. I do not want to hear that right now, and I bet she especially doesn't. Come on in, I'll explain the insanity."

Corey looked back, sneaking just a little peek at the heavily pregnant former man as she struggled into her own car on the street.

"Yeah, I think that's a good idea, dude."

Corey could scarcely believe what Max had just explained, but it was the only story that made sense.

"That's crazy. Your Dad is now a pregnant woman. A super hot one."

"Dude, first of all, that's my Dad. Second of all, she's pregnant, so that's weird."

"Oh, I just meant, you know, she's rather . . . big in the chest."

"We don't need to talk about this. Shit, I haven't even had breakfast yet. Maybe I-"

At that point Valentina re-entered the kitchen, sipping her coffee. Corey gaped at her.

"You're the witch!"

"Witch in training," she corrected. "But yeah, I can do magic. I can even figure it out, too. Max, I think I know the details of the spell that turned your Dad just by examining his aura. Her aura, I guess."

Max was blown away. "So you can turn her back?"

She shook her head. "Again, only a highly trained caster could undo another witch's spell, but I just wanted to assure you she's telling the truth; it'll be an easy reverse when your Mom is down with it. By the way, there's not any milk left. I used the last up for my coffee. Hope you don't mind."

Max huffed. "You know, I actually do. I eat cereal for breakfast. Always have."

"Why don't you magic him up some more?" Corey asked, interested.

Valentina frowned. "I don't know. I mean, I usually do my magic when my Mistress is present, just in case it goes too far."

"Yeah, but it's just milk, right? Max, tell me you wouldn't like to see a bit of magic up close - you know, the kind that doesn't transform your Dad."

Max considered this. Lily clearly had her own focus when it came to magic, and it was entirely on his parents. But if Valentina was talented, even if just learning, then perhaps they could convince her to flex a little. And then maybe it would lead to him being able to persuade her to do more, such as make him a little more suitable for the soccer team, and to help him out with essay writing smarts for that damn gender studies class.

“Well, I am a little curious,” he said, flashing her his best smile. “I mean, you’ve got to be pretty talented to be apprenticing under my aunt. Why not just try and magic up some milk?”

“It doesn’t quite work like that,” Valentina said.

“Aw, c’mon, you can do it,” he said. “I’ve yet to see you do any magic. You *are* a witch, right?”

He thought for a moment that he’d overstepped, but then Valentina actually *grinned*, and any sense of nervousness on her part was replaced by something far more enthusiastic.

“Fine,” she said. “I’ll get you your milk. I’ll get you as much milk as you want, but you have to give me permission first, and pay me five dollars, since I don’t work for free.”

Max didn’t have five dollars, but Corey was excited enough to see a demonstration that he grabbed a fiver from his own wallet and passed it to Max.

“Here, you can borrow my fiver,” he said.

Max then gifted it to Valentina.

“Okay, here goes,” Valentina said. “Maybe now Mistress Lily will teach me even more advanced forms, when I show her that I can not only copy but *modify* one of her amazing spells.”

She raised her hands across the dining table, not even standing up as her eyes turned a vibrant emerald green, and whispers and tendrils of that same colour in translucent form began to extend from her fingers. She spoke a series of eldritch words, none of which sounded entirely pronounceable, almost like they were an ancient tongue spoken backwards and filtered through a reverberation device.

For a moment, Max watched in pure interest, though he wondered how much preamble had to be done just to conjure up some milk from the grocery store.

That’s when he felt it.

It began as a pulsing sensation with his core, and it increased in potency as the green tendrils extended around his form, and then a second time as the sensations spread throughout his body.

“Hey, what a minute!” he exclaimed, but it was already too late. Suddenly his form began to pull and stretch and shift and compress, all in different places, like his body was now made of taffy. Corey gasped at the sight of his best friend as he lowered in height, his limbs shortening also.

“Ahhhh!” he gasped, as the spell continued. “What are you - mmhph!”

A delightful bliss spread throughout his form as the transformation amped up, mingling with the discomfort. Max squirmed in his seat as his hips spread wider, as his legs became a little more shapely, though still retaining their athleticism. His waist pulled inwards slightly, and his hard-earned muscle - while not evaporating - took on more pleasing,

feminine dimensions. His shoulders in particular compressed inwards, and this was followed by a shrinking of his rib cage.

“What the hell?” Corey exclaimed. “What are you doing to him?”

“Witchcraft can’t conjure anything!” Valentina exclaimed between eldritch phrases. “You have to get it from somewhere. And Max is getting it straight from the cow, so to speak. Don’t worry, it’s not permanent. I just want to try out Lily’s spell and see if I can modify it!”

“But - but - oh God.”

Valentina didn’t pay attention to Corey, and neither did Max. Both assumed that he was simply responding with shock to Max’s transformation, especially since Max’s chest was now starting to push forward. His friend groaned, but Max paid it no mind, because he was trying to push his new breasts back into his chest. His body hair had already dissipated, and his hair was starting to grow longer as well, extending out from his head and lowering down to become even with his chin. His face softened, lips becoming slightly plumper, his nose a little smaller, his eyes prominently bigger. Blemishes and spots and pores melted away as the skin softened, and this was true all down his body.

“I didn’t ask to be - ahh - turned into a w-woman,” he managed, his voice already sounding like a twenty year old girl’s. His Adam’s apple pulled back in, leaving his neck slender, but his concern remained with his chest, which continued to swell.

“Wow, quite a pair!” Valentina expressed as Max’s breasts went straight past modest B-cups into lovely C-cup territory and beyond. Soon they would easily be categorised as ‘large,’ occupying D-cup territory and more than enough to fill a man’s palm. Even as this occurred, his member had gone numb and begun sliding back inside his body. He spared a hand to try and stall its retreat, only to lurch forward in response to the formation of his uterus. This resulted in his new breasts - which were stretching his shirt - smacking against the table and causing him to yelp in a woman’s voice.

“Ow! They’re sen-”

He stopped talking, because all of a sudden they *ballooned* yet bigger, their weight unbelievable to the former man. His vagina formed, the absence between his legs utterly alien to the young man, but his boobs still had more attention. They stretched the collar of his shirt, revealing a long, deep line of cleavage, and this look was only enhanced by how big his nipples now were.

“T-too big! Too - ohhh!”

He cupped them, though they overflowed his hands by this point, being large and heavy and *full* in a way he couldn’t describe. That lack of description didn’t last long though, because as his transformation finalised, the new woman cried out in an embarrassingly high, almost orgasmic tone, as two streams of warm liquid shot from his nipples in streams, soaking the front of his shirt and even causing small spurts to land on the kitchen table.

“Oh God!” he cried, as the spell’s effect ended. “What the f-fuck! You turned me into a woman! I’ve got huge t-tits! And what the hell is this?”

Valentina beamed in a nerdy manner. “It worked! Oh my God, it worked! I *can* do the spell, just like Mistress Lily, only I can take it even further!”

But Max was not to be swayed by this. “Why have I got huge tits? These look almost as big as Dad’s!”

“Because you wanted milk, and I can’t make it from nothing. So you can have as much milk as you want, since you now lactate it with your body!”

Max cupped his chest. Not only were his new boobs the size of ripe cantaloupes, leaving him as extraordinarily busty, but they still felt full. The pressure was there, the need for relief. He looked up and managed to catch a partial reflection in the window behind Valentina’s head. He really did look like a female version of himself, only as a woman he was *hot*. Not just busty as hell, but with a fit, athletic frame. Standing, he could see that he now had a lovely hourglass figure too, and a face that looked determined and attractive at the same time.

“This is crazy,” he said, examining himself.

But it was then that he noticed another woman in the reflection. A woman that wasn’t Valentina, or himself. A blonde woman. He turned his head to the end of the kitchen table, where Corey was supposed to be sitting. Instead, there was a short, cute blonde chick, with small breasts and an adorable shocked expression on her pretty face.

“Who the hell are you?” the new woman asked.

“I’m - I’m Corey,” she managed, looking down over herself. Her long blonde hair covered half her face as she did so, and she had to push it away.

Valentina’s jaw fell. “Corey? What the hell? How come you changed?”

“How come I changed!?” the blonde asked, her voice sounding sweet as sugar despite her agitation. “You’re the witch! I thought you should know!”

“No! I only meant to experiment a little. I - I have no idea how you changed! You weren’t even part of the deal!”

Max was still cupping his breasts. It wasn’t like he wanted to wear female clothing, but at least Lily had given his father/new mother the comfort of some damn support. His nipples were still leaking milk, and it was getting worse.

“Did him lending me five dollars do this?”

Valentina was in full panic mode. “No! I mean, I doubt it. Maybe? Possible? I guess it could be, but I don’t know. I didn’t even feel my magic going to him - shit! Shit shit shit! Mistress Lily is going to kill me!”

“I’m going to kill you, unless you change us back!”

“I’d listen to him!” Corey said. The new woman was gazing at his/her reflection on every surface, something like awe in his cute expression.

Valentina calmed herself. “Of course! Give me a moment!”

She cast the spell again. Max sighed in relief as the tendrils enveloped him once more. His breasts shrank in size, and his body began to grow. His penis extended. Far faster than the initial transformation, he was returned to his original body.

“Thank God,” he said.

“It worked, thank the moon it worked,” Valentina added.

“Guys, I’m still a woman!”

Once again, all eyes went to Corey. The new woman hadn’t changed. She still looked like an adorably petite woman with bright blue eyes that bordered on mesmerising. Valentina nearly coughed from this unexpected surprise.

“You should have turned back!”

“Well, I didn’t!”

“But - but - let me try a few more things . . .”

She tried several more spells, but nothing worked to change Corey back. Worse, after only about ten minutes had passed from all this panic, Max himself began to feel strange. His chest was getting pressurised, his scalp sore, and his figure compressed.

“Um, Valentina! I think I’m starting to - oh no!”

He started to transform, and this transformation took less than ten seconds to complete. His chest jutted out into two full, milk-filled breasts again. His hips widened, his body became shorter (though still relatively tall for a woman), and his face and hair changed to his female self. His penis slid back inside himself, forming a tunnel, and in moments he stood there once more as a young, attractive woman with a large, lactating pair of breasts.

“Valentina,” Max said with an eerie calm. “Why am I a woman again? And why is Corey still a woman?”

Valentina gulped.

“Um, I think I may have done something very, very wrong. I think we need to wake up Aunt Lily.”

“No need,” came a voice from the bottom of the stairs. “You’ve already done that. Valentina, just what in all the realms have you done?”

It was the question on everyone’s mind.

Part 4: The Screw Up

Valentina froze. Her former confidence had clearly melted away, as had any image of being a cool, 'bad girl' sorceress with her leather jacket and punk look. Instead, she appeared every part the humiliated and apologetic student, having been caught trying to put a sharp tac on the teacher's seat.

"Mistress!" she said, hiding her hands behind her back as if it would obscure the magical auras she had left behind.

"Aunt Lily!" Max proclaimed. "It's me, Max! And that's Corey! Your apprentice turned us into women despite the fact that *neither* of us wanted that!"

Corey bit his - her - lip, saying nothing. In truth, he was *already* joyous and trying not to grin from ear to ear. To experience being a woman was already exciting him with its possibilities, not that he could ever admit that to anyone. In fact, the only disappointing thing about this was that his chest was pretty small compared to Max's big hooters. Part of the new woman was already annoyed that *she* couldn't experience lactation too.

"I can see that, Max," Aunt Lily said. "Valentina, just what in the frigid fourth hell were you thinking?"

"I - Mistress, I was just trying to prove to you that I'm truly capable at magic. You say that a great witch must test herself-

"But not break the rules of contract!"

"I wasn't!" she whined. "I *did* form a contract! Max agreed willingly! He wanted some milk, and sorcery 101 is that nothing can come from nothing, there has to be a source! So I made him a woman who can lactate - I was trying to prove my worth by replicating your spell and *enhancing* it. And I succeeded, didn't I? It's just that there's a little . . . hiccup."

"You call *this* a hiccup?" Max exclaimed, cupping his huge tits. "I'm stuck as a woman with bi-ugghh!"

His breasts squirted more milk through his shirt in little white streams, soaking down into the fabric and causing him to grunt, wordless from the pressure.

"Damn it, I'm t-too full!"

Corey was trying not to lick his new, plump lips at the sight. The only way it could have been better was if Max was pregnant. Not that he actually wanted that for his friend, but when your fetishes magically come true one day you can't help but run away with them a bit.

Lily rounded on her student. "And you thought you could keep this a secret from me until you fixed it, yes?"

"I - well, I just need to untangle the weaves and reset the-

“Please, my apprentice, I can detect such sloppy magic from across town, nevermind while sleeping upstairs from it. Max, tell me what happened, and spare no detail. I’d rather hear it from the horse’s mouth.”

“Or, specifically, to get the milk from the cow,” Corey teased.

Max kicked his feminised friend in the shins, causing the blonde to squeal a little. Then he turned his attention to his witch aunt and told the whole story, as best as he could remember it. Corey added the detail that it was his five dollars that had been used, almost with pride - a fact that briefly confused Max until Aunt Lily started talking.

“There is much to unpack here, Valentina, and far more to unteach and relearn when it comes to your training. The first thing we must address, however, is that you did not grant a *true* contract according to the spirit of witchcraft.”

Valentina spluttered. “I did! He wanted milk, and -”

“And he could not possibly have foreseen how you would provide it, let alone that you would take such a circuitous route to achieve it.”

“You turned Francis into a pregnant woman! He didn’t foresee that!”

“*But* his despite to help Emma was genuine, including the easing of her burdens. And besides, you know well that in witchcraft that an element of *karma* goes a long way. My brother is a good man but clearly not the most supportive of my sister-in-law. Tell me then, what crimes has Max committed to be turned into a lactating woman?”

“None!” cried Max, who was still cupping his engorged breasts and dealing with the leaking. His dark hair was down over his shoulders, and he kept shaking his head to evade its silkiness. It only made his large bosom wobble even more.

“Exactly,” Lily continued. “I’m sorry this has happened to you, Max. Valentina, a little mischievousness can be utilised . . . when it is *earned*. You simply wanted to experiment on a young man who had been nothing but kind to you.”

Valentina was suitably chastened. She struggled to look her mistress in the eyes.

“I - I understand.”

“I’m afraid you don’t, because this is even more screwed up than you think. Corey is bound up in this as well, and I’m struggling to untangle the weaves that bind this pair together in their transformation.”

Max blinked. “What does that mean?”

“Shit!” Valentina said. “It, uh, it means even the mistress might not be able to change you back.”

“What!?”

Corey looked at his feminised hands, then down to his body. He had no idea what to make of this: he was anxious and excited all at once.

"I wouldn't go that far," Lily said, putting up a hand to get everyone's attention. "Let me try a few things."

What followed were a number of spoken incantations and spoken rituals, complete with a flourishing of magic translucent tendrils to undo the magic affecting Max and Corey. Both shivered as the effects passed over them, but while one or the other could briefly turn back to their usual self, it could never be both at once, and the 're-manified' individual would always feminise once more to match their friend.

"Darn," Lily said. "This is bad."

Valentina circled the table, trying to see what her mistress was seeing. "I don't understand! What's happening? I don't understand how this could be done."

"It's simple, and complicated," Aunt Lily said. "Corey, you said the five dollars for the ritual came from you, and was passed to Max?"

Corey indicated this was the case. He was touching his small breasts, only dropping his hands when he realised the embarrassment of such an act.

"And did you *give* it to Max as a gift, or simply *lend* it to him?"

Valentina squeaked.

"I think, um, I just lent it to him? I used the word 'borrow.'"

Aunt Lily collapsed into a chair and sighed. "Then that's where it's gone wrong. My apprentice, words *matter* in magic. They matter deeply. You know this. By only *borrowing* the money, Max made Corey party to the magic. And now the pair are tethered together. But because he is further removed from the magic than Max was as a direct negotiator to the contract, he has at least been spared the lactation."

"Yeah," Corey said, cupping his small breasts again. "That's . . . good."

"There's extra layers of spell work to undo here, and it will take time for me to get it right. I can't do anything too hasty or else it will result in unexpected results."

Max stood, gesturing to his feminised form. His breasts were absolutely straining his clothing, and the wet patches were very obvious. The weight alone needed support.

"You're kidding! You've got to try something Aunt Lily, please! I can't be stuck like this for a day!"

"Oh, my poor dear, this will take longer than a day. I dare say this could take days, or perhaps even a week, unless Corey's form changes back normally. That's the most likely scenario - that after twenty four hours the magic will correct itself. Even still, I must make the remedy spell exactly right."

"But - but can't you just try? I don't want to be making milk even for a day! What's the worst that can happen?"

Aunt Lily placed her hands on her nephew's shoulders. "Max, I know this is hard to take in, but you don't want me to rush this. You ask me what's the worst that can happen?"

Well, I could accidentally make your friend end up lactating constantly as well, or swell up your breasts until they're half the size of your body, or somehow fuse you and Corey here into a set of conjoined twins! Worse, it could end up permanent. Do you understand?"

Max swallowed. Those consequences were big. "I - shit."

"Indeed." Aunt Lily turned to Valentina. "My apprentice, I am pleased you are trying to flex your magical skill, but this was beyond the pale and you know it."

"Mistress, I -"

"And on my nephew, no less! You know that a witch can have some latitude for magic on her own family, but not on someone else's, least of all another witch's. We can only hope that a counterspell isn't necessary - there is still yet hope that Corey goes back to normal in a few days, allowing us to treat Max separately. For now though, you are on serious magical probation."

It sounded fictional, but Valentina gasped. Tears formed in her eyes, but she didn't fight against her mistress' words. She tried to give an apology but was interrupted by Max.

"Oof! Oh, damn it! Nghhh . . ."

Max was starting to leak even more. His poor, pressurised, and very large breasts couldn't take much more - his nipples were long and distended and seeming to be leaking forth *rivulets* by this stage, making him gasp from the discomfort.

"Valentina," Lily said. "You can redeem yourself from your probation by helping Max here."

"But my magic-"

"Not magic, dearie. No, you're going to help him *pump*."

Max blushed deeply, as did Valentina. Corey was wordless, his mouth agape.

"You want me to do *what*?"

"The poor fellow - girl, now - is leaking everywhere. Max, I know this is embarrassing, but you're going to keep feeling full and aching unless you express your milk. Valentina, help her get a head start and then she can take it from there."

Max would have complained, but his breasts were really feeling far too full and achey by this point. He really did need the relief.

"J-just this once," he moaned, moving awkwardly to the bathroom. Valentina followed, leaving Corey at the table with Aunt Lily.

"This is too weird," Max said as they reached the bathroom sink. "I can't believe you did this to me. You owe me so much."

"I'm already on probation."

"I want some good magic blessing after this. More muscles, maybe. Ngh."

"I'll see what I can do, I've already pissed off my mentor. Now, remove your shirt."

Max did so, but ended up requiring aid on that front. His boobs were huge, as big as his Dad's new pair if not a little bigger thanks to all the milk. Maybe G-cups? They were easily half the size of his own head, that was for sure. They stretched the confines of his shirt, and he had to get Valentina to help him pull the shirt up over his head and remove it. His boobs were pulled up painfully until they fell free of the fabric, at which point they bounced heavily and *painfully*.

"Spirits!" he winced, cupping them. They easily overflowed his palms, and were horrifically sensitive. Small trails of milk ran down his hands. "Ughh, this is too much. What do I even do?"

"I don't know," Valentina said. "Just squeeze them."

Max groped his breasts, only to immediately wince and whimper in his new, feminine voice. Some milk protruded, but not in a manageable or efficient way. Instead, the ache only increased.

"Not like that," Valentina said. "Your nipples. Squeeze them."

He did so, only to gasp this time. The sensations were tender and wonderful in a very wrong way. He couldn't believe how big his nipples and areolas were now.

"They're s-sensitive!"

"Oh, by the emerald star! Just let me do it, then!"

Valentina gripped Max's breasts from behind, placing her fingers at his nipples, and then *tugged*. Max's eyes went wide in shock from the sheer audacity and unexpected nature of this action, but then clenched them shut just as quickly due to the feelings of unbearably sweet relief that followed. His body literally *squirmed* in response to Valentina's ministrations, as his breasts literally *squirting* stream after stream after stream of milk into the sink's basin.

"Ohhhhhh, that's - ohhhhhh G-Gods! Mhmmm! F-fuck!"

"Nearly done! By the twilight gate, you've got a lot in here."

"I kn-know! I'm w-well aware! Mhmmmm!"

"Stop enjoying this so much!"

"I can't - ahhh - help it! Eeeeii!"

Max's voice briefly went high and even more feminine as the last droplets of milk finally expended themselves. Valentina withdrew her hands, shifted around him and then washed them quickly. She grabbed a cloth and passed it to Max, who dabbed his breasts. They weren't completely empty - he'd probably need a pump or something like that, and besides, there was already a slight tingle that he feared was a sign his body was producing more. But for now, at least, the aching was gone. His G-cup (maybe H-cup?) breasts had gone down to be equal to his father's large bust in size.

It was not a sentence he ever imagined he would think to himself.

"Can you get your shirt back on?" Valentina asked.

"I - I think so. Just warn me next time."

"Please, there's no next time. Look, I'm sorry I fucked up. I'll do what I can to fix this, okay?"

Max looked at his form in the mirror. He was deeply attractive, big leaky bust and all. Hell, his boobs, despite producing milk, were pert and rounded and hanging only a little lower than a regular woman's, and that was more because of the size factor than anything. His figure had a lovely hourglass, and his face was very pretty, his eyebrows lush yet refined, his eyes dark and strangely inviting. He didn't quite know what to make of suddenly being so attractive. He could only imagine that Corey was struggling just as much with it.

"It's not your fault it felt good," Valentina suddenly said.

"What?" Max asked, putting his shirt back on. His nipples clearly dented against the fabric, and the shirt in general was too tight, exposing his flat midriff in a way he didn't appreciate.

"I said, it's not your fault that felt good. Look, magic often has a . . . fantasy fulfillment aspect."

"This is *not* my fantasy."

"Are you sure?" she asked, cocking one eyebrow. "I admit, I screwed up. Big time. But you were almost orgasming there, dude. That part of it had to come from somewhere. It wasn't part of my intention, but the other party to a contract often brings their own, um, *rewards* to it, shall we say?"

Max crossed his arms beneath his breasts. They sat heavily on his forearms. It would take getting used to *that*, too.

"I'm telling you, it's not my fantasy."

Valentina frowned. "Huh, maybe it's just another thing that went wrong, then."

"It is," Max insisted. "Look, I'm going to go check on my friend."

He moved past Valentina, his boobs wobbling a little in his top, though at least a bit supported by the discomforting tightness. His gravity had shifted - it was simultaneously higher thanks to his big boobs, but also lower because of his shorter stature and womanly hips. The little sashay in his step was something he tried to avoid, but seemed to slip in anyway.

"Corey, you do not want to know how that went down," he said, entering the dining room, "but maybe you and I should-"

He stopped. Corey was gone. A tired Aunt Lily was making herself a coffee the old-fashioned way, sans milk.

"Your friend is gone," she said. "He said he wanted to go home and make the most of his free day as a woman. At least someone has an optimistic view of this."

Max furrowed his brow. "Yeah, I guess. Weird."

“I’m going to try one last spell,” she said, musing. “It may not work, but with your friend gone, perhaps distance might help us.”

Part 5: Corey’s Fantasy

Corey was practically *giddy* by the time he returned to his apartment. In fact, he actually was. He - oh, he thought, *screw it*, I’m a *she* now! - felt bad about leaving Max behind to be milked, but the simple fact was that Corey *had* to leave. She was a woman now! An actual woman, with boobs and a pussy and curves and cute blonde hair and a cute feminine voice and soft skin and - and - and everything! She’d never even fully realised until this point how much she had truly wanted to experience being a woman, even for a short while. Oh, she’d fantasised about it, as surely as she’d fantasised about pregnant women. But these secret kinks and fantasies were things she’d never imagined would come true; hell, even the idea of hiring an underground wish to make them come true for a few hours was something she’d never truly entertained.

But now she *was* a woman, and a damn cute one at that! She needed time to explore herself; as Lily had said, there was a good chance her body would revert in twenty four hours, and she didn’t want to spend all that time with her mopey friend who could never understand what a sheer *gift* this was. Plus, there was the other fact that Max had been blessed with nice, big boobs - milky ones at that! - while Corey unfortunately missed out on such a boon. It would have made her positively go gaga from sheer fetishistic delight if she’d been able to experience *that*.

“God,” she said, as she inserted her key into her apartment door. “I could imagine I was pregnant, or had recently given birth. Fuck, that’s so hot.”

She barged into her place, which was in a bit of a state of disarray as usual, with clothes on the floor and a few videogames scattered about, along with various comics she hadn’t yet organised. She stepped past these, practically bouncing towards the bathroom to get a much more in-depth look at herself.

“Let’s meet the female me!” she declared in her bubbly voice, standing before the mirror.

What followed was silence as she stripped herself bare of clothing and took herself in. The first thing that hit the new woman, frustratingly, was disappointment.

“I’m not as hot as she is,” she said, pouting a little.

The ‘she’ in question was Max, who was a full blown bombshell, killer curves and all. Even those lactating breasts had still been perfectly shaped and rounded. By contrast, Corey

was . . . cute. Just cute. Quite pretty, really. The kind of girl the male her would have looked at admiringly as she walked down the street, but not exactly the kind of model good looks she had been hoping for. There was an attractive girl-next-door vibe to her though, she had to admit. And her eyes were indeed very blue. *Very* blue, actually. Blue like the waters of a tropical beach, and so damn big! Her nose was button cute too, and while she didn't have Max's full lips, she did have an adorable little pout.

"Pretty petite though," she said, cupping her small breasts.

They weren't A-cups, at least. Corey had a good sense of these things. She couldn't really claim much success in the girlfriend department due to her own ridiculously high standards, but her various fetishes and love of erotica meant she had a solid notion of what cup sizes were. Hers were modest B's. Not particularly sizeable, but not flat-chested either. She could be thankful for that, at least. Hers still had a natural bounce to them, and she tested this several times by hopping a little on her heel. It left her giggling.

"And I've got a cute voice!" she declared. It didn't sound like a bimbo voice or anything, thankfully. Corey had his fantasies, but dumb bimbos weren't really it. He liked women who were saucy and knew it, or girls who were absolutely gosh darn adorable. Her new voice, with its high, airy, almost bubbly quality, had a giddiness to it that suited her present attitude.

"And besides," she continued, roaming her hands southward. "There's still plenty to enjoy here. Mhmm . . ."

Already, there was a developing tingle. A moistness. It was weird. It was strange. It was foreign, alien, and unfamiliar.

And it was *wonderful*. It made her nipples stiffen, and soon she was beginning to caress herself, shifting her long blonde hair back and deliberately moaning in an exaggerated fashion. She *had* to take advantage of this.

She moved quickly, savouring the way her hips shifted. Those, at least, were pretty comparable to Max's.

"Birthing hips," she mumbled to herself, biting her lip at the thought. She sat down in her chair and booted her computer up. The curtains were drawn, as usual, and she closed the door just in case. This was an old ritual for someone like her. She quickly put the password in for her hidden porn folder and opened it up. She briefly considered looking up regular hot women, but something about that just was . . . appealing to her. She couldn't say why.

"Preggos it is," she said, grinning profusely.

She clicked on her ultra hidden folder, entered the second password, and looked over her stash of images and photos. Only a few of them were naked: Corey's love of pregnancy went beyond simply the obviously pornographic into the erotic. She had hundreds

of images of women from various social media sites, all posing with their pregnant bellies, wearing hot maternity dresses or sexy lingerie, or adorned in revealing bikinis. Others were in bathes, their bellies erupting from the water like a great island from the sea. Others still were videos of nine month pregnant women trying on pre-baby clothes and failing to fit - she *especially* loved those. None of them were people he knew, or anyone that wasn't already sharing their sexy content publicly - she was a freak, sure, but not a *pervert*. Well, she was perverted, sure, but she tried to be perverted in a moral fashion.

"Oh yeah, this is fucking sexy," she whispered, slowly circling a finger over her left nipple as she set up a slideshow of images on one monitor and several videos on another. "Thank you Valentina, for making me a girl who's still into girls!"

But, even as she began lowering her right hand down to rub her increasingly wet entrance, Corey began to realise that this wasn't exactly true. She *wasn't* into pregnant women anymore, at least in the way that she usually was. Normally, she fantasised about *having* a pregnant girlfriend, a beautiful woman with a gorgeous bump and round, milky tits to press against her form. The idea of fucking a woman like that, of rubbing her bump as she thrust into her, was normally so damn hot.

Except now, Corey was imagining *being* that woman.

The images filled her head: her on her back with her belly all swollen with child, her baby's father fucking her as she spread her legs to receive him. He'd have to be standing, of course, because she'd be too damn big for missionary position. She'd hold her bouncy tits because they'd be flopping all about, at least twice their current size thanks to her being at full-term.

"Mhmm, yeah. Grow in m-me. So fucking f-full of life. So big. I'd waddle about. Ahhh. Mhmmm, I'd be pregnant, just like Max's Dad. Even m-more pregnant. Ohhhh!"

She began rubbing her entrance, stirring feelings she'd never imagined having. The pleasure was astonishing, and even more when she slipped her fingers *inside* of her. The area there was so sensitive, and only getting more so as her system became further aroused. With each tweak and touch of her pink nipples, the bliss increased there as well, and it seemed like all her erogenous zones combined to form a never-ending loop of gathering ecstasy. The new woman began to buck her hips a little on her seat, squirming and resting back as she imagined herself being like the women in her photos and videos. Just the idea of it was awakening something in Corey that she never expected.

The fantasy continued as she exercised her ministrations upon herself. She was close, so damn close. Her toes curled as she rubbed her clitoris, finding her G-spot and eliciting whimpers of delight. She bit her lip, shuddering and shaking.

"G-get me p-pregnant! MMHMH!!!"

The orgasm hit her, and it was beyond anything she could have imagined. She cried out, gasping in her high, airy voice, sounding almost like she was from one of the pieces of pornography she had watched. Her wail was high-pitched and overwhelmed.

“Ahhh! Ahhhh! Aiiiee!!!”

It was a shuddering climax, and to her sheer delight there was a second one following on the heels from the first. Two orgasms . . . already double the pleasure of a man, and with so much more . . . potential.

She spent a number of minutes gathering herself. She cooed and murmured, feeling her breasts and body, and imagining the fertile changes that could occur to it. It was insanity, but a new woman could dream, couldn't she?

Corey was finally brought out of her private reverie by the loud sound of her phone ringing. Hesitating, she answered it; it was Max, and she couldn't abandon him a second time.

“Cori speaking,” she answered, and she realised in that moment that, at least to her own private self, she imagined ‘Corey’ as ‘Cori’ now, a much more appropriately feminine spelling.

“Dude, it's me!” Max said, Cori's friend's voice still female. *“You've got to get back here! Lily tried something to turn me back, but once again it only lasted a short while. She thought that distance would help, but it didn't! She thinks the link is even stronger than she or Valentina thought! It's got a mix of both of their magic or something, and we're all tied up in it.”*

Cori frowned, trying to parse this. “Dude, what do you mean by this?”

There was a slight pause, almost an audible sob from the other end of the line.

“Dude, it means we might be stuck like this for weeks. Maybe even months!”

“Oh, okay. I . . . I best get over there.”

“Please do! This is all kinds of wrong and my boobs are seriously already making milk again!”

Cori said goodbye and hung up the phone. For a moment, the new woman sat there, looking at the images of pregnant beauties on the computer, then down at her own petite form.

“Stuck like this for months, huh?” she said to herself.

She cupped her breasts together, forming a thin line of cleavage. The former male grinned.

“Good.”

Part 6: Following Francis

Francis was struggling. He'd already submitted his UMIF (Unexpected Magical Interference Form) and his work had brought in an Arcane Tester to ensure the veracity of his claim, but that didn't make it any easier to head into the office now as a woman eight months into a pregnancy. She was, effectively, Rose again, albeit Rose at the age of forty and, again, *eight months into a pregnancy*. Becoming a woman again after so many years was already weird enough - he'd forgotten what it was like to have to wear a supportive bra, let alone for the monsters jutting out from his chest now. Clearly, his female self got stonkin' huge boobs thanks to being knocked up. That was nothing compared to the actual reality of being knocked up, however: Francis could feel the baby he'd put inside Emma squirming about in his new womb, shifting and kicking and then stirring quietly as they slept. It was the strangest damn feeling in the world, and the fact that it made him need to run to the bathroom multiple times across a short span was finally enough for him to understand his wife's tiredness from being pregnant. That and the lack of breath and general lack of mobility. Oh, and the discomfort.

The last was a feeling he was getting used to, and it wasn't just physical discomfort either. Now as a woman, Francis was the subject of amusement for all of his coworkers. Given the partial-freelancer element of his work, he at least didn't have a huge number of people to contend with, but waddling into work and explaining himself to Geoff, his manager, was certainly awkward.

"Um, can I help you, miss?" he had asked.

Francis had simply thrust the UMIF printed form straight into Geoff's face.

"Just read it, Geoff. And please, don't make fun."

To his credit, Geoff hadn't. Instead, he'd been *fascinated*.

"Francis? *Our* Francis? How in the twilight gate did you get turned into a woman?

And a pregnant woman at that?"

"It's a long story," the shorter woman said.

"Well, I'd be keen to hear it."

"Trust me, it's not too funny. Can I go in?"

"Sure, sure. Is the baby yours? As in, is that the one Emma's carrying or a new one?"

Francis grunted, lugging his baby belly in the maternity work clothing he'd been forced to wear. It was a dark, professional dress, of course, but he refused to think of it as a dress, so 'maternity work clothing' it was. It did little to hide his rather impressive bust, and certainly not his round dome of a stomach. What could?

“It’s the same one alright, ngh! I can tell because Emma always complained about the little tyke kicking her in the spine. I didn’t know what that would feel like. Trust me, Geoff, curiosity killed the cat, alright.”

“I imagine! I’ll tell everyone you’re coming up and warn them.”

Francis winced. “You don’t have to. I can just pretend to be, er, a fill-in, right? Do my presentation on ‘behalf of Francis’ to the clients, then get out?”

But Geoff sadly shook his head. “I’m afraid in UMIF incidents everyone needs to be aware. Best rip of the bandaid, right?”

And so it was that Francis was quickly known to have been transformed into a pregnant woman. The men snickered and giggled, making little jokes and doing their best to get a visit from HR when they commented on the ‘milkers’ that Francis had, and how they were even more impressive than Emma’s.

“Oh, shut up!” Francis said. “If you’re going to comment on my body, at least get me something to put warm water to soak my feet in. These ankles are killing me.”

But still the comments persisted from the cubicle crowd, whispered words that made the feminised, impregnated former man cringed with embarrassment.

“Did you get a look at Francis? Talk about a short straw! What’s the bet his wife had it done so she can skip the birth this time?”

“I heard he requested it, some sort of fetish thing.”

“Makes sense, with those big knockers of hers.”

“Serves him right. I’ve been pregnant twice, and more husbands could learn some perspective from it!”

Unusually, the women of the office were at least a bit more sympathetic, that last comment from Samantha - the office nag - notwithstanding. They cooed over Francis’ baby belly, made sweet little jokes, and even gave suggestions for how to alleviate back pain and deal with bladder issues. Somehow, this was the most embarrassing thing of all.

Naturally, word got around fast, but somehow there are always those who don’t read their emails. Francis was technically in both marketing and software design departments, so there was a big overlap of those who were already giggling at his pregnant predicament, but others still entered the room, curious why a rather mega-pregnant woman was in Francis’ seat and somehow not on maternity leave already. Each time he would sigh and have to explain his situation, and realise even more how much his peers were *definitely* not going to forget this.

Plus, he was pregnant. His stomach was huge and stretched, a baby was shifted around and making it hard to concentrate, and his boobs were big and - he suspected - a bit leaky, but he was too afraid to go to a private room for pumping, and not just because he

didn't have a pump, but because no one would let him forget it. Didn't stop the mothers of the office letting him know the best way to pump anyway.

Finally, the dreaded hour arrived: the time of the presentation. Francis usually *loved* presentation. The high-stakes flashy musical charisma of it all spoke to a dramatic side of him that rarely got to come out. It was strange, he didn't really get that way about anything else, preferring to live a pretty milquetoast life. But in the boardroom, putting a pitch forward to investors and showing them how their webpages could revolutionise their income streams and marketing strategies . . . it made him feel on top of the world.

But this time he waddled in, clutching his heavy belly. He planned to just tell the clients - representatives of a flower seed and gardening supply business called VeggiePatch - that he was representing Francis. Unfortunately, Geoff pre-empted him.

"Pay it no mind, people! Poor Francis here is dealing with a magical spell laid upon him by a relative witch. He's currently carrying his wife's baby for her. It's all very lovely and compassionate, which is just the kind of vibe we like to put out with our company."

Eyebrows raised across the board.

"Is - is that so?" the head client, a man named Brian said.

Francis cringed. "It's . . . yes. I'm, uh, taking a load off."

"Good on you!" their sole female representative said. "Wish my husband had done that for me!"

Francis grinned sheepishly, but found her comments actually helped. He gathered himself and got started, bringing up the proposed website design and online sale service on the screen.

"Now, your current website only has basic utility and function, but we can put something much flashier together for you, while still keeping with your rustic gardening vibe. See here . . ."

The pitch began, and he found himself, thankfully, slipping back into salesman mode. It wasn't perfect, and there were a few hiccups - namely the literal pregnancy hiccups he got that Emma had complained off. At one point he also got a bit out of breath and had to pause.

"Been there!" joked the woman, whose name was Heather, and that too alleviated him a little, even if his cheeks were burning red.

Brian made the pitch especially awkward for Francis. Despite literally knowing that he was meant to be a man, the head honcho of VeggiePatch continued to stare at Francis in a weird way, and it was only in the closing five minutes that Francis realised that his maternity dress buttons had undone at the top, exposing more than a hint of deep, curvy cleavage.

"Well, Francis, despite recent magical changes I'd say that went well!" Geoff said, patting Francis on the back. Normally it would be a slap of approval, but clearly he was already thinking of Francis as a woman.

“Good to know, Geoff. I won’t lie, I was nervous. Hoping to have this undone soon.”

“Yes, well, speaking of undone . . .”

Geoff coughed a little.

“Sir?”

“Well, I was impressed with your work, Francis, but, well, seeing as you might be a woman for a few days yet, potentially, and I understand that you have a right to be whatever gender you want, it’s just that . . .”

Francis raised an eyebrow. “Geoff, what is it?” he asked, folding his arms between his breasts and belly. It accidentally emphasised his deep cleavage, and Geoff looked up at the ceiling in response.

“It’s just that HR says you still need to meet company dress code, and I’d agree.”

“I’m wearing a professional maternity dress!”

“Yes, well, perhaps . . . perhaps a better fitting one would be appropriate. One that doesn’t show so much, how shall I put it? *Decolletage?*”

Francis’ stomach dropped. Not literally, thank the stars - or else birth would be days away.

“I understand,” he said, feeling more like a woman than ever.

“I’ll get the company to give you the standard maternity leave package information pamphlet too. Er, just in case you, er . . .”

Francis sighed. “I can promise you that’s *not* happening.”

“Still, just in case,” Geoff said.

Suffice to say, Francis was feeling more humiliated than ever. He returned to his desk to more looks and stares, and then, to add to the frustration, his stomach growled loudly.

“Hungry?” Jack called from across the aisle. “I’m not surprised, Francis. You’re eating for two, now!”

“Shut up.”

Francis returned home feeling tired, exhausted, sleepy, and wrung out, not to mention any other adjectives that denoted a lack of energy and a strong desire to lie down. He recalled that Emma had often complained of this feeling, and he had repeatedly told her something along the lines of, “perk up, dear! It’s the miracle of life you’re performing!” It didn’t feel like the miracle of life right now, and he felt like an ass of a husband. Francis re-entered the family home with this in mind, determined to fix things up and get this baby back into his wife.

“Emma!” he called as he entered, somehow *still* not used to his sweet ‘Rose’ voice.
“Are you home?”

“Right here,” she said, and he nearly jumped out of his skin. His wife had just exited the kitchen, and strode with such speed that he hadn’t expected it. Not being practically eight months pregnant no doubt helped in the matter.

“Sorry, I’m not used to you being so . . . quick,” he said.

Emma smirked. “And I imagine you’re not used to being so slow, hmm?”

Francis tried not to blush. He nearly even succeeded. “Look, it’s been a tiring day, Emma. Can we talk about this? I think I’ve learned my lesson and it’s time Aunt Lily switched us back.”

It was the wrong thing to say. Emma was incredulous. “Are you serious? You’ve been pregnant for less than twenty four hours and you’re *already* over it? Imagine how I feel! Or *felt*, I suppose you might say. I feel like a million backs without all that load in my belly, let alone the sore boobs and swollen ankles. I got the first good night of sleep I’d have in ages!”

It was true: while Francis had tossed and turned in the night, struggling with the swollen, life-filled belly he now had, Emma had been out like a light. More than that, she’d been able to sleep on her damn back for once, which was her preferred method of sleeping, but far too arduous with a great weight pushing down upon your organs.

“Look, I understand that,” Francis said. “But you have to know this is ridiculous, right? I’m meant to be a man, by the Gods! And let’s not start with the fact that it made my job so much harder and embarrassing today.”

Emma raised her eyebrow higher. “Oh, it made your job harder, did it? Your rather *immobile* job? As opposed to me, touring people around houses, going up and down the stairs and having to drive about constantly with my belly squashed against the steering wheel? Oh, I can barely imagine how difficult it must have been!”

Francis was riled. “Stop it! Look, I’m sorry, okay? I was . . . too callous with your pregnancy.”

“You mean the ‘miracle of life’? That’s what you told me it was, remember? You said I should be ‘thankful’ for it. Thankful! I’m nearly forty and it’s a strain on the body, as you know!”

“I get it. I’ll do what I can to make it up and help you with the burden, but you can’t stay angry at me, Emma. Look, about the Rose thing-”

“Ah yes, the Rose thing!” she continued. “You mean that massive betrayal of my trust? How you pretended to be my female friend - the woman who became my *best* girlfriend during that period - all to presumably get info on me so you could get into my pants? And how you never told me about this deception? You’re damn lucky that Lily never

told me, but then apparently you deceived her too - she says you told her I knew! I can't believe it, I'm actually siding with a damn witch over my own husband!"

The baby kicked inside Francis' belly, making him wince and Emma snort with karmic amusement.

"Stars, that's strange," Francis grunted. "Can you calm down for a moment for Mommy and Daddy to chat?"

"Mommy and Mommy, more like," Emma said. "And as I recall, you got a bit annoyed when I kept getting distracted during conversation."

"Well, I was wrong! I admit that! Look, we can sort this out once you change me back and-"

But Emma raised a hand, cutting him off. The fact that she was now taller than him added an almost intimidating factor to her demeanour.

"Oh no. This is going to last a little while longer. A lot longer, in fact. I've got a lot more on my plate I'm dealing with, and frankly I literally could not handle all the chaos happening right now if I had that baby in me. You can 'carry' them a bit longer for me while I deal with this insanity. You did want to 'ease my burden', after all."

Francis was about to raise his voice, only for him to read something in his wife's expression. "Wait, what chaos?"

Emma closed her eyes slowly and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "Why don't you go see our son in the living room, Francis? I imagine you'll both have a lot to talk about. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to go scream into a pillow and then yell at Valentina again."

She stormed off, racing up the stairs as if she was taking every opportunity to exercise her now-freed muscles. Confused, Francis turned into the living room . . .

. . . only to find himself in a room of all women.

His sister Lily, looking stern and exhausted.

Her apprentice Valentina, looking guilty and chided.

And two young women - one tan-skinned and dark haired and with a very big chest, and the other blonde and petite. Both were on the couch together, and neither were anyone that Francis had ever seen before. That was, until the brunette woman turned to look at Francis with a guilty expression.

"Hey Dad?" she said.

Francis' stomach dropped. Still not literally, though his baby took an appropriate moment to do what felt like a somersault in his new womb.

"*Max?*" he asked. "What in the hells happened to you?"

There was a lot to absorb in this new family dynamic. Emma was furious - *damn* furious. While she was actually quite glad to be pregnancy free for a while, she still didn't love that Lily had used magic, or that it had been done through a little trickery. But for her apprentice to change Max like this, and without *her* permission, had left her not only aghast but *raging*.

"Again, I'm so very, very sorry," Lily said. "I truly didn't want this to happen. And Valentina here *will* be on a very serious probation. Of course, we will find a solution."

"With *more* magic!" Emma bemoaned. She gestured to her husband, who had listened to the story and gotten up to date over the last half hour while she'd been upstairs. "Do you see what she brings to the house? We invite a witch one time and no one is happy."

"You have every right to be angry with me," Valentina said.

"We are," Max groaned.

Corey said nothing.

"But," Valentina continued, "I never meant for this to happen. Really. I was just . . . look, I'll do everything I can to help."

"You've done more than enough to help," Emma said. "Isn't there a non-magical solution? This influence you two have just poisons everything! Why can't you witches just stick to helping with the weather and blessing farmlands instead of mucking up family lives!"

"If you think that," Francis said. "You'd want to take this baby back."

"Oh no, you don't get to slip out of that easily, not when you used magic to trick me in the first place! This is karma, as far as I'm concerned! Only, it seems to me that the one person at real fault here is the only one not being punished!"

Lily had been apologetic up to this point, but now she balled her fists, getting defensive. She took a step forward.

"I don't know what your problem with magic is, Emma-"

"You helped my husband manipulate me!"

"I had no idea he'd do that, or even if he did manipulate you! I was just helping fulfil a request and test my magic. But that doesn't explain why you've hated me from the beginning, and treated me like trash, and witchcraft in general as a profession. We do a lot of good things, *I* do a lot of good things! This is a disastrous mistake, but I won't hear insults against me personally, Emma. I'm *trying* here, and you are *not* helping."

Francis was getting agitated, and therefore so was his baby. It was oddly quite a companionable feeling. He could see his sister starting to brim with as much anger as Emma, and the three younger members present were getting as nervous as he was. An angry witch could be a real problem.

"Emma, she's right. You're taking this too far."

Emma rounded on Francis. "Oh, so of course you take your sister's side!"

"No, I just . . . damn it."

Emma waited for a moment for her husband to say something, but nothing came forth. "Typical," she said, storming off.

Francis sighed and looked down over his rounded form. He turned to his sister. "Lily, maybe it would be best for you to take a hotel room while you're in town, just for now. Would that work?"

Lily folded her arms. "That's . . . not a bad idea, brother."

"What about us?" Max asked. "I'm filling up with milk again?"

"You can take care of that part of it, dearie" Lily said, flourishing her hand dramatically, "and I can help you get a pump. And I can still come around - when *invited* - to try and unweave this magical complication."

"My wife doesn't hate you," Francis said. "She just . . . needs time to cool off. She can be as stubborn as you, Lily."

"Well, we'll have to get along, I suppose, brother. We have to put these young ones back to their proper selves. I'll get some tools ordered from my professional quarters - the arcane snap network should make it quick - and I can work to better diagnose what's going on. I'm sorry I can't do more for now, dearies, but even a great witch like myself can only do so much . . . when another apprentice witch causes a fuss."

Valentina said nothing, but looked down at the floor.

"So, what, I just have to express milk whenever I get too full?"

"I'm sorry to say, Max, but yes," Lily said.

He turned to Valentina, who was nearby. "But what about the *other thing during?*" he whispered, practically hissing the question.

Valentina knew exactly what Max meant; the fact that, for whatever reason, poor Max felt intense pleasure when milking himself, and found it very hard not to emote and moan audibly in obvious orgasmic bliss when he was either milked or had to milk himself. She shrugged, looking guilty.

"I'd try a dampener spell, but I can't risk it."

"Great," he said, putting his head in his hands and covering his eyes. Already, that now-familiar tingle was signalling that his breasts were producing more milk. It was also making him snackish - the milk needed to come from somewhere, after all.

Lily and Valentina began to pack up and ready themselves to find a motel. Francis patted his 'son' on the shoulder as he hoisted himself up.

"We'll get us both back, son, I promise," he said.

"Yeah, thanks Mom. I mean, Dad."

Francis smirked. "No problem, daughter. I mean, son."

The two exchanged a momentary chuckle, born as much from annoyance as dark humour. Francis stretched, putting his hands on his back, and noticed that Corey was looking at him, sneaking glances at his belly.

"I know, it looks ridiculous," he said, cringing at the weight of it.

"Oh, uh, yeah," Cori said. "Pretty ridiculous, right? Does it feel kinda . . . cool, though?"

Francis chuckled. "When the baby kicks, I guess it's 'cool', in a sense. I see how Emma occasionally smiled at it. Right now, I just feel emasculated and humiliated, like you two boys no doubt do. I was surprised you were so silent during that little meeting, Corey. I'm sorry you had to witness all that."

Cori, of course, had been entirely silent entirely because she didn't want to voice any objections. Obviously she wanted Max turned back, but the longer she could be a woman, the better! She could only look at Francis' belly in a weird envy. She couldn't admit this, though.

"Oh, I was just, you know, not wanting to get in the way of family trouble."

"Wise."

Max perked up. "Dad, why were you transformed into a woman before? Mom's pretty upset about it."

Francis huffed, rubbing his belly in the hopes that baby would settle again. "It's a long story, kiddo, and I won't tell it all. The short version is that I had a crush on your Mom but completely flopped in my attempts to get to meet her. She doesn't even remember meeting me before I was a girl, that's how bad it was. So I thought . . . if I'm so bad at approaching girls, why not get to know what it's like to be one! I was desperate, and thought that maybe getting to know how women think up close would help me. Of course, I drifted into your mother's orbit, but it wasn't a deliberate thing. We just sort of . . . aligned. I've tried to tell your mother this, but she won't believe me. I suppose I don't blame her, since I kept up the charade of being Rose for months and months, and in the end did use a lot of what I learned about her to approach her again as me, as Francis. And it worked so well I just thought I'd tell her later. Only, later ended up being never . . ."

Max furrowed his brow. "Yeah, I can see why she's angry."

"Yeah. That was my choice though. I never expected you to become a woman though, kid, or Cori here. Look, as difficult as this is, we'll patch things up as a family and come out stronger for it. This is my doing, and I'll make it up to you guys. But I've also been a woman before, so despite our unfortunate circumstances, I want you to know this doesn't have to be a bad thing."

Max nodded slowly, accepting his father's words even if he wasn't sure if they were right. Cori, on the other hand, *lapped* them up. She was already on board with this thinking.

Part 7: Experimentation

Three days passed after Lily and Valentina left and checked themselves into a hotel, and the headmistress witch received her arcane equipment for further assessing the situation. Of course, during this time she still had the ability to turn Francis back, but Emma was angry at him *and* her, and didn't want any more magic. Besides, she was feeling rather lovely not being pregnant again, and had a lot of fun catching up with her fellow girlfriends for brunch or even for some wine without a care in the world for what she ate or drank.

Unfortunately that left the rest of the family stuck with their changes. Francis was still his new pregnant self, and given that he didn't know how long he'd be like this, he decided to bite the bullet and go buy himself some women's clothing. He'd done this a long time ago, after all, so it wasn't too difficult, apart from the fact that much of what he was purchasing was now in the maternity section. He decided to take Max and Cori with him, since they too would need new articles. Max was hesitant until his father pointed out the obvious.

"Would you rather keep soaking through your shirt and jiggling all around the place *and* deal with back pain? Or would you rather at least not raise any further eyebrows instead?"

A glum Max had to accept. Fortuitously, it turned out to be a good idea anyway, since he received a text from Aunt Lily just before they were heading out.

'I have an idea,' she wrote. 'We'll need you and Max to get some feminine clothing. There may be a 'role' element to this I'm ignoring. Get as much as you can, dearies. I'll help with the bill if necessary. Make sure you get things that are very feminine, perhaps even a little showy if necessary. I know it's all embarrassing but I'm sure you'll make do!'

Max groaned and showed the text to Cori. To his surprise, his friend grinned widely.

"What are you so happy about?"

"Oh, nothing. It's just, uh, kinda funny, I guess. Besides, we could try and have a little fun with it, right?"

"What do you mean, fun?"

"Well, it's just like your Dad said about when he pretended to be that 'Rose' woman. We can get to know girls better and have some success with them! You've been complaining about now having a girlfriend for a while now, and I *suck* at making girlfriends."

Max snorted. "Yeah, because you want them all to look like . . . well, to look like I do now, lactation excepted of course."

"Yeah . . . of course."

This triggered a thought for Max. "Um, you're not, like, attracted to me, are you?"

"What, no! Dude!"

“I’m just asking because you should, by all rights, be very cute to me. But . . . you’re not. In fact, I’m starting to worry I’m not attracted to girls at all at the moment.”

Cori bit her lip. “Yeah, I think that’s true of me. I was thinking about, er, things the other night. I started to, er, think about guys.”

Max screwed up his face. “Gross.”

“Totally.”

“Shit, this is part of the change too, isn’t it? And we’ll have to tell my Aunt.”

“Should we ask your Dad if he feels the same?”

“What? No! No way!”

It was good timing to head that off, because that’s when Francis waddled in, clutching his swollen stomach, ready to take them shopping.

“Shall we get going, girls?” he said, trying to be humorous. Only Cori laughed.

What followed was the most mortifying time of Max’s life, and the most *exciting* for Cori, though she had to do her best to change her expression every time she left the changing booth. Max shared Aunt Lily’s message to his father, and so Francis reluctantly agreed to buy more than just the bare minimum for his son-turned-daughter and his son’s friend. The group visited *Coquette’s*, the popular women’s store in their local mall. Max had to borrow an ill-fitting bra from his mother, one of her maternity ones that was now too big for her. It had absorbent pads for his leakiness, but it led to an awkward conversation with Elizabeth, the woman attending their group, about how he was a young mother. The excuse from all three of them was that a house fire had destroyed most of their clothing.

“We’ll just have to get you a bit of everything then, poor you!” Elizabeth exclaimed.

They had no idea how right she was. Francis was some help, at least, given that he had been a woman some time ago, but he was also in need of supportive pants for his belly, maternity dresses, and the like. Max and Cori were left to fend for themselves at times, trying on numerous outfits and adding them to the pile. Max kept wanting to end it early, but Cori convinced him to keep going, and even to buy extras, including cute sundresses, bikinis, lacey lingerie sets, and some tight club dresses that made Francis raise an eyebrow.

“What?” Cori asked. “It’s for the magical tests by your witch aunt, remember!”

It didn’t feel like that, but Max went along with it. He couldn’t avoid going back to college forever - it was only a few weeks away now! - and he was resigned to the fact that wearing appropriate clothing was better than having his huge hooters dribbling milk all over a set of ill-fitting tops.

In the end, they left with quite the clothing haul. Francis had even gotten some quite feminine dresses and things, dipping back into those memories of being Rose and enjoying the dress up phase of being a woman. Of course, he also hoped that Emma would forgive

him more easily if he accepted his role as the pregnant woman for a bit, and that meant looking the part.

Over the next couple of days, Cori and Max continued to catch up, both of them adjusting to their more feminine clothing. Max wore female jeans and ordinary shirts, doing his best to cover up his form, but Cori was already wearing cute skirts and even a crop top.

“You know you don’t have to dress like that,” Max said.

“I know, but when in Rome - we’re going undercover, remember?”

Max sighed and decided to wear something a bit more feminine . . . in the future.

“At least we found out our cup sizes,” Cori said.

“Yeah, damn G-cups,” Max bemoaned. “At least when I’m engorged. These things are like bowling balls, I swear.”

“They’re not that big! At least you’re lucky. I only got little B’s.”

“Lucky?”

“Oh, just to be able to feel them up, of course. You know, for fun.”

Max rolled his eyes. “Trust me, it’s not fun when you’re also making milk. Damn, I hope Aunt Lily can figure this out when we meet her.”

Not long after, they got the message from her. Valentina had swung by with a car to pick them up, and evidently Francis wasn’t coming along yet. He was still at work, getting used to his new reputation, and Emma was out of home.

“Time to see if this works,” Max said, as Valentina approached the door.

“Here’s hoping,” Cori said. Of course, she was also crossing her fingers behind her back.

“Hmm, another failure,” Lily mused. She put down her ivory wand, and picked up her crystalline one. It was emerald green, and looked like it was made of mystical ice. “Hold still, the pair of you.”

“Do we have to pose?” asked Max, who felt utterly ridiculous making himself look like he was blowing a kiss, one hand on his hip, his large breasts threatening to spill out of his bra. He was wearing a low crop top that left his cleavage looking like it was set to *burst* free.

Cori, on the other hand, was wearing a tube top and bright short skirt, as if she were a cheerleader. To that end, she literally had a pair of pom-poms, and was continually putting on enthusiastic poses to make herself look as bubbly and pretty as possible. The pig-tails Valentina had worked into her hair only increased the look.

“I’m sorry, dearie, I know it’s a lot to take on, but conforming to the most feminine role will mean that the magic can connect to the position you’ve been placed into. Think of it as putting on an archetype, so that we may *remove* the archetype.”

“I could try putting on some lipstick, mistress?” Valentina asked gingerly.

Lily considered her student, still obviously disappointed in her. “That’s a good idea, actually, my apprentice. Make sure to apply it. Then we try the emerald wand. You’ll feel strange - it has a harmonic resonance, this one, and is used more for weather control - but if there’s vibrations between the two that are causing trouble, this’ll catch it.”

Max exhaled as Valentina applied the makeup, whereas Cori closed her eyes and even allowed eyeshadow and foundation to make its way to her face.

“After this, I’m getting back in my regular clothing,” Max grumbled.

“Just one more attempt,” Lily said.

She aimed the wand after the makeup was applied - rub red lipstick, in Max’s case, and pretty pink in Cori’s, which she loved. The two groaned a little at the strange resonance, and then the effect was over. Lily paused over this, moving her hands in a circular fashion and drawing tendrils of light around her.

“I’m reading your auras,” she said. “And it seems I was correct. The breach of contractual expectation by my apprentice, coupled with the transferred of the borrowed payment, along with the three-party deal conflicting with a two-party contract, have all combined to cause a magical misfire. Cori, it’s *your* inclusion in the spell that’s causing it to keep looping. See this.”

She demonstrated by changing both back to men in turns, then at once. Max’s reversion always occurred quicker, and when paired together, last, as if Cori was pulling his form back like elastic. Once done, she told them they could get back into their preferred clothes. Cori stayed as she was, but Max got back into her neutral, androgynous clothing, though she put milk pads into her bra.

“The spell restores itself every time it bounces between you,” Lily continued, “and there’s no real limit on distance we can use to break it, since my apprentice is talented enough - but foolish enough - to let it pass through the ethereal plane. Still, there is some delay. The closer you are, the faster it restores. The further away, there’ll be further delay.”

“So we can’t change back?” Max said.

“There’s one final possibility,” Lily said. “But I daren’t risk it. It would mean severing one party from the spell entirely. This would free you from the spell, but the other party could never be permanently change back to a man. Their default setting would remain a woman, and any spell to make them a man again would only last an hour or so at most. At most.”

Max shook his head, even as Cori mulled this over.

“We can’t accept that.”

“Yeah,” Cori said. “This is just meant to be temporary.” Even she didn’t plan to be a woman forever.

“I thought as much,” Lily said. “I want to consult some other witches in my industry and find a way out of this mess. It’ll be more days, perhaps over a week or more. The only consolation I have, dearies, is that at least you’ll be entitled to a large payout for damages from my company. Oh, don’t worry about poor me, I’m quite fabulously wealthy, you know!”

“Can’t Valentina pay us, though?”

Lily smirked at her apprentice. “She has failed me, but she is my responsibility. The buck stops here, as they say. But if things go wrong, you’ll be looking at six figures. Chew on that for a bit as you adjust, and tell me if you need anything. Or my brother. He’s been a woman before.”

The two friends exchanged a wearied look.

“I guess we’ll be going back to campus like this,” Max said.

“I guess so,” Cori said. “What a dream, huh?”

“You mean a nightmare.”

Cori grinned to herself. She hadn’t even removed the pink lipstick.

“Sure. A total nightmare.”

Part 8: The New Normal

It was over a week later when everyone in the Donaldson clan - and Cori, of course - were coming to realise what Francis referred to as ‘the New Normal.’ It wasn’t written down, simply spoken, and yet everyone could feel the inherent capitalisation of the term, as if the family (and Cori) had entered a new age of sorts. Francis was still pregnant, his belly still growing, and while he continued to think of himself as a ‘him’, he sometimes occasionally lapsed into ‘her’ without even thinking, often in response to how others at work addressed the obviously pregnant woman, or even how his own wife started seeing him. It was hard to think of oneself as male when a baby was literally kicking your ribs *from the inside*. But it wasn’t just his gender identity confusion that was part of his New Normal, but the physical reality too. He was, to his own chagrin, getting used to waking up in the middle of the night due to the kicking and shifting, or from discomfort, or simply due to intense cravings (for oranges with *salt* on them, of all things). His boobs, being sore and needing support, were also a new fact of life, as were the waddle in his step and the need for proper hair maintenance and the prospect of wearing feminine clothing and makeup. He had experience

in these, at least, but it was all so much harder being a woman. The fact that Emma had a pregnancy check up soon only made the reality of his new situation all the more *real*.

Of course, Francis never expected his son and son's friend to end up womanised either. He helped Max deal with having longer hair, with bras and the like, and Emma pitched in as well. Their marriage was going through a difficult stretch at the moment, but they *were* still a team and still cared deeply for poor Max, so they both helped their son adjust to being a woman, hoping that this New Normal wouldn't last long.

Unfortunately for Max, there was no end in sight, yet. His big, leaky boobs continued to be a) boobs, b), big, and c) leaky. It was astonishing how big they were, in fact. When they were full - which was often, given how much he could feel that weird prickly sensation of them filling up straight after pumping - they went up a whole cup size, from already huge G-cups to *H-cups*. He hadn't even known such a size existed prior to this, but it felt like having two big sandbags attached to his chest, big and pert and round and constantly pneumatic, no matter how little he moved or how supportive a bra supposedly was. When he went to the shower and stripped off he would often cup them, and the flesh would overflow the palm of his hands easily. He literally had to do that 'sexy' pose where he covered them with his forearms, and even *then* he was still showing lots of side boob, underboob, and cleavage. They were impossible to hide, because at their biggest they were almost as big as his damn head! Each!

And that wasn't even getting into the need to constantly pump, or how annoyingly, weirdly *pleasant* the sensation of being relieved of milk was. It wasn't getting into the humiliation of peeing sitting down, or having to do one's hair, or being looked at with interest, lust, and even condemnation (from other women) when he was brave enough to leave the house. There was no hiding his big tits, nor how perfectly formed they were despite their size, and so being catcalled or looked at with attraction from many men on the street was another new feeling for Max.

"Great," he griped while heading to catch up with Cori for brunch. "Now I have to deal with the construction work chatter too!"

This was in response to him being catcalled as 'A big, busty girl!' by one workman, while another shouted 'I'd love to have a go on those big mommy milkers!'

But when he caught up with Cori to discuss their situation, a sort of daily venting session of sorts, he was always surprised to find the new blonde girl so damn *chipper*.

"Oh man, your tits look great in that shirt!" she exclaimed when they caught up for coffee and donuts. "Seriously, you look hot as, dude!"

Max just sighed. "I wish I didn't. Seriously, I just pumped an hour and a half ago and I already feel these things filling up. I swear, I don't need to order my coffee with cream anymore."

“You mean you’ve actually tasted it?” Cori said, leaning forward and very interested.

“No! Dude, no way! Are you serious?”

Cori just giggled. “Well, I would have tried just a little. Have you masturbated yet?”

Max looked around, embarrassed, but no one was listening. They were the only ones in the outdoors area of the cafe, primarily to avoid the gaze of the high school aged boys inside. Why hadn’t he worn a less tight shirt?

“Of course I have,” he hissed. “Just the once. Just to . . . see. We don’t have to talk about this.”

“Wait, you’ve only done it just the once? Man, you are wasting your time as a woman. I bet those big milkers are super sensitive. Hell, my little boobies drive me crazy. I can’t stop touching myself.”

Max groaned, placing his head on the table dramatically. “This is *not* the conversation I want to have, Cori. We didn’t talk about masturbation before and we don’t have to talk about it now.”

“Well, you’ve got to admit that the orgasms are pretty crazy.”

“If I do, can we talk about how to reverse all of this?”

“Sure!”

Max raised his head. “Then yes, the orgasms aren’t bad. I also want to be a man again instead of a big, busty, top-heavy cow! The only saving grace is that I’m not pregnant like my Dad.”

Cori bit her lip, unsure how to proceed but unable to stop herself from commenting out of fascination. “Yeah, I wonder what it feels like? You know, to have a baby growing inside you. Must be pretty, uh, crazy. But not all bad, right?”

Max raised an eyebrow. “Are you kidding? Dad looks like he hardly gets any sleep while Mom is chipper as a squirrel right now. It does not look fun.”

“Oh.”

The silence extended.

“So, there’s a thing we’re not talking about,” Cori said, breaking it after some sips of coffee. She put some long blonde hair behind her ear, and Max noticed how utterly *feminine* the action was. His friend was still wearing a sort of summer dress, bright blue and very cute to match her eyes, that Aunt Lily had made her wear the other day. It made him frown: he himself was just wearing a plain green shirt and jeans. Even then, they showed off his voluptuous figure more than he’d desired; his tits looked like damn honeydews.

“Y-yeah,” he said, bringing his mind back to the discussion at hand. “I guess so. One of us might have to stay as a woman.”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah.”

The ‘yeah’ing continued a few more times before they both gave an awkward chuckle.

“Look, neither of us can accept that, right?” Max said. “I mean, this isn’t your fault especially; the magic wasn’t even meant to target you! But at the same time, there is no way I’m going to be stuck as a lactating lady for the rest of my life. I talked to Valentina, and after pressing her she told me that I might not stop making milk until I’m like forty five! You know, when the eggs are all dried up!”

Cori nodded, sympathetic. “Of course, man, I would never let you stay as a woman. It’s not fair to you at all.” She bit her tongue briefly. Part of her really just wanted to tell his friend that being stuck as a woman herself might not be the worst thing, but even she wasn’t sure if that was true or not. She’d only been a woman a little over two weeks, and while she was still excited as ever to experience fetishes she’d never known she possessed, she wasn’t stupid. Being a woman was more than just excitement over having boobs, masturbating, and dreaming about pregnancy from ‘the other side.’ She too had been catcalled twice, had felt small when walking in the mall and moving aside for larger men, and had at least one guy try to talk down to her at *Games’R’Us*. She talked his ear off about her superior knowledge, but the sexism sucked. And yet . . . something about her new state still felt right to her. She needed more time to decide, and certainly couldn’t admit anything yet.

“We’ll just have to pin our hopes on your Aunt cooking something up,” she said weakly.

“Agreed,” Max said. “I mean, I can’t exactly be on the soccer team with these massive girls flopping all about. And that’s not even getting into the problem of having a girlfriend.”

“Lesbians *do* exist, dude.”

“Yeah, and that’s the problem,” Max said. “I’m not one of them. I’m in-between.”

He was hinting at something, wondering if Cori would respond to it. The last week or so, Max had slowly come to realise even further that women definitely had no attraction to his new body. Something about Valentina’s chaotic magic had left his sexual orientation in chaos . . . which meant that now he was a woman, he had difficulty *not* gazing at a nice set of male forearms and shoulders. Hell, he’d watched a superhero film just the other day, and the shirtless scene with the male lead had made him lean forward and his nipples tense . . . leading to a spilling incident. Still, when he’d masturbated just that one time (second time, actually, not that he’d admit it), the thought of the shirtless lead kept popping into his mind. He still liked women, of course, and in fact had successfully masturbated to them too, but the tilt was more to men at the moment. It had made seeing Cori really strange, because Max

was trying to ignore not only how hot her friend was, but how hot her male entourage was as well.

Cori had long since accepted this part of herself, however. She was self-pleasuring herself as obsessively as she had as a man, and her thoughts were constantly about what it would be like for a man to shoot his seed inside her, *impregnating* her. But she too wasn't about to admit this, and with her mind already going elsewhere, she didn't catch the implication of Max's words at all.

"Well, neither am I!" she declared, giggling. "A lesbian, I mean. Like, if I'm being completely honest, your huge hooters are a massive turn on to me right now just as much as these hot guys are. I've been wanting to, like, say it for a while, but it's obviously just the magic."

Max blushed, staring at her friend's pretty face and gorgeous petite figure.

"You think I'm hot?"

"Of course! I'm seriously so bi right now, it's crazy. I almost want to put my face in your big boobies, but I know we'd both find that super weird, right! Ha ha! You can't blame me right, former guy here and all. Haha!"

It was quite the over the top, fake laugh. Cori realised she had perhaps overstepped, especially from Max's confused expression. She raised her cup in a cheers.

"So here's to finding a way to figure this all out!"

Max frowned a little, but raised his cup nonetheless for the requisite cheers. The moment the cups collided, both former men had a realisation.

For Max, it was obvious. He would *not*, repeat *not*, accept being stuck as a woman. He would *never* give up, *never* surrender, just like that quote from Cori's sci-fi movie. If he was finding Cori quite sexy at the moment, it was purely because his male ego was clinging on, and that had to be a good sign.

For Cori, it was entirely the opposite. Screw the fear, screw any chance that she might not hack it as a woman. She was happier and more excited about the future than ever. If she couldn't admit to others her desire to stay a woman, then she would find a way to live out her greatest fantasy, before it was too late.

It was night, and Cori was back in her room, this time doing a bit of online shopping. Quite a bit, in fact. For one, she really wanted some outfits that suited her body type a lot better. A lot *sexier*, in fact. And for two, she was also looking into further magical treatments.

The *fertility* kind of treatments.

“This better be legit,” she muttered to herself as she looked over the various listings. She’d done a hefty amount of research that day already, trying to figure out what the best sites were for acquiring magical talismans, whether second-hand ones still had their residual magic, what effects could be permanent or not, and so forth. There were also dozens of fake websites simply there to grift people who wanted to become witches despite lacking the talent, as well as fake witchcraft websites. Cori had sent an innocent message to Lily about her research, and Lily had helpfully warned her away from the biggest ones, and to “leave magic to the professionals.” It had helped whittle down the options considerably, as well as pointed Cori to some of the dark web listings also.

“Just one fertility charm,” she said, drinking from some mountain dew. “And *not* the fertility goddess, kind. I know how that monkey paw shit works.”

She didn’t, of course, and would be the first to admit it, but she was well aware that she wanted to dip her toes into the possibility of getting herself pregnant. It would be just temporary, right? Perhaps magic that could even just simulate it, no baby required! Or she could have it transferred to someone else after some fun, then be a man again . . . if she really had to. Either way, her excitement was getting ahead of her.

“Just one charm that could up my chances . . .”

And then found it. It was on a dark web site called *The Arcane Shadow*, and according to all the research she’d done, this could be the real deal. It could also, of course, simply be a simulacrum of the real thing, or a second-hand piece with only vestigial remains of magic in it. But here was her best bet: an emerald necklace that supposedly could enhance the fertility of female wearer, as well as boosting the virility of the male she coupled with to hopefully produce a child.

Be Warned, said the listing tag. *This item is genuine magic. It should be worn only by one who wishes to increase their fertility, and the seller takes no responsibility if the item is given away or presented to someone without this vital information, even if an unwanted pregnancy follows. Additionally, once a woman finds herself impregnated thanks to this necklace, it is advised that the pregnancy is followed through to its end. Magic compels life to flourish, being part of all stages of life and inherent in all things. A transferral of the pregnancy may be possible but attempts to terminate the blessing of fertility entirely may have unforeseen consequences.*

Cori bit her lip. Was it worth it? Really, just what the hell was she doing anyway?”

“How much is this thing even . . . holy shit, three thousand bucks? Seriously? That’s like, all of my savings!”

Cori didn’t exactly work much. Her shifts down at the *Ocean Monk* breakfast and brunch place were few and far between, only filling in for coworkers. She hadn’t even

debuted her new self there. She couldn't possibly justify this purpose. Particularly since the necklace was only good for one month of greatly increased fertility.

"It's not worth it," she said, shutting down the window. "No way."

But then a thought occurred. Max's witch aunt had said that the one who had to remain female would get a big payout. A really big payout, in fact. And she wasn't exactly lacking for money, being a Hollywood witch on big productions. Which meant . . .

"Fuck it," she declared, reopening the window. "And fuck me . . . pregnant!"

She ordered the item before she had a chance to think about it again. And just for the hell of it, she ordered it with expedited shipping.

"Let's get me knocked up *yesterday*," the new woman said, grinning from ear to ear and giggling in her new bubbly manner. She cupped her small breasts and pushed them together, already getting sexually excited at the possibility. "And let's make these little boobs of mine way, way bigger, and my belly too while we're at it!"

She still even had a little money left. Cori decided to have some fun on the bed imagining she was preggers, then order a few sexy dresses to kit herself out in.

If she was going to get knocked up, she needed to start upping her sexy game. A hot pink cocktail dress would do nicely, she thought . . .

Lily was gone, travelling back to Los Angeles to fulfil a job and look for help with the reversal spell at the same time. With his sister out of town, Francis was back at home for the weekend with his wife, sitting on the couch and very much feeling like a potato.

"I can help with making lunch, you know!" he called out in his sweet Rose voice to the kitchen.

Emma just turned and smirked at him somewhat teasingly. "Oh no, you stay right there, honey! You need all the rest you can get!"

"Don't condescend, Emma. I just need a moment for - nnggh! - for this little baby of ours to stop shifting around."

Indeed, his belly was going crazy. He knew the third trimester was full-on, but seeing just how distorted his stomach was becoming and *feeling* it at the same time was on another level. It was like the kid was trying to pull a full on Alien chestburster - another film series his sister had worked on for magical special effects.

Emma stepped away from the kitchen, her hands on her hips. She looked much freer without her big belly, and was strutting her stuff happily. She raised an eyebrow as she looked down at her ultra-pregnant husband.

“Are you sure? Or are you just trying to prove something, since you once told me that it shouldn’t be a ‘big deal’ for me to make lunch when I was this pregnant.”

Francis grimaced. He *did* remember saying something like that.

“You really stepped in it, Dad,” Max murmured from across the room. He was sitting in a sofa chair, a very loose shirt concealing the milk pumps that were draining his full breasts, and with a PS Vita in his hands. It had been a present from Lily, as part of an apology, and garnished from Valentina’s apprentice wages to boot.

“Oh, shush, son,” Francis muttered. “This is between your mother and me.”

“Then can’t you move? I really don’t want to keep listening to you two argue. It’s hard enough dealing with two to three milkings a day without having my parents on the verge of divorce.”

“WE ARE NOT DIVORCING!” the pair shouted at the same time, matching in feminine chorus. It was enough to even get Francis’ baby to finally be still in his womb.

“Woah, okay, fine,” Max grumbled. “Can you ‘not divorce’ in another room, then?”

“That’s . . . not a bad idea,” Emma said, looking over to Francis. The new pregnant woman was struggling not to contain fresh tears in her eyes, and failing badly. He put his hands on his face, trying to hide them, but the pregnancy hormones were too much, and soon he was quietly sobbing.

“S-sorry,” he mumbled. “These f-freaking hormones.”

Emma sighed, and extended a hand to him.

“I know what that’s like,” she said. “C’mon. I’ll help you up. We’ll talk upstairs.”

Francis took it, and followed her up, still trying to get ahold of himself. He followed Emma up to their room, still sniffing and generally feeling pathetic. She closed the door and gently led him to the bed where he sat, his round dome sitting on his thighs and giving his back a break from the brief journey.

“There there,” she said, rubbing his shoulder as she sat next to him. “There, there. It’ll be okay, Francis.”

“I kn-know. I’m j-just so f-fucking emotional. Sorry, I don’t usually swear.”

“Trust me, that’s why I had a bit of a potty mouth. I recall you not liking that either.”

“Great, like I needed another reminder of what a terrible husband I am.”

Emma paused her little combined shoulder massage and reassurance.

“Francis, I sympathise with you. You know I do. I’ve literally been in yours shoes, twice! But you must understand why I’m angry and sniping. You bring your sister here knowing that I don’t like magic. It’s so unpredictable, and it turns out I had even better reason not to trust it than I thought: our son and his best friend are stuck as women, and you’ve ended up carrying our baby! And let’s not forget the other thing, the one that hurts the deepest.”

“Rose,” he said, managing to collect himself. He huddled his hands around his belly, as if protecting it, or hiding behind it.

“Rose,” she repeated. She spent a moment fixing up her blonde hair and putting it over her shoulder, trying to find the right words to say. “Francis, I just feel so betrayed.”

“I would never betray you, Emma. Even with all of this, I love you.”

She smiled wanly. “I know that, and I would never doubt your love. But now it seems like our relationship was built on a lie. You knew everything about me before I even met you. You came to me as Rose, cultivated a friendship when I was lonely-”

“I didn’t know you were having a hard time.”

“You would have, if you had remained my friend, or simply become my boyfriend from the start. Without the manipulation. Instead, I lost a friend, and that made me tumble deeper into your arms; even when you were the same person in the end! The point is, you exploited me. You may not have seen it that way, but you did. I’ve always loved the story of how we met, and how you encouraged me to get out of my shell again, to be social again. And how it was like we instantly clicked and you knew everything about me. Now I know why, and it rings . . . false. The love is real, but the respect for me as a person has been damaged.”

Francis bit his lip and took a deep breath; he needed to, because being so pregnant meant that he was out of breath. How did women stand it?

“We weren’t *just* friends, when I was Rose, you might remember.”

Emma actually snorted, laughing somewhat bitterly. “Oh yes, that. The experimentation.”

“It was more than that to me. I think it was for you, too. It was a fling, at least. We made out. We had . . . well, it wasn’t quite sex, but it was close. And we had dates.”

“Yeah, and then it all simmered, and then you disappeared.”

“But it was something. A connection before I ever came into your life as Francis. Something genuine.”

Emma sighed. “Perhaps. I guess we’ll never know how things could have gone.”

A few more tears bubbled in Francis’ eyes. He felt like a mess, and certainly looked it by this point. “I’m sorry, love. I’m so sorry. I wanted to tell you, but never found the time. I guess I was a coward. I shouldn’t have lied to you all these years, and I’m not just saying that because this little gremlin is seriously kicking my bladder right now.”

The pair chuckled, and Emma prompted her feminised and impregnated husband to go on.

“I didn’t expect to stay as Rose as long as I did. Lily offered it as a freebie. Well, I went to her, like I said, but she thought it was a short thing too. But then we formed this connection, and I was afraid of breaking it by becoming a man again. I was just going to have fun as Rose. Sort of . . . suss out the details on you, I guess. But then I had so much

fun as Rose. Being a girl actually came pretty naturally to me, and the more I got to know you as Rose, the more I realised I didn't just want to have sex with you. I wanted to be with you, because I was falling in love with you. And then, after we made out, I knew I had to turn back immediately. I felt like a real creep, just like you thought of me when this all came out, but I was so in love that I didn't want to risk anything. So I guess I hid the truth. And I knew you didn't like magic, so I didn't want to drive a wedge that way."

Slowly, Emma placed her arms around him, and Francis fell into them, comforted by his wife's strength. Their baby kicked, and he automatically lowered her hands in a reversal of their usual position, allowing her to feel the little squirming motions inside his womb.

"I forgive you," Emma said, kissing him softly on his cheek.

"Th-thank you," he said, trying desperately not to cry again.

"You know, I sometimes still fantasise about that one night 'Rose' and I had together."

Francis turned to look at his wife's cheerful smirk. "You did? You do?"

"Oh, yes. I wouldn't tell my husband, of course. It was just a silly little thing. I loved him. I still do. But I feel a lot less guilty now that it turns out I was subconsciously connecting the two of you."

"I guess that's better?"

Emma purred, in that way she got when they had 'special time' for one another, when Max was elsewhere. She slowly began to raise her hands off of his bump and over his engorged chest, sliding them in such a way as to elicit a pleasurable moan from Francis, who was surprised by the motion.

"Wh-what are you doing?"

"Like I said, I always imagined what it would be like to make love with Rose again. Why don't we?"

"N-now?"

"Have you got something better to do? You're still attracted to me, right?"

Francis looked at his beautiful wife. "Very," he said.

She grinned. "And Max has his headphone on by now, I bet. So let's have a bit of fun."

She began to play with Francis' chest again, and this time he moaned again, louder. His hands slid over her even as she laid him back more carefully, lifting his shirt so she could kiss his naked, rounded belly. The extra weight was weird, and he couldn't stay on his back for long, but for now, he automatically spread his legs so she could remove his panties.

"Mhmm, I'll take that as a yes," she said.

"Just b-be careful. It's, uh, sort of my first time . . . at least in quite a while."

"It's okay," Emma replied. "Think of it as a little college experimentation again."

The two came together to make love, awkwardly at first, but increasingly with further confidence. Francis was nervous about experience female pleasure again, but was encouraged by the way his wife took charge, helping him remove his maternity dress and then remove his bra. His large breasts drooped a little, but then she laid him back and sucked on his nipples, making him shiver as their sensitivity spiked. Small droplets of pre-milk formed from their ends, and she lapped them up. He had to clutch his belly to control himself, and his fingers found his way to her underwear as she removed her top and trousers.

“Mhmmh, I’m already wet for you, how about that?” she said. “I guess I’ve still got it. Do you want it too, Francis?”

He nodded eagerly, feeling that old familiar wetness in his womanhood. He parted his legs again as her fingers began to rub and slide against his opening.

“Mhmm, ohhhhh, you can c-call me R-Rose, if you w-want.”

“Are you sure?”

Francis nodded. “I think - I think we’d b-both like that, right?”

“I think we would . . . Rose.”

Being called by his old female name was strangely intoxicating, and made Francis more exciting. The awkwardness ceased between them, and soon he was on his side, his naked belly rubbing against Emma’s flat stomach, the pair making love passionately, kissing and caressing and always returning their fingers to one another. Francis was overcome by it, but the awkwardness of the belly made climax impossible until Emma made them switch positions. She sat against the headboard and he placed his bigger rear between her legs, lying back against her so that she could cup and play with his enormous, heavy breasts with one hand and caress his swollen clitoris with the other.

“Oh G-God, that’s b-better!” he moaned, writhing. “That’s - oh sh-shit! Ohhhhh, f-fuck, I need this! I’m s-so close!”

“God, you *do* sound like a college girl, Rose!” Emma said, laughing even as she brought him closer. “Did you not mature your persona!”

“I’m just - ahhh - really f-fucking pregnant and horny right now, goddamn it. Don’t - ahhh - judge!”

“No judging, then! But let’s take you all the way. I want to hear you cum, Rose.”

“Ohhhh, n-now who’s sounding like a college - MMHHHHHMPHH!”

Francis had to cover her mouth to stop from squealing, and in that moment she really did feel like a *she*, because the orgasm she experienced rocked her to her core. Her breasts radiated pleasure, sending pulses of bliss through her form even as her vagina tensed from the sheer level of stimulation.

It took a while to come back down from it, and when she did, she turned her neck so that Emma could kiss her.

“Feel like a woman now?” Emma asked.

“V-very,” Francis answered. “Wow, very.”

“Good. Glad we got to get some closure on this whole Rose thing.”

“Does this mean I can get Lily to change us back? We both have to consent, remember.”

“Pffff, after all that pleasure I just gave you? Think again, buster. You still owe me, big time.”

“You’re serious?”

“Yep. You wanted to help me in any way possible. I forgive you for the Rose thing. In time, I think I’ll even be able to see the romance in it. But you still have to help me with my burden, and right now, I see how you can do that. You’re using the maternity leave this time, honey: I already did one baby.”

Francis groaned, placing her head back into the cleft of her wife’s neck.

“You want me to give birth? That’s terrifying!”

“Oh no, poor you, having to deal with what women everywhere go through.”

Francis snorted, despite himself. He was regaining his male sense of self, but combining it with the feminine a little more. He ran his fingers - her fingers, whatever he felt like at that moment - over his taut dome, marvelling at it.

“If that’s what I have to do, then so be it. I’m just glad we’ve made up.”

Emma kissed him again. “Me too.”

Part 9: Fertile Scheme

Expedited shipping still took time for the fertility amulet to arrive. By the time it did, Cori and Max only had a little over two weeks left of their summer break. Still, Cori’s excitement seemed to buzz in the air as she opened the box carefully but with great alacrity. She’d been doing a lot of reading and study of magic in the hopes of preparing herself, and gone over the online instructions for the necklace many times as well.

“Proximity,” she murmured as she pulled it out. “It works via proximity. Just have to be careful not to wear it around *other* people having sex, I suppose!”

She removed the bubble wrap and withdrew the amulet from its plastic slip. The seller had at least been professional, because the magical charm was well-preserved. It

glittered emerald, and did indeed seem to have a subtle magical glow within the mineral, like a storm brewing inside when one looked carefully.

“Magical,” she said, grinning from ear to ear. As if conducting a grand ritual, the cute and petite blonde slipped the necklace over her head and then placed the pendant so it rested in her faint cleavage. There was no jolt or major thrum of power, but she *could* feel a low kind of energy settling against and into her. Perhaps it was just imagination, but she didn’t think so. This *was* magical.

“And now I’ve got one month to experience a dream,” she declared, turning to face the new full length mirror she’d purchased three days ago. She’d been taking extra shifts at Ocean Monk just to get back in black, but if this worked, it would be *all* worth it. All her extra expenses would:

- The slutty clothes and sexy cocktail dresses she’d purchased.
- The extra work into doing her makeup, including the dark eyeshadow and cute glossy lipstick.
- The high heels she’d been training in, with the tall pumps that made her ass *sway*.
- The research into the best places in town to find the best target.

The last was especially important, and the timing couldn’t be better even if the return to college would be embarrassing to navigate. A number of college students were trickling into town, and a bit over a week before classes returned there was going to be a big party bash, the ‘end of summer’ frat party.

The plan was simple: go to the party with the fertility charm on (preferably wearing a push up bra so it dangled enticingly in her enhanced cleavage), act girly and cute and slightly tipsy as she looked for a cute guy to fuck, and then . . . voila! Get pregnant! It wasn’t complicated as plans went, but it didn’t need to be. People had been making people for thousands of years, after all, and why not her? No doubt some other guy had been transgendered and gone through the process before too, whether in the dark days of witchcraft and disproportionate retributions, or in the more modern era of regulated arcanery.

Cori grinned, feeling utterly giddy. The party wasn’t far away, and that just gave her time to prepare and try out all her outfits all over again, to see what was the most *fuckable*.

“And besides, I’m doing Max a service!” she declared. “Because once I’m preggers, I’m sure we can work out a way to get him back to being a man.”

And there *was* that payout if she stayed female, too . . .

Yes, everything was coming up Cori.

Max grimaced as yet another invite appeared in his socials. This end of summer party on tonight, and was clearly a big deal, and exactly the kind of thing he would have been hella excited for . . . were he still male. While his success in the girlfriend department had taken a hit with his confidence (which was at a low ebb even *before* he changed into a woman), these kinds of parties were a path to rejuvenation and reinvention. He'd actually been very much looking forward to the party in the hopes of getting his mojo back, finding a cute girl - maybe Stacey Ackermann from psych class? - and even forming some connections and getting some rep that could lead to him finally getting on the soccer team. He knew he could be a damn star on it, if he could just get it all lined up.

But now, instead of practising his techniques and getting in shape, he was stuck as top heavy cow. At least, that's what it felt like, having to milk his big, lactating boobs two to three times a day. The worst part, other than the leakiness, was how ordinary it was becoming. He would wake up, having slept on his back or his side (sleeping on his stomach was no longer an option with big G-to-H-cups, clearly, stretch, then feel the fullness in his chest. He would place his hands underneath each boob, feel the weight of them, and determine which one needed to be milked quicker, though sometimes a dual job was necessary. Even his parents were getting used to the sight of it, and that was embarrassing in its own right. To make matters even more frustrating, both his Mom and Dad seemed happy again! Sure, his Dad still moped about being a pregnant woman occasionally, but the pair were acting more in love than they had been in literal *years*, even flirting openly around the house.

"Can't you stop it?" Max whined. "Especially all the butt grabbing! It's gross!"

"Well, get out of the house then, sweetie," Emma said. "Your father and I have needs too, you know."

"Ew, gross! And I can't - look at me! I'm a freak!"

At this, even his pregnant Dad rolled his eyes. "Max, honey-"

"I'm not a honey."

"The point is, you look like it, son. Look, if I can get out of the house and go to work - well, I was going to work, I'm on maternity leave now, obviously - then so can you. I know it's hard, and a little embarrassing, but you can find time between your pumping periods to do it, isn't that right, dear?"

"Exactly," Emma said, kissing her husband on the cheek and rubbing his stomach lovingly, in such a way as to make Max's stomach drop. "We had a hard time with this all, but we're adapting. It will be solved, Max, I'm sure of it, but in the meantime, you can't just coop yourself up forever. You need to get out into the sun."

Max tried not to sob. That was another thing he hated; how weird his hormones were. Milk production definitely made it worse, it couldn't just be the fact he was female now. It

might also explain those strange dreams and fantasies he kept having when he focused too much on a rather appealing masculine form when watching a film. He'd actually damn well *masturbated* to a hot action movie star last night, and gotten milk everywhere in the process! His tits were so damn sensitive to pleasure, it seemed, and it was making his shut-in self go a little mad, his imagination running away with him.

"I . . . don't think that's a good idea. I look like a freak."

Emma actually snorted at this point. "Oh, for goodness sake! Max, if you were born as a daughter from the very beginning, you would be the most smug girl in town right now. Look at you: you're tan, you're beautiful, you've got a very fit figure with a nice shape, and let's be totally honest here, a lot of women would kill for a pair of boobs like that."

"I'm literally filling up with milk, Mom, all the time."

"I know, and that's unfair. Trust me, I know how it feels. But it's something you can plan around. And while I know you've got a pair of backbreakers there - I did too until Francis took them from me-"

"Yeah, I feel that weight alright," his Dad chipped in.

"- there's plenty of bras you can wear to give you proper support. C'mon, you should be out there, being social. It's summer break! Don't let your Aunt's magical malignancy-"

Francis coughed deliberately, causing Emma to sigh.

"Fine, her apprentice's magical *mistake*, whatever. But don't let it ruin this important time for you. Even if it means catching up with Cori and a few other friends and having a bit of a laugh about it, you can do it. Hell, I'll even give you some spending money if you need it."

At that, Max actually chuckled, causing his boobs to wobble noticeably. "Save it. If there's one good thing about these boobs, is that I'm making a killing from selling all that milk to new moms."

Indeed, Aunt Lily had gotten them in contact with a company that got breast milk for women struggling to nurse or who had adopted young babies. It turned out to be far more lucrative than Max could imagine, and she was making even more thanks to her endless production.

"Well, there you have it," his Mom said with a hint of victory. "Time to get out of those awful track pants and that hoodie covered in Cheetos dust and get out there. Maybe Cori has something going on. He seemed to have adjusted well to being a woman."

"Pfft, way too well, I swear," Max said, exhaling. Still, he looked down at his laptop, and noticed that Cori's profile was on the invite page for the big party. He'd actually changed his name to 'Cori' for now, and even uploaded a picture of himself with his face all done up, making a kissy face. God, he could be such a weird prankster at times. But he was going to

the party. He wasn't being embarrassed, he was leaning into the fun. Maybe Max could learn to do the same. It *would* be an exercise in building confidence, right?

"Fine, I'll go. Um, Mom? I might need some help figuring out something to wear for tonight, though."

Cori looked very done up in her profile pic, and despite himself, Max was becoming intrigued. It was embarrassing to even admit in his mental space, but he was very curious what his friend would look like in a hot dress. In fact, it made her feel a little bit hot and bothered.

"Something nice but not too nice," he said to his Mom.

He wasn't going to push it.

The music pounded the ears, and the atmosphere was that of a perfect frat party: loud, ecstatic, and filled with young people all looking to get drunk and have a good time, and a really good time if they matched up with the right person. Cori's heart fluttered in her chest as she moved through the social circles; the goths, the jocks, the cheerleaders, the popular kids who didn't slot neatly within any of these categories. She recognised Stacey Ackermann drinking with Brad Chaff and felt a hint of jealousy - Brad was a pretty hot footballer type, the exact kind of guy to get a gal laid at a party like this, but clearly Stacey and brought her A-game with her short black dress and more prominent bust. It made Cori fume at her own B-cup tits, ones that were on the smaller side of B-cup too.

"Don't panic, Cori," she whispered to herself as she moved to where the red cups were being filled with liquor. "Plenty of fish in the sea. And you've brought your A-game too."

Indeed she had. She had opted to go for a real sexy blonde Barbie look, in fact, and it was a look that worked well for her. She was wearing a short pink cocktail dress, the hem of which ended at her upper thighs, and pulled tight against her ass. It confirmed to her petite body and was shoulderless and strapless, showing off quite a bit of skin as a result. The in-built bra pushed up her boobs nicely, making them look bigger than what they were. Her hair was in a sexy look also; she'd had it professionally styled that very day into an attractive wavy look that rested over to one side, exposing her tender neck nicely. With her high heels giving her hips a lovely sway and her mascara and general makeup giving her a smokey, sultry appearance, she couldn't be more fuckable if she tried.

And she *was* trying anyway. No point in not. She had watched enough videos on how to walk in a sensual manner, how to giggle and flutter her eyelashes in just the right way to attract a mate. No one here knew yet that she was actually Corey, and most wouldn't even

know who that was, so she spent her time wandering about, introducing herself and catching male attention.

“What’s your name?” one potential suitor asked.

“I’m Cori,” she answered. “Cori Brandt.”

The last name was a falsehood, but something about it felt appropriate anyway.

Could she get a last name change when this was done?

“I’ve not seen you around campus, Cori. Trust me, I’d remember.”

“I’m new here,” she said. She twirled her blonde hair. “In fact, I’m actually here to try and get to know people. You know, make some connections, get a little tipsy . . . have some fun.”

The handsome man chuckled. “I’ll drink to that! I’m Ray.”

“It’s so nice to meet you, Ray,” she purred.

They’d met before, actually. Ray was actually on the soccer team, the same one that Max wanted to join. He was a nice guy: athletic, charming, and very handsome. He had some Mediterranean heritage which left his skin a light olive and his black hair curly. It was a good look.

“Wanna get me a drink?” she asked.

“Hell yeah. And then, maybe you’d like to dance?”

“Only if I have a good song, and a good partner,” she added, giggling and placing her hand on his arm for just a flirtatious moment. Goddamn, she was good at this, so good it surprised even herself. Ray got her a drink and she drank it down, looking to take some of the nervous edge off but not so much that she didn’t lose her focus. The music blared, and outside the space had been cleared for the girls in their dresses to party down and the men to dance up against them. Cori wasn’t the best dancer, but she let Ray take the lead, and with her own growing libido and desire to get pregnant, she had fun pressing her body against his, allowing him to put his hands on her hips. She turned as the song climaxed, and it seemed an appropriate moment to put her arms over his shoulders.

“Now would be a good time for you to kiss me, Ray,” she teased.

He did so, and the sensation was divine. She wrapped her arms more closely around him, letting him make out with her. But then her eyes went wide even amidst the intoxication of the moment, because someone she certainly didn’t expect to appear was suddenly in view.

It was Max.

Max in a goddamn *dress*.

It wasn’t a flirtatious dress, nor a particularly frat-party appropriate one, but it was a cute orange summer dress that flowed around her ankles. Her brunette hair had been done up - not professionally, but it wasn’t the mess it had been in recent days either. And for all

that she wasn't looking to tease her body, Cori couldn't help but feel a piercing sense of jealousy when looking at her friend's figure: those massive, perfect jugs of hers were clearly outlined and a hint of deep, deep cleavage displayed, whether Max wanted it to be or not. Already, a number of men were looking her way. Cori certainly was: her bisexuality meter was going off like crazy, even if this was her friend. The notion of drinking from that big, milky rack was like that of a nice dessert after potential baby-making sex tonight.

"Um, hi!" Max said awkwardly to the crowd. "I'm Max."

Cori pulled away from Ray. "S-sorry, have to go to the girls' room! You know how it is!"

She tried to dart through the crowd, avoiding Max, who was already looking nervous as hell, especially with the male attention. Stacey Ackermann was also eyeing her up, clearly no longer the biggest bust on campus. Cori felt bad for her - Max, that was, not Stacey - but knew she didn't want to be compromised. Why did Max have to come out of her busty shell tonight of all nights? She moved to head back inside, and was almost through the doorway when Max spotted her.

"Cori? Cori! Cori, it's me!"

Cori sighed, put on her best face, and turned. "Max! Oh my God, I can't believe you made it out here."

Max gave a sheepish expression. "I know. I, uh, decided to be more confident. I wasn't, uh, nearly as confident as you though, wow. You . . . Cori, you look amazing. You, um, seriously look good."

Cori bit her lip. She had felt male gazes all night, but it was clear that Max was just as appreciative. Clearly, her friend's new body was pretty interested in girls too. "I just figured why not go the whole hog and enjoy myself, right?"

"I guess so. Yeah, that makes sense. It's what I'm trying to do, though I don't think I could be as brave as you."

Cori giggled, staring appreciatively at her friend. There was a kind of awkward tension in the air, an obvious physical attraction between two very different, but very hot ladies. "If you were any braver I think the entire football team would be trying to dive into that cleavage of yours. You look great! I'm . . . look, it's very hard not to focus on how hot you are right now, dude. You're like something out of one of my wet dreams."

"Ew! Don't be gross!"

"C'mon, you're staring at my dress! We can both admit we find each other hot."

"Fine, but let's not admit it out loud! Do people here know that you've been magically turned? I didn't tell anyone."

"I was thinking of pulling the bandaid off."

"Oh, well, if you do so, don't mention me, yet. I'm still preferring to do that myself."

“Of course! I would never. I know this is just as hard for you, you’re just taking it a whole lot better, Cori.”

Cori gestured for Max to come inside - no need to dangle this bustier, more attractive girl in front of her potential mate Ray.

“Let’s get you a drink, and you’ll feel way more confident. You seriously look better, Max. I’m so happy, man. I thought you’d still be shut in playing video games, like I was before this all went down.”

Max laughed. “I guess we have changed places, in a sense.”

She was about to say more when she became distracted. Cori noticed what was distracting her friend too: the rather attractive form of Brad Chaff, no longer with Stacey Ackermann, and now clearly looking in Max’s direction. It made the busty brunette blush and look away, but her large nipples stiffened nonetheless.

“Oh my God,” Cori noted. “You’ve got the hots for him.”

“I don’t! I mean, it’s just this stupid switch making me attracted to dudes! I just have to push past it. I don’t plan on staying a woman.”

But Cori continued to needle. “But if you do . . . doesn’t it make sense to dip your toes into it, just a little? I mean, I’m here in a dress, I’m thinking of kissing a guy tonight.”

“What? What’s wrong with you!”

“Just for fun! I wasn’t exactly getting laid before, so why not have a little fun as a woman. C’mon, I know it’s been a dry spell for you too, girl.”

Max drank more, gulping down a quite strong beer and coughing a little. “No way. I . . . I can’t even consider that.”

“Your choice, of course! I just know if I had a body like yours, I’d have a little fun with it. Can’t just be mundane milking, right? I bet someone else would love to milk them for you, ha!”

Max frowned. “You’re drunk.”

“I’m tipsy at worst. I’m just having fun. I’m just saying, dude - gal - that maybe you should consider growing your confidence by trying something new. At the very least, it’ll make you a better lover when you’re a guy, right? You’ll totally get women, then.”

Ray reappeared, looking for Cori, and the petite blonde winked at her friend.

“You tell me if you want some wingwomanning, then. I’m going to take advantage of this, ah, temporary situation. I bet you can too, right?”

She moved away, her heels click-clacking on the floor, back to Ray. Max watched her go, and tried to be mad at her friend. But the weird thing was that she simply couldn’t be. Max had already been having sexual thoughts about guys, ones she’d been struggling to suppress. And, as Valentina had rather unhelpfully added accidentally to her situation, the act of milking herself was one that was deeply pleasurable, bordering on sexual when she

gave herself over to those feelings. She'd climaxed more than a few times in private, when she decided to pump herself 'manually' with her hands. And each time, it had been hard not to imagine a powerful, attractive man being the one with his hands on her.

And now here she was, a beautiful, buxom woman at a frat party, the exact kind of place where a woman could have a guilt-free one night stand and not care about the consequences. The exact kind of place where she could give herself over to these feelings, stop being so scared of them, and just have a little fun. It would just be the once, right?

Her nipples tensed, stiffening with an arousal that was growing by the second. Brad Chaff was looking her way, and it was clear he was interested. Without even meaning to, Max thrust out her chest a little more. She was starting to feel a little full . . . but maybe someone *e/*se could take care of that for once . . .

Masturbation was not enough. Milking was not enough. Thoughts and dreams and abstinence were not enough. Max had been in a dry spell too damn long, and now her best friend was going to be the one to get laid instead of her; nerdy, shut-in Cori of all people! No, that couldn't stand. Her friend was right. If Cori could let loose and enjoy the fruits of her new body, then so could she.

Still, her heart fluttered with anxiety as Brad crossed the room to talk to her.

"Hey there," he said. "I'm Brad."

"M-Max," *she* replied. "Short for Maxine."

"I like it. It's a hot name, if you don't mind me saying."

"And you're . . . hot," she said back, weakly.

He chuckled. "Well, I'm glad this is going well. Would you like to get to know each other a little more beyond just names?"

She had to take a deep breath, which accidentally looked quite flirty with the way her enormous chest rose and fell. His eyes fell to it appreciatively, and it made her insides gooey, her passage warm and *wet*. That nervousness was growing, but so was the daring.

"Sure," she replied. "But I think I'll need a few more drinks in me, first."

A grin. "That can be arranged."

Part 10: Paired Up

Max was feeling silly. Literally, quite silly. And quite female. The former male had come to the party just trying to grow some confidence and not miss out on the unforgettable experience of a summer break party, and now she was finding herself opening her mind to the possibility of experiencing true female pleasure . . . with a *man* as her partner. The very fact that she was starting to think of herself as a *she* was testament to her thought process at the

moment, particularly after several drinks. Brad Chaff was an incredibly attractive guy, and quite charming to boot, despite being a stereotypical meathead in other regards. He was adamant that she should come and enjoy his games, and that she'd look "spectacular as a cheerleader." She had *two* good notions as to why he might think a tight cheerleader's top would look good on her. Ordinarily, the thought of that would have made her flee in embarrassment and anger, but now that she was getting more tipsy and loose, feeling his eyes upon her form, and finding her own form *responding to said eyes*, well, things were starting to change. The wants and needs of her body, that desire to just cut loose and stop being so paralysed all the time, were beginning to triumph.

Without even initially intending to, Max was allowing her body to press closer against Brad, to laugh at his lame jokes. She found herself touching his arm without thinking, and thrusting out her considerable, heaving chest so that it was almost impossible for his eyes not to notice her cleavage, especially since she was starting to tug said dress lower, revealing more of her massive mammaries. She licked her lips when she realised why he was hunching over a little: this guy had it *bad* for her, his cock hard as iron in his pants and obviously standing out were he to, well, stand *up*.

"Um, maybe we could go somewhere more private?" she asked him after drinking a bit more. Max was feeling buzzed, and it was coursing through her system more powerfully than usual thanks to her smaller size.

Brad smirked, finishing his own drink. "Not one for the dance floor."

"Not with these tits, dude, no way!" she said, voice slurring just a little.

He chuckled, clearly surprised by her forwardness. "I won't lie, I'd love to see them in action like that."

"I bet you would," she said, giggling uncharacteristically. "I bet you'd like to be all over these big, round boobs of mine, right?"

There was a momentary pause, and then Brad slid a hand over her shoulder, down her back, around her waist until it was just gingerly teasing at the lower end of her bust, the curve being lifted by the bust of her dress.

"I would," he said. It was a simple statement, and yet it captured her completely. The confidence of it. The subtle suggestion of it.

"Yeah?" Max asked, trying and failing to push back against her own flirtatiousness. God, it had been far too long since she had been treated from interest, even if this was from a guy. It was actually pretty sexy to be seen this way, as someone to be *wooded and pursued*.

"Yeah," Brad repeated. "I really would. You know, I'm actually part of this frat. There's a few rooms above that aren't being used right now, if you catch my drift. If you're interested. I know I am. I very much am, Max."

Max took another deep breath. God, her boobs were filling up faster, it seemed, because they were positively *straining* her dress, and the effect was that it left it tighter around the rest of her body too, making it seem far more appropriate for a flirtatious party such as this.

“M-maybe we could have just a little fun?” she suggested.

She wouldn't go too far, of course, no matter how much this man was really starting to rev her engine. She was still a guy, deep down beneath her womanly curves. This would just be a bit of experimentation. Like her Dad had when he was Rose, of course. It made perfect sense. She wouldn't go nearly as far as Cori planned to.

Brad leaned in to kiss her, and his lips were wonderful. Just wonderful. The bristle of his facial hair against her smooth face made her feel like such a woman, and her breasts squashing against his chest only emphasised this fact.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, and it was a deeply, deeply sensual sound. The kind of sound she would have wanted from a lover.

But not from her.

Something like panic ran through Max. She pulled back, surprising Brad.

“Everything okay?”

“Y-yeah, I just need to - I just need to go, okay? I need to check on my friend, first! Sorry, maybe another time?”

“But we were having such fun!”

Max was already moving fast to get away from this man, her large, lactating boobs bouncing in her top. Cori had gone up stairs, likely to have sex with that other very handsome man, Ray. She needed to find them and stop them. She had already gone too far, Cori was about to go a lot further.

“Need to get us out of here!” she muttered.

Now if only her damn body wasn't still craving male *and* female attention! Everyone here, girls and guys alike, were too damn sexy!

Cori moaned in pleasure as she was taken by Ray. She could never have imagined how good this would feel. The making out, the foreplay alone, had been utterly erotic: the way his tongue flickered over her nipples, how he caressed her back and squeezed her ass, complimenting all her best features. And she in turn getting to rub his cock through his pants, daring him to release it. All inhibitions were out the window now that she was drunk and turned on and absolutely, utterly aiming to get knocked the hell up. She held onto Ray as he pushed her against the wall forcibly but sexily, making out with her and sliding his tongue

down her throat. Cori had never really had sex before, and could never have believed this would have been her first experience. The fact that this man was stronger than her, *taking* her, somehow made it all the better. She was submitting to him, moaning in her high, bubbly voice as she did so.

“Ohhhhh, enough already!” she squealed. “On the bed! Take me on the bed! I want you in me already!”

“Let me just get my con-”

“I’m already on the pill, no need! Trust me, it’s all good. I want to feel all of you inside my wet pussy!”

Even the dirty talk was coming naturally. In the dark of the room, the desires made themselves far more clear. She could see the silhouette of her lover, and that made the atmosphere all the more enticing.

“God, I’ve never met a woman like you, Cori!” Ray exclaimed. He carried her over to the bed, removing the last of his clothing and helping her slide out of her panties. She was ready for this: finally she was getting laid.

“Are you taking off your-”

“No, I like the jewellery on,” she purred, touching her emerald pendant. “It’s my good luck charm.”

She giggled, then moaned as he mounted her, crawling on top of her body and kissing her neck tenderly. He was a surprisingly gentle lover, but Cori was just impatient now. She grabbed his head and made him look directly at her.

“Enough funny stuff,” she said, more confident than she’d ever been as Corey. “Fuck me in my hungry pussy, Ray. *Now.*”

He was momentarily flabbergasted. “Yes, ma’am,” he said. He gripped his cock, pressing it against her entrance, rubbing it against her wetness. She took it in her dainty hand, and with the two of them working in concert, they crossed the threshold Cori had been waiting to leap over.

He entered her.

Cori’s eyes went wide. She squeaked, otherwise going silent. Her entire body went rigid, in fact, apart from her legs flinging further out to give her lover the easiest possible entrance and the deepest possible penetration. There was a moment of resistance, a brief sting of pain as her hymen tore, a trickle that followed within her. And then his passage through her was unimpeded.

The pleasure began in full.

Cori nearly lost her breath in response to the alien sensation of it. Ray’s dick had *girth*, but her vaginal passage was more than ready to receive him, clinging to his pole as if unwilling to let go. Every nerve lit up within her womanhood, and it left her shoulders shaking

slightly. Ray grinned, completing his full entrance into her, sliding all the way up until he was nearly to her cervix, though thankfully not pressing against it.

“S-so big,” Cori murmured.

“That’s what they say. Want to really feel it?”

Cori nodded wordlessly, practically *breathlessly*. Her body was hungry for more, and the way he squeezed her left breast as he positioned himself for the first thrust made it all the better.

“God, you’re fucking hot.”

He began to pull back, then thrust back in, then out, then back in. He started slowly, building up the tension perfectly. Cori had no real interest in Ray beyond the sexual and reproductive, but even she had to concede that this man definitely knew how to please a lady. She was beginning to buck her hips up, meeting in time to his thrusts, kissing him passionately as working towards something even better . . .

. . . when the door suddenly opened and a woman cried out, “No!”

Both Ray and Cori paused, the sexual lust lost at least for this interruption. Cori’s eyes went wide. It was Max! She had burst in with such a commotion that her big tits looked almost ready to fall out of her top! She was panting heavily, and Cori’s arousal returned immediately: God, she was jealous of how hot those milk-filled breasts were!

“Max?” she said, still twisting her hips a little, squeezing her vaginal muscles to enjoy the currently immobile penis within her. “What the hell are you doing here?”

Max stepped forward, though her hesitance over this awkwardness was obvious.

“I’m here to s-stop you. From doing anything stupid.”

“What? I want to be here, Max!”

“You - you do?”

“I told you, I’m having some fun. Ray here is so fucking hot, and if you haven’t noticed he’s currently *inside* me?”

Max swallowed. She could see how they’d frozen in mid-thrust, Cori’s legs stretched wide. It was an unbelievably erotic presentation, the kind of thing she used to masturbate to, and now had dreams about. With her blonde hair strewn chaotically around, Cori was a uniquely sexy sight.

“I - I’ll go,” Max spluttered, backing away a little. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t . . . Brad’s waiting for me. I should go home.”

It was Ray that spoke up, putting on his most confident grin. “Or you could stay?”

Cori looked up at him. “What do you mean?”

“Only if you’re up for it, babe. But it’s rare a guy like me gets an opportunity with two beautiful women. What do you say, Max? There’s plenty of room for fun here.”

Cori beamed at this. It was partly the alcohol, but also partly the fantasy of being with a busty woman like Max that drove her.

“Yes, Max! Join us! It’ll just be a fun thing! We can indulge!”

Max hovered on the threshold. It was hard to think, and her tipsiness was making her a little bolder, a little more impulsive. She knew she should get home, but her breasts were tingling and so damn full of milk. They needed stimulation, and that always brought on a pleasure response, something her body was already anticipating right at that moment. And the sight of Ray’s hands on Cori’s chest.

Cori sensed this, and got Ray off of her. She moved to her friend, grinning up at her impishly. She ran a hand up Max’s backside, then dared to cup her breast, experiencing its fullness. Max lost a breath, her large nipples stiffening.

“We can have fun with these,” Cori teased, and then, even more daringly, she slipped her hand in and let Max’s large left breast expose itself, before placing her mouth over her drooping nipple.

“Mhmmm,” Max moaned, closing her eyes as Cori drank up her sweet milk.

“Wh-what are you d-doing? Ohhhhh . . .”

“Mind if I join?” Ray asked. He took up her other side, his hard cock brushing against her hip as he freed her other breast. “I didn’t realise you were lactating? Is it weird that I find that hot?”

“N-no, it’s a m-medical thing,” Max said. “I make m-milk. I need relief.”

“Well, happy to give it,” the cocky man replied, and then he too was suckling from her, drawing her milk into his mouth. The feeling was orgasmic, and it left Max whimpering, her knees going weak and her pussy growing damp with need.

“Ohhhh, yessss. Don’t s-stop. So f-full. And . . . ahhh, don’t be afraid to . . . explore.”

Cori grinned at Ray, joyful that her friend had joined in. It would make her getting pregnant by this man all the easier - he was having a fucking threesome, how could he not cum? And more than that, it alleviated any remaining morsel of nervousness she possessed, how that her best friend was here. They’d be taking a sexual plunge, together.

“Let’s get back to the bed,” Cori suggested, closing the door to avoid any other interruptions, and locking it for extra security. She took Max’s hand and pulled her to the bed, and soon the pair were making out while Ray watched. Max couldn’t believe it was happening, but she was already sliding out of her dress and revealing her massive breasts. Her boobs, now stimulated, began to leak rivers of milk down her front and onto her belly, and somehow that just seemed even *hotter*, especially to Ray and Cori - *especially* Cori. The blonde woman used her fingers to stimulate Max’s clitoris, rubbing them softly over her entrance and letting her juices seep down her thighs.

“Mhmm oh God! That f-feels so g-good,” Max managed. “S-so fucking good. NNNGHH!!”

The last exclamation came as Cori sucked upon Max’s breasts again, extracting yet more nourishment and making Max squirm in miniature orgasms, causing her toes to curl. But Cori was not here purely to please her friend. She gestured for Ray to hurry up and join them.

“Fuck me from behind already! I want you to feel me while I feel her, and you listen to us both!”

Ray was ecstatic. “Yes, ma’am!”

He grabbed her hips, placing himself at her entrance a second time, and this time he slipped in easily, though Cori’s inner muscles were quick to clamp on to him and begin milking his cock. The position made her feel all the more submissive, all the more *ripe* for being pregnant, as if she were being mounted like an animal, ready to be bred.

“Hell yeah,” she said, closing her eyes for a moment and simply *relishing* the moment. This was perfect on a level she couldn’t have dreamed. Then, she lowered her head down to her friend’s massive chest again, and attended to her right breast while squeezing and caressing the left.

Max tried not to be loud with her sounds, but was soon finding it impossible. Her breasts had been her achilles heel - or chest - because their combined sensitivity and association with pleasure had led her to this moment. Now, she was on her back, her legs spread wide, feeling her breast friend attend to her lactating needs while getting a perfect view of Cori being railed from behind. It was the most insane situation in her life, but it was also *hot*. Maybe Cori was right? Maybe just having this joyful release as a one-time thing was totally worth it before being changed back? She banished any fear of male ego from her mind as Cori sucked another long stream of milk from her endlessly prodigious breast, and simply lay back to enjoy it. She even let herself begin to gasp and whimper openly, no longer fearful of her own womanly cries.

Cori was getting close, she could feel it. Ray was building up speed, thrusting as if his life depended upon it. His balls smacked against her skin as he fucked her, and from his nonverbal grunts it was obvious he was about to blow.

“Mhmm, b-breed me,” she managed.

“What was - that?”

N-nothing! I’m close! I need you to cum inside me! Cum inside me! Cum inside -”

She never finished the sentence, because Ray did exactly that. His hard rod pulsed within her, and he himself gripped her hips even harder. Her vaginal muscles squeezed down upon his penis, drinking in every drop as wad after wad of hot semen shot deep inside her. She finally managed to overcome her voicelessness, whining in a high, orgasmic voice

as multiple climaxes hit her. She swore she could almost *feel* the individual sperm racing down into her womb.

If that charm worked, she would soon be pregnant. And judging from the warm glow of it upon her neck, she really, truly believed it was the real deal.

The woman collapsed forward onto Max, burying her face into those marvellous breasts, and Max for her part held her. Ray found his way onto the bed, clearly spent but more than happy to keep stimulating the more buxom of the pair, and even satisfying his thirst for more milk.

“A-amazing,” Cori whimpered, rolling to one side to give them more room. “Ohh, that was amazing.”

She closed her legs together, intent on not letting a single drop escape. Already she was fantasising about the possibility of *twins* and how big and active it would make her belly.

The three of them stayed on that bed for some time, Cori lost in her fantasies and Max unbelieving what had just happened. But as the time passed, Ray’s ministrations became a lot more active, and Max became increasingly aware that she had not fully climaxed yet . . . at least not down there. Without thinking, she extended her hand to his slightly-hardened penis, and began to stroke it back to its full erection again. Ray grinned.

“Well, looks like I’ve still got some in the tank. You want me in you as well, huh?”

She nodded, eager for this moment. She was too far gone to fight her urges, and the feel of his cock getting rock hard in her hand as she stroked him off was all the better.

“Use your mouth, and then I’ll get inside you.”

Cori watched, fascinated, as Max did exactly that. Both were equally shocked, but Max really, really needed that cock in her pussy, and her altered mind was finding it hard to *not* be turned on by the idea of sucking this man until he was ready to enter her. She got down on her knees as he sat on the bed and began giving Ray the best damn blowjob of his life. She was no expert, but locking her lips upon the head and attending to his shaft was clearly doing the job. Milk leaked from her again, set off by her arousal from this, and after less than a minute he was pulling her back up.

“Enough! Enough! I’m about to c-cum again already. Holy shit. Let’s do this.”

What followed didn’t even take thirty seconds, but it was the best thirty seconds of sexual thrill Max had ever experienced. His hard cock entered her, and like with Cori there was a brief pang of pain followed by astonishing feminine pleasure. She gave herself over to the submission, to being *penetrated*, and having accepted that, she gripped him with her sexy thighs and let him grope and squeeze her huge tits. They wobbled heavily with each thrust; she was on her back, and when they rocked they almost hit her chin each time, so much did they jiggle. But both were so heavily stimulated by this point that Ray came pretty soon after.

“Mhmmm! Ohhhh! I can’t believe I’m - Ahhhhhhh! AHHHH!!”

Max actually bit softly on his shoulder, still gripping him, to prevent herself from crying out too loudly. She hadn’t even noticed Cori biting her lip on the other side of the large bed, masturbating to this sight.

But then Cori stopped. She felt a warm glow upon her neck, and in that exact moment she realised something horrifying, even as Ray was near the end of his thrusts and Max was orgasming: the pendant had a *proximity effect*. Holy shit, she might be getting Max goddamn *pregnant!*

Cori practically pelted to the end of the room, uncaring about the commotion she was making, nor even the semen that was just now finally running down her thighs. She burst open the window, tore the pendant from her neck and *hurled* out from the floor into the gardens beyond the frat house. Then she stood panting, hoping against hope that she had been quick enough. Turning her head, she could see Ray had collapsed upon Max. He had spent his male issue inside of her, but when had that happened?

“You okay?” Ray said, huffing and puffing a little, having missed what she had just done.

“Y-yeah,” she replied, trying not to look at Max, who still had her eyes closed due to the bliss anyway. “Just needed some fresh air.”

“Well, why don’t you come join us? I’m pretty spent, but I think Maxine here still needs some milking, don’t you?”

“Mhmmm,” Max murmured, nodding with her eyes still shut, as if floating in the most wonderful dream. She poked her left breast. “Leftie is still quite full . . . if you don’t mind.”

Cori looked out the window again. She had to have done it in time, right? It was best not to mention now anyway. She returned to the bed, her arousal growing again.

“I don’t mind at all, sexy,” she said, winking to her friend.

She would get the pendant later, when it was time to go home. For now, she put any worries out of her mind and focused on the pleasures of the body. Hopefully, they would soon bear fruit.

Part 11: Warning Signs

Max huffed and puffed as he got ready to head to his first day back at college.

“Can’t I just take a few weeks off or something? Surely Aunt Lily is close to a cure by now? She said she’s coming back soon!”

“Nonsense,” Francine said, stroking her round belly and wincing at the obvious weight of it. “You’re going to college and that’s final. We can’t afford you to lose your education.”

“But I have to pump!”

“We’ve talked to your professors, remember?” Emma said, hands on her hips. “You’ll be able to go pump whenever you need to, and everyone knows you’ve been magically changed.”

“Great,” Max groaned, putting her head in her hands. “That means everyone knows I’m me. The male me, I mean.”

She’d never tell her parents in a million years what had gone down *that* night, but she was terrified that Ray would put two and two together if she ever saw him again. And with her figure, looks, and chest, she was bound to stick out.

“Same with Cori,” Francine said, placing a hand on her son’s shoulder. “Everyone knows about her as well.”

“Yeah, but she’s taking this all way too well. Except for her being sick lately. I swear I’m getting sick myself at the thought of going back to school. I’m feeling all tired and sweaty, and my boobs are even sorer than usual! I threw up yesterday, remember?”

“That was just jitters, honey,” Emma said. “We know you can do this. You’ll be fine.”

Max scoffed. “If that’s the case, then how come you and Dad haven’t swapped back. And why are you even going by Francine now, Dad? And are you wearing earrings!? Surely a dress was far enough?”

Francine blushed a little. Ever since she and Emma had worked out their issues between themselves, she had slowly come to embrace her role as a future mother. She didn’t plan to *stay* a woman, of course. She was, deep down, still Francis. But just as she had promised to help ease her wife’s burdens, so too had she vowed since their reconciliation to *understand* her as well. And if that meant having a bit of fun trying out life on the ‘other side,’ then so be it. To that end, she let herself be known as Francine in her final days of work before her maternity leave, which had oddly helped ease the tension there. By embracing the role she nipped a lot of the jokes in the bud, and it also meant that a lot of her female coworkers had treated her like one of them. There had even been a goodbye party for her maternity leave, including lots of cute presents, and to her own embarrassment she had actually cried. It had been quite the cathartic release, actually, and while her male coworkers had a few grins, the women of the office closed ranks to defend her.

And so ‘Francine’ as a name had translated back home, and Emma clearly enjoyed it. Despite being so very pregnant and often tired (or waddling off to pee), her hormones still ran high, and that meant a surprisingly strong libido. In truth, after their cold war period following the change, it was like the two married women were now making up for lost time on

top of getting as much sex in before the baby arrived. When Max wasn't home, or was away, or they just had enough privacy, Emma had revealed a randy side that had been dormant for some time, grabbing Francine by the butt or enjoying the feel of her huge F-cup breasts. And Francine had come to rather enjoy the female experience a second time, especially when she got Emma to once more indulge in the roleplay of their youth. They would re-enact as if she was 'Rose' again, and Emma would pretend not to have seen her for a while, and the two would 'experiment' again. God help them if anyone ever found out, but it was sexy as hell to the pair.

But more than any of that, there was the pregnancy itself, and the child Francine was carrying for her wife. Pregnancy was damn hard, and on days where her male ego was most dim, she actually found herself looking forward to giving birth, especially since she was verging on being overdue now! But other times, when she was having to rest on her side or simply laying back in a chair holding her stomach, the former male would marvel at the sensation of growing life within her. Yes, the feeling of a child kicking her ribs or even back to her spine made her huff and puff, but there was something uniquely amazing about feeling a living child in your womb, entirely dependent on you. Francine was father and mother both, and even when she felt tired and cranky, or ugly and emotional, or simply heavy and useless, the movement of her baby brought her such feelings of warmth and protective instinct. Emma clearly enjoyed this side of her, because she often lay down with Francine, stroking her fertile roundness, and whispering words of encouragement and thanks to her that meant everything.

Still, it didn't stop Francine from being just a *little* embarrassed when her son called attention to it.

"As I've told you before," she said in the present. "This *will* be solved. And since I'll be giving birth to this beautiful little gremlin, I think I have a right to have a female name and identity for a bit. It's helped me, and it's why I hear you go by Maxine now."

Max cringed. Cori had told them, evidently.

"Fine, whatever. I'll go to college. But if things go sideways, I'm blaming you too."

She had no idea how sideways things were indeed about to go.

Cori knew she was being ridiculous, but she didn't care. She was literally *skipping* across campus to her first lecture, a beaming smile on her features. Part of her was tired, and the nausea that very morning had been terrible, nearly causing her to throw up. And her nipples felt so sore, making her have to duck to the bathroom constantly to massage them! But they

were all signs, and that very morning she had confirmed exactly what she had been hoping for, having taken five different tests all in a row just to be sure.

Cori was pregnant.

Pregnant!

It made her shoulders shake with glee. To think, she had only been turned on by the idea of being *with* a pregnant woman before. Now she was going to *be* one! Oh, to feel a baby growing inside her! To be pumped up full of life! To waddle and hold her stomach and ease up her legs! Even the discomforting parts seemed like an oddly kinky challenge to be approached, as unrealistic as her thinking mind knew that to be. She hoped for twins, but simply to know the pendant had done its job at all was enough.

The only problem was Max. Unlike her friend, she *had* slept with a few other guys since, making sure with the pendant's help that she was most definitely pregnant, but she knew for a fact that the same had not been true of Max. She knew for one very good reason, one evident from the way Max looked at her across the campus green as they approached one another. The other woman was liking the look of Cori quite a bit.

"Hi there!" Cori exclaimed in her bubbly voice. She was wearing a really cute pink dress; one appropriate for a college campus, but still very stylish. Max, on the other hand, was wearing a female maternity top and pants. They did well to outline her figure, and nothing could hide her breasts or the beauty of her face, but it was clear that Maxine was trying to hide herself a bit.

"Hey, Cori," Max said. She was shuffling awkwardly, trying to put her hands in pockets that weren't there.

"Still feeling uncomfortable being 'out' as a woman?" Cori asked.

"Yeah, I guess. People will make fun."

"Nah, you'll be fine. And if they find out, who cares? We're good, aren't we?"

Max shrugged. "I guess so. Maybe. I don't know. I'm not exactly on the soccer team again, being like this."

"Would it cheer you up if we spent some time together tonight?" Cori asked, taking Max's hand.

The other woman looked around, as if mildly paranoid. "That would be great, actually. You mean, like, us together, right?"

Cori giggled. "Obviously. I had way too much fun two days ago with you, and you weren't so bad with me yourself, sexy."

Max blushed, but did grin a little. She would never fully admit it to herself, but just like her 'father' had begun playing more into the role of being a woman, she herself had given over to her lust a lot more. She didn't want to sleep with anymore men - that had been awesome but strictly a one time thing - but somehow after that night she and Cori had begun

an unspoken friends-with-benefits relationship. Goodness knows it was more joyous than simply pumping her milk, and her body was still damn libidinous just like Cori's. It made a good sense for them to help 'relieve' one another. She just hoped she wasn't getting too comfortable with this new dynamic, because Cori really was so damn cute and sexy in her short, blonde form.

"What are you thinking about?" Cori asked. "Other than me, obviously."

"Oh, I've just been tired lately. And really nervous about coming back. I swear I can't wait till I'm fully moved out and living with you."

"I bet. We can share a bed."

"Slow down!" Max said, chuckling nervously. "It's just an occasional thing, remember?"

"I know. I'm willing to make it more often, if you are. But we're friends, I know that. I'd never jeopardise that, 'dude.' So what's really up?"

"Just everything. Mainly being here and still being a lady. I just think I got quite nauseous from being so anxious about this. And my boobs are even sorer than usual."

Cori bit her lip, not willing to say anything. She was still hoping that Max wasn't preggers, but it could be a real possibility. She knew she would have to monitor it.

"C'mon, let's get to our gender studies class. I'll bet we've got real insight to give now, right?"

"Don't you dare! We are keeping our lips shut tight!"

Cori wasn't wrong: the pair *did* have a new perspective on gender studies. They had simply taken it as an extra course to fill out their majors, but the fact that they had been flagging in the subject all year had had the pair worried. Now, despite the occasional flicker of interest from several students and even their professor, they found themselves actually invested in the course for the first time. Max was still feeling some tiredness and needed to go out and pump her breasts briefly, but when the lecture discussed issues of the male gaze and gender values when it came to dating, she found herself shockingly attentive. She had scoffed at such notions before, but she was literally feeling the male gaze at that very second from the few other boys in the class, almost all of whom kept wanting to see the heavy outline of her breasts in her tight top.

"Dude, is it just me," Max said, "or does this stuff sound pretty relatable right now?"

"Super relatable," Cori said, grinning just a little as she looked through the coursebook. "Just wait till we get to the sub-unit on parenthood."

"Because of my folks?"

“What? Oh, yeah. Definitely. That.”

By the time they left the lecture, Max was actually feeling like he genuinely could take on the essay work. After all, she'd experienced life both ways, right? The same was obviously true of Cori, and they even discussed what they had been lectured on during their lunch, something the pair had never really done! Cori didn't even mention video games or science fiction once. They were just two women, discussing gender inequality at an institute for education, a big development for the two.

Still, it wasn't all peaches and roses. Brad, from *that* night, did approach the pair, his grin confident but also a little hopeful.

“Hey, Maxine. Been a long time since I saw you.”

“Oh, hi Brad,” she said, hunching over a little to hide her bust but only making it more obvious.

“I hear you had a lot of fun with Ray a while back.”

“That's . . . not your business.”

“Yeah, dude, what the fuck?” Cori said.

“Hey, I'm just saying I got lucky, you know, since it turns out you're just a magically infected guy cosplaying as a chick with huge milky tits. Pretty gross, really. You're damn lucky he hasn't tried to sue or whatever.”

Max shook with anger. She felt sick again, and it rose within her. Thankfully, Cori stood up for her, moving forward to jab Brad in the chest despite her diminutive size.

“Hey, fucker! We both got changed, and it was neither of our fault! We're making the best we can of it and even enjoying it! Don't go bitching like some loser incel just because you didn't get your dick wet at a party weeks ago! Now jog off back to your football team, or are you still bitching about being the most dispensable member of your team?”

Brad was momentarily speechless. His brain was clearly trying to formulate a response, but each passing second only embarrassed him further. In the end, he went to the last resort of the male scoundrel when beaten by a woman.

“Whatever, bitch,” he mumbled, sneering as he walked away. “Both of you, bitches. I hope you get stuck as the total sluts you are.”

“I hope so too!” Cori called as he walked away. “Because you'll be reminded every day that we're not gonna sleep with you!”

She turned, blushing a little at Max.

“Sorry, got a bit angry there.”

“Feisty, more like!” Max exclaimed, breathing steady breaths. “Cori, that was amazing. I didn't know you had it in you.”

Cori touched her still-flat stomach a little and winked. “Well, when you go through a

big life change, I guess you kinda find yourself. Funny how it took me becoming a petite blonde to finally stick up for myself, right?"

Max was about to chuckle in agreement, except that sudden nausea hit her again.

"Right? I guess . . . oh God! Sorry!"

She ran to the nearest bathroom, fleeing from the worried Cori, and upended the contents of her stomach into a nearby toilet.

"Ughh," she groaned, spitting out flecks of former food. "What's going on with me? Seriously."

Cori waited outside for her, and once Max had cleaned herself up, the pregnant blonde decided to come clean. She couldn't stand not knowing, or worse, her friend not knowing what her pendant may have done.

"Are you okay?"

"Just nerves. I get so freakin' emotional now as a woman, and the last few weeks have been so much worse. I think I'm getting my next damn period. I hate them so much. It would explain the cramping and the nausea. Ugh."

Cori took a deep breath. As over the moon as she was to be pregnant, she knew she couldn't possibly rejoice in that fact if her actions had caused the same for Max, who never wanted this.

"Max," she said, exhaling slowly and struggling to meet her friend's eyes. "Before anything else, I need to tell you something. I -"

Max's phone rang, and she looked at it. "Holy shit, it's Aunt Lily! Sorry, just a moment, Cori!"

She answered it, and Cori felt a wave of relief and nausea at the same time.

"Hey Aunt Lily. Yes, sure, just at college. Maxine now, yeah. No, not the best. Feeling kind of sick now actually, I think it's just nerves. Yeah, Dad's about to blow. Seriously, his waters could break at any point. Ha, yeah, Francine . . . really? Okay, um, I can get out of next lecture. Yeah, I'll be right over. Okay, gotcha. I'll bring Cori. Um, thanks! Bye!"

Cori waited patiently, trying to determine what had been said. "What's happening?" she asked.

Max seemed a little elated. "Aunt Lily wants to meet up for a big chat at the family house now that she's back. She hasn't said what yes, but it has to be good news, right? She can turn us back!"

Cori placed a hand on her slim stomach.

"That's hopeful?"

Without even meaning to, Maxine rubbed her stomach too before setting off towards the car park.

“Come on!” she cried. “Things are finally looking up! God, I can’t wait to be big again.”

Cori murmured to herself as she followed her friend. “Oh, that part isn’t in doubt of happening, one way or another.”

Part 12: Congratulations?

When Max and Cori arrived back at the former’s family house, Aunt Lily’s car was already out front. Max took a moment to take a breather, still complaining about the symptoms of what Cori increasingly thought was pregnancy, but the blonde girl didn’t want to heap that extra worry on her just yet, not with a potential revelation around the corner. Instead, she followed her friend into the house and from there into the living room, where everyone was. Valentina was standing at the edge of a hushed conversation, her dark hair framing her face, her hands in her leather jacket as if she didn’t know what to do with them.

“Oh, hey Max,” she said, trying to act cool. “You, uh, seem to be adjusting well.”

Max huffed. “As much as I can, no thanks to you! I hope you’ve been hard at work finding a cure for me and Cori.”

Valentina cringed a little. “Day and night, trust me. I swear the day I’ll become a full witch has been delayed a full two years thanks to my little stunt. Again, I am really sorry.”

“You’ll understand if I’m not sorry back. I’ve got big, sore, leaky boobs thanks to you.”

Cori put a hand on Max’s arm, sensing her friend’s anxiety.

“Let’s just go in, Max,” she said in a soothing tone.

Max nodded. “Yeah, you’re right. Thanks Cori.”

Cori beamed. It felt good to comfort her friend. Kind of . . . warm, even.

“Anytime. Uh, good to see you, Valentina.”

They entered fully into the living room. Francine was resting back into the sofa, her hands on her very large pregnant belly, listening attentively to whatever Aunt Lily was saying. Emma appeared to be, as usual when it came to her sister-in-law, a little more frosty, but she didn’t look actively angry at least.

“I didn’t say I trust magic, how can I, after all this? But Francine and I are much closer now, and we’re looking forward to our baby.”

“I’m very glad, dearie. I hope that at least this one good thing has come out of it. It’s an exciting time.”

“But Max and Cori . . . are you completely sure?” she asked. “There has to be another way!”

“I’m truly sorry, Emma. The weaves of magic are just too tangled. There isn’t another way to sort this out that I can see. I’ve consulted witches even more talented than I, and trust me, I’ve had Valentina on the books twenty four-seven.”

Max coughed, gaining the attention of the room. “Hey,” she said simply. “What’s up?” Emma and Francine exchanged a look that made Max’s heart skip a nervous beat.

“I think it would be best if you sat down with us,” her mother said.

“What’s going on?”

“Max, come sit down first,” Francine added. “You too, Cori. You’re welcome, of course.”

Max did sit down on the couch, and Cori took up a spot beside her. Both the former men buzzed with anticipation and caution. Without even meaning to, perhaps even without realising it, they took one another’s hand between them, squeezing it for comfort. This time, Max felt that warmth too, and it helped her wade through the next realisation.

“You can’t turn us back, can you?” she asked her Aunt Lily.

The normally confident, somewhat haughty woman sighed. “No dearie, I’m simply afraid I cannot. Believe me, I am one of the best in the business, especially when it comes to matters of transformation, as you would well know by now. But as I was just explaining to your parents, my peers have never seen a case like this. They want to study it, and I put that option right out, let me tell you! But as it stands, the power to undo all that has been done seems to be impossible.”

Max sagged, feeling her heavy breasts wobble in her top as she did so. They were getting tight again. God, would the milking ever end now? Would she just be lactating for literal decades of her life?

“I’m stuck like this for life?” she asked.

“Not exactly,” Emma said, reaching over to put a comforting hand upon her former son’s shoulder. “Lily, can you explain your . . . thing.”

Lily nodded. “I’ve looked into it, and just as I theorised weeks ago before the pair of you, I am indeed able to change one of you back. I can break the weave of magic tethering the pair of you, and focus the resulting feminine transformative energy upon one of you. That individual will have to stay a woman . . . permanently. No transformative magic will work upon them again, ever. Valentina’s magic has seen to that.”

Just outside the door, the apprentice made an awkward coughing sound.

“Yes, I know you can hear me, apprentice!” Lily said, before turning back to the transformed pair of girls. “I know this is a huge thing to ask, but -”

“I’ll do it!”

Everyone’s gaze fell upon Cori. Valentina even extended her head into the room, curious as to the sudden outburst.

Lily folded her hands. "Cori, this is not a decision to be rushed into. We have time—"

But Cori was already getting everything she wanted. This would solve everything! She had finally found herself as a woman. Sure, she was still, deep down, a total geek, but now she could be stylish and outgoing and social and sexy and *fun* in a way she never had before. Not to mention *pregnant*, literally fulfilling a hidden desire to the utmost degree. Still, she had to put on a performance. Unfortunately for her, she was not exactly a classically trained actor, so the tears weren't exactly flowing.

"Oh, I feel I must!" she proclaimed, speaking as if she were suddenly in a Victorian era romance novel. "Max has so much more ahead of her as a man, and wants to be on the soccer team, and there's a whole group of girls who miss him everyday!"

"What?" Max said. "No there's not!"

"And while I don't want to stay a girl - absolutely not! - I'll have to do it if I need to, for my friend. I can't imagine forcing you to stay like this Max, especially with all that milking and pumping you have to do! It's just not fair. No, I'll make the sacrifice."

Emma and Francine were hearing exactly what they wanted to out of this, of course.

"That's very brave of you, Cori," Emma said. "You truly are a good friend."

"Agreed, honey," Francine added, actually getting a little hormonally emotional over this. "I'm very impressed, Cori."

Cori tried not to grin, especially since Valentina and Lily were both looking at her strangely. The former in particular seemed to be struggling not to actually guffaw. Thank goodness she was largely out of sight.

"Cori," Lily said, leaning forward. "Is there something you're not telling us?"

The petite blonde woman sighed, continuing to act (badly). She placed a hand on her stomach, ready for a reveal.

"There's one other big reason why I should stay a woman and Max should go free. A few weeks ago I gave into some . . . feelings at a party. I was foolish, and didn't think. The tragedy!"

Valentina actually had to cover her mouth by this point, even while Cori continued.

"It was just a bit of a fling with a guy. I was curious. But, well, actions have consequences, and the consequence is . . . I'm pregnant."

There was a stunned silence in the room. Even Lily seemed astonished.

"The fuck!?" Max said. "You got knocked up? By Ray?"

Cori bit her lip awkwardly. "Um, him, or one of the other guys?"

"*Other guys?* I thought it was just you and m . . . us as friends, I mean, I thought we were keeping each other on the right road, here."

"Sorry, Max. I really am. I was just, well, a bit silly. I was enjoying myself too much."

Emma rubbed her temples. "Do your parents know?"

“Um, no. I’ll tell them one day. I mean, they live interstate and we rarely talk anyway. You guys are more of my family as I see it. And it’s why I should stay a woman and take responsibility. If I have to, of course.”

But Max was squeezing her friend’s hand now. “Dude, this is a huge decision. Are you really going to raise a baby? I mean, that’s crazy!”

But Cori just shrugged. “I mean, I always wanted kids one day. I know you do too. I guess I’m just having one a little earlier, is all.”

Aunt Lily stood, gesturing with her hands for everyone to pay attention to her.

“Look, this is all a lot for all of us to take in, and no decision should be taken lightly, my dears. I have several days, and a decision can be-”

But Cori was already standing opposite her, hands on her hips and her little chest thrust out. She was shorter than the tall, imperious Lily, and not nearly so commanding in presence, but confidence had a presence of its own.

“With respect, Miss Lily, I’d like to get this done. I know in my heart this is the right decision. It’s what I want.”

At this, there was almost a flash in Lily’s eyes. She looked to her apprentice, hoping her assistant had also seen what she’d seen. Valentina smirked slightly and nodded. Both worked in transformation, and both knew the satisfaction of someone who fully came to love and inhabit their new self and didn’t want to leave. And in this case, Cori was a prime example. Not that Lily would ever embarrass the new young woman by telling the others.

“Well, this is a very brave and noble thing you’ve done, Cori,” she said, and at that she clapped her hands together. “Let’s get this spell organised, then! Ready to become a man again, Max?”

Max nodded slowly, but stood to embrace her friend first. Cori gave herself over to the hug, and with emotions high in the room, both had a few tears.

“Thank you,” Max said. “

“Hey, what are friends with benefits for?” Cori whispered back, causing them to giggle privately.

Lily quickly cajoled the parents out of the room, and Emma helped Francine to her feet. This would require just the witch, her assistant, and the two former men present. She and Valentina dashed off for some supplies to make a magic circle and some other bottles and wards to place around the room.

“Are you really sure about this?” Max asked when they had a moment of privacy.

“I am,” Cori said, beaming brightly. “Besides, I’ll land on my feet. I’m mega cute.”

“But - you’re pregnant!”

She waved a hand. “It’s no problem. I’ll be a great mom, trust me. Besides, I’ve got almost nine months to figure it out.”

“You haven’t thought about . . . ?”

“No way, I’m keeping it. I . . . I guess I feel a connection already, ya know?”

Max chuckled. “I really don’t, but it’s awesome that you do. You’ll be an epic mom.”

“Well, you better be an epic . . . uncle? Helper? I don’t know, can I rely on you for a bit of help?”

Max wiped a stray tear from her eye. “Dude, I’ll be there anytime, anywhere you need me. Not just for this, but for everything.”

Valentina entered and placed some items, then left. Cori waited until she was gone before speaking again.

“Hey, about us, you know, that night, and some of the nights we’ve had after.”

“The sex?”

“Yeah, the sex. And just, you know, the way we’ve been even closer lately. I don’t want that to go away just because you change back.”

Max furrowed his brow. “Wait, you want to keep having sex after?”

Cori went red. “No! Yes! I don’t know. I’m just saying, we kind of shared something, even if it was temporary. I just ask that, I don’t know, when you change back, you keep an open mind. Or I will. I don’t know how to put it. I guess I’m just saying I’ll always be there if you want me. You mean everything to me, dude.”

Max absorbed this. Even just a few weeks ago it would have been far too awkward. But now other feelings were lurking below the surface, and not just the times they’d made out or when Cori had ‘helped’ her out with her overfull breasts, but just those connective moments of total understanding of what each was going through. Their friendship had been strengthened through everything, and maybe there was the hint of a possibility of something *more* there, now.

“You mean everything as well, man,” Max said. “I’ll keep an open mind, then.”

Cori beamed, and checking that no one was looking, gave her friend a quick peck on the cheek.

“You’re the best.”

“Please, you’re the one staying a woman!”

At this, Lily and Valentina re-entered.

“We’re ready to begin,” Lily said. “The wards are in place, and I’ve made last second adjustments to ensure nothing happens to the child within you, Cori.”

“You’re the best, Lil.”

“Lily, dearie. Let’s not get too familiar. Now, when I light up these wards, you’ll notice that there is a light from your centre as well. This signifies your pregnancy, and-”

“Mistress?” Valentina said.

“What is it, apprentice?”

Valentina pointed at Max's midsection, which was glowing slightly, just like Cori's.

"I see two lights."

There was a long awkward pause. Lily checked some of the trinkets she had on hand. Cori looked at Max, her worst fears confirmed. Max touched her stomach, jaw dropping as the realisation crushed down upon her like a mighty wave. All the tiredness, the headaches, the nausea (particularly in the morning), and the soreness in her breasts, it all added up! And Cori was pregnant, likely from that one night. And that night she had had sex as well, and that man - God, she'd even forgotten his name - had ejaculated inside her. It had felt so fucking good, but neither had been using protection . . .

"Oh God, oh fuck, oh shit! I'm pregnant too!"

Valentina began to freak out. "Oh, by the weave! Mistress, this isn't because of me, is it? I made her give milk, and now she's pregnant!"

Lily just rolled her eyes, even through the shock. "Remember your training and the rules of magic, Valentina. Magic cannot create, only redirect, and especially cannot create life. No, I suspect Max here has gotten with child in much the same way as her friend here has. Am I right, Max?"

The busty woman's mind was a blur of thoughts and feelings. She couldn't stop touching her stomach, nor assessing all the different symptoms that should have been so damn obvious.

"I - I didn't mean to. It was just the one time! I got swept up in it, and - and I didn't want to get pregnant!"

At this point, Emma marched into the room, her face a mix of distraught emotion and furious anger. Francine waddled in after her, far less heightened but gesturing explanation.

"I'm sorry! We wanted to be nearby and came downstairs, and we overheard - Max, is this true?"

"Did you sleep with someone!?" Emma demanded, poking her in the boob and making Max wince. "Did you fail to use protection? Did he take advantage of you? Oh, there'll be hell to pay for this if he lied to you! I think we all know I hate lying! Come on, out with it, Max!"

Max was overwhelmed, and tears pooled in her eyes once more. It was Cori and Lily who helped take her and settle her back down. It was like she was in shut down mode.

"Mom, he didn't lie. I just . . . didn't think. It was at the end of break party, weeks ago. I swear it was just that one time."

Emma groaned. "A mother again at forty! And now an early grandmother too! What on earth do we do about this, Francine?"

Her pregnant wife shrugged. "I'm barely figuring out how to deal with *this* unexpected pregnancy, honey. Max, we'll support you anyway we can."

“Support me?” the lactating woman groaned, her top already beginning to leak more pearly fluid from her panic. “I’m stuck! I can’t exactly be a man again with a baby in me! Even I know that magic can’t destroy or remove life! Shit, everything was looking so up. Goddamn it, how could I be such an idiot? No wonder I’ve been so hungry and tired and nauseous lately.”

She flopped back dramatically on the couch, ignoring the milk stains that had soaked through her pads.

“That’s true, I’m afraid,” Lily said to the rest. “I cannot remove or destroy life. Max may have to carry this one to term, and who knows if the weave will be too tangled by then.”

At this, Valentina piped up, pulling her hands out of her black leather jacket. She had realised something, especially given Cori’s clearly happy attitude about her own situation, and now the apprentice had found a path to redeem herself for all of this.

“That’s where you might be wrong, actually, mistress,” she said.

The powerful magician turned to her. “Oh?” she said, a smile on her features. “I see a witchy thought on your expression, Valentina. Well, out with it! Impress your mistress.”

“We move the baby,” Valentina said, gesturing towards Cori. “Into her.”

Cori blinked, taking that in.

“Um, would that work?” Francine asked.

“Did for you,” Emma reminded her. “But even if Cori accepts this, won’t they be at different stages of development?”

“Not so if they were conceived closely together, which I imagine they were,” Lily said. “Of course, this would require Cori to accept the deep, heavy burden of carrying twins.”

The sarcasm cut through her voice just enough for Valentina to suppress a giggle and Cori’s cheeks to go quite rosy indeed. She swallowed, summoning the most understated acting performance of her life.

“I . . . suppose I could do that.”

Max almost spluttered. “Cori, I can’t ask you to do this!”

Francine was about to say the same, but Emma stopped her husband-turned-wife with a gesture. She loved Cori, but Max was her son, and this outcome more than worked for her.

“I can,” Cori said. “I’m, er, more than happy to make the sacrifice. I’m already preggers. Besides, it was me that pushed us to go to that party. I’ll take one for the team. Besides, twins are fun, right? Plus, I’ll be enormous . . . ly responsible, I swear.”

Valentina literally had to flee the room to avoid cackling like a rather *unprofessional* witch. Lily simply kept her confidant and knowing smirk fixed to her features, untelling.

"In that case, I can certainly perform the spell as necessary, so that Max can go back to normal. And rest assured Cori, I'll do my utmost to make sure my company duly compensates you . . . provided we can work this out in private, not in court."

"Deal," Cori said, shaking her hands. "Besides, I'll be too busy to be in court!"

"Well," Lily said. "Do we want to break for lunch to absorb all this or-"

"Nope!" Max announced, standing so quickly she nearly caused another wardrobe malfunction. "If I do that I'll just have to pump again, and probably get nauseous and hangry again, and remember that I'm freaking pregnant. Cori, you're the best friend I could ever have, seriously, but if you're ready to do this, let's seriously do this now!"

She looked to her parents, who both nodded in affirmation. Emma whispered a silent 'thank you,' to Cori, who was more than happy to accept it.

"Then take two," Lily said. She turned to her apprentice. "Valentina, you were meant to sit out of these proceedings, but after coming up with that wonderful idea, I would be happy to end your ban upon practicing magic, *if* you can follow the spell and add none of your own flair this time."

Valentina practically *bounced* with eagerness. "Yes, mistress! Of course! I promise I'll do all I can!"

"Good, then work with me. Cori and Max, do you both consent to Cori carrying Max's child for the duration of the pregnancy?"

"I do," they said at once, and then both looked away from one another, that warmth surging again. The presentation felt far too much like a wedding ceremony.

"Then hold your hands, and I shall speak the words."

Way too much like a wedding ceremony, in fact. It left Cori grinning sheepishly, and Max trying not to do the same.

Thankfully, Lily and Valentina began speaking eldritch words. Ribbons of violet magic, the same colour as her witch's dress, began to flow around Max, while Valentina's magic turned a vibrant green, readying Cori as the vessel and protecting the developing fetus within her. The two gasped a little, unused to the strangeness of sensation, or at least not having experienced it in more than a month. There was a brief moment of interposition, a few seconds where the minds of Max and Cori intermingled, and both could feel their shared thoughts, their fears, their . . . attractions. It was, in some ways, a revelation, though at least hidden fetishes were disguised for Cori's sake . . . for now.

The magic dimmed, and Emma frowned. "Did it not work?"

"Oh, it worked!" Valentina announced happily. "Mistress, I felt it!"

"Good work, apprentice," Lily said, patting her assistant a little maternalistically upon the head. "But that was just a warm up for the next part. Max, you are no longer pregnant."

Max felt herself over. "I feel mostly the same but . . . my boobs aren't tender. I feel way less tired too."

Cori groaned, rubbing her temples. "Speak for yourself."

"We can stop if you-"

"No, I want this! For Max, I mean. Let's do it."

Emma and Francine hugged their 'daughter', and this time left the room properly. Max and Cori were advised to hold hands once more, standing this time in the centre of the carefully drawn magic circle, the various magical trinkets and ornaments placed down once more by Lily. Equidistant to the pair but facing from a ninety degree angle were Valentina and Lily, readying spell books and dropping pinches of salt and other minerals upon the carpeted floor.

"Last chance, Cori," the witch said. "You can back out now, or never again."

Cori swallowed. She placed a hand on her belly and smiled warmly.

"I'm good," she announced. "More than good, actually." At this, she looked up at Max and grinned, her eyes twinkling. Max smiled back. It was hard not to notice how very pretty Cori was in this moment, and how thankful she was to her.

"Then the ritual begins."

This time, the light show was even more impressive. The entire room lit up, the circle glowing with eldritch light, brief flickering images of far off realms and forgotten dimensions dancing around the room. Max and Cori both became awestruck, but there was little time to take in the astonishing sight, even as Valentina worked in perfect concert with her mistress, proving herself in her mentor's eyes.

This was because Maxine was changing back into Max.

It began with just the subtle signs. Max's face began to develop a light scruff, like a five o'clock shadow, all while his hair began to slowly spool back into his scalp, losing its feminine length. His skin lost its flawless complexion, regaining some ruggedness, and his body hair began to grow in, particularly upon his arms and legs. What followed was the bodily structure: his hips narrowed, squeezing in, followed by an expansion to his waist. His height rose, but so did his muscles. Max had never been thin, but he hadn't been a mass of muscle either, instead being athletically lithe. He breathed a sigh of relief as these features were returned to him, though it was a strange sensation to experience. His vagina closed up, his member sliding forth proud and real once again, and he could have cried in relief were it not for the fact that, finally, his milk-producing and babymaking hormones were finally dissipated. Even his clothes began to alter, changing with Valentina's help back into a set of men's jeans, men's underwear, and a button shirt that was fit for the man he was meant to be.

There were just two problems remaining, and it seemed to Max so very typical that the two 'assets' that had defined so much of his change were the last to remove themselves. His huge, now H-cup breasts, full of milk and still seeping it uncomfortably, finally began to shrink back in, their reversal so much more delicate and slow than all the rest of the changes. It was as if they simply didn't want to go.

"Ahhhh," he said, rolling his shoulders and luxuriating in the deeper, masculine tone of his voice. "God, that's a big fucking weight off of my shoulders. Literally!"

Other cosmetic changes finalises his transformation back into his male self: the little scar over his left eyebrow, the red splotch on his inner right calf from when he'd burnt himself as a young boy, the mussed up nature of his hair and the chewed fingernails that were so at odds with their recent refinement. And then it was over, and the magic in the room dimmed. Valentina had to hold a nearby sofa to remain standing, clearly not used to expending such energy, but Lily stood tall and proud as the last of the magic left the room.

"It is done," she said. "How do you feel, Max dearie?"

Max looked at his hands, then felt between his legs without any caution or embarrassment in front of his aunt. And then he grinned from ear to ear.

"Like a real boy again," he said.

Cori hugged him, literally pushing him to the ground as she held him, burying her face into his shoulder.

"Woah! Be careful! You're pregnant, remember?" Max said.

"Don't care right now," Cori said, and part of her even meant it, just for this once. "I'm just glad it worked, dude."

Max hugged his friend back. Between his legs, something began to harden. Cori paused.

"Um, ignore that," the reborn man said. "Clearly the little guy has been neglected, as of late."

Cori smiled sheepishly. "I guess it's the closest I'll feel to having one again, huh?"

Max looked to Lily, still standing even as she explained the situation to his Mom and MomDad, both of whom appeared relieved. She shot him a look that said this was still certainly the case for Cori.

"I'm so sorry, man - woman," he said awkwardly. "You made the biggest sacrifice. I really owe you."

Cori, who was genuinely emotional at her friend's return, found herself also enjoying the hug and the feeling of a hard rod against her a little too much. It brought on some impish thoughts.

"Don't worry dude, I can think of a few favours you can do for your best female friend."

Max was about to inquire what Cori was thinking of, but suddenly the two had to part, because as Francine approached to hug her son, the former father suddenly stopped, reached out to lean against the wall, and let out a long groan.

“Are you okay, honey?” Emma said, caught between embracing her returned son and checking on her feminised husband.

“Nghhhh,” Francine groaned, already developed sweat upon her forehead. The short, busty MILF of a woman suddenly gripped her belly and groaned again. “I just feel this w-weird pressure and - UGGHHH!”

Suddenly, fluid began to pool down between her legs and on to the carpet.

“Aahgghh,” Francine cried, breathing heavily. “S-sorry everyone. I think - all this commotion has set me off and - nnggh! - I think the baby is coming!”

All eyes turned to Lily as Emma helped her pregnant ‘wife’ remain standing.

“What?” she said.

“Can’t you do something?” Emma asked, no longer caring about her dislike of magic.

Lily considered this, even as Francine panted from the contraction. “Yes, I do think I have the perfect spell for this. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a phone, then dialled 911.

“Hello? Yes, I need an ambulance, my brother has just gone into labour and is giving birth. Yes, you heard that right.”

Part 13: Settling In

Before Lily had even knocked upon the door, Emma had answered it.

“Emma, my dear!” the witch declared, swishing her purple cloak behind her to embrace the other woman. “You have a witchy sense yourself, it seems!”

The woman of the house chuckled, hugging Lily in return. “Well, those impressive heels clip-clopping upon the path was *one* clue, sister.”

The pair grinned as they parted, their hands still upon one another’s shoulders.

“You know, I never imagined things would be quite so settled between us,” Lily remarked. “I’m very glad hatchets have been buried, on both sides.”

Emma winked. “Well, I had to come off my high horse eventually, and you had to repair *some* disaster, as I recall.”

“Made for some interesting time, though! I hear Max is doing well.”

“Very well, but of course, there’s another individual that might appreciate your magic touch, much as I have deeply appreciated not having to feed. Coffee first?”

Lily made a dismissive gesture. "No, let's go see your 'Rose' straight away."

Emma scoffed. "Francine now, at least for a few more minutes! Come in, I love your hair by the way . . ."

The two women talked as friends and sisters, as they entered the hall and made their way to the living room. For Emma, it was a particular relief; she still didn't exactly love magic, but could see the greater appreciation within her family that such influence had brought, and a greater tenderness to her former (and soon to be again) husband. And Max seemed to have learned a great deal as well . . . and formed an unexpected connection.

"Here's the mother of the house," Emma declared as they entered the living room. "How's our little boy going?"

Francine, whose body still looked a little plump from the end of her pregnancy nearly five months ago, made a 'shhh' gesture, indicating to her feeding child. Little Angus was still suckling from her right breast, but it was very clear that the child was on the very verge of sleeping, drawing in smaller and smaller amounts of milk and making satisfied gurgling noises. All three women had their hearts melted just to look upon this moment. Angus had surprisingly thick brown hair, taking after Francis/Francine, and right now was utterly inseparable from Mom.

"I'll just get him down," Francine said. She managed to get up, thankful that she was slowly getting her core muscles back, and made her way to the bassinet, placing Angus safely down within it. After checking that he had settled, she wiped away a few tears. God, she would truly miss the experience of breastfeeding: there was something magical about it.

"I'll always be your Mommy, Angus," she whispered to her sleeping child. "But it's time you had a Daddy again, too."

She made her way back to Lily, who had a hand over her heart. "Oh, brother, he is just too adorable. Are you sure you don't want to stay a woman? I really think you do a stellar job of it. And birth did go well, did it not?"

Francine scoffed. "Ten hours may be 'short' for some people, but it certainly felt like a long time to me!"

Even as she'd come to appreciate the beauty of growing life within her, there had been something uniquely humiliating and fearful about going into labor and giving birth, especially in the aftermath of her son becoming male again. Indeed, the experience of spreading her legs wide and being told to bear down and push was not one she had ever expected or asked for, and it had been very hard not to blame Emma for asking her to stay in this position. Only when she had felt her baby slide out of her dilated womanhood and actually held her for the first time did she feel that enormous well of cathartic relief and love - pure love - for the baby boy she had carried to the finish line.

But now, as much as she would miss being a mother, she was very happy to go back to being a man again and doing double-duty feeds with Emma. They were shifting Angus to the bottle and he was taking it most of the time, and she had expressed a lot of milk and purchased a lot more formula for the transition.

“Ah well,” Lily said. “Maybe I just find the idea of my brother as a busty brunette babe still so deeply amusing.”

“Don’t remind me. These things got even bigger for feeding. I leak everywhere.”

Emma smirked. Her wife also leaked in the bedroom, and that came with its own private pleasures.

“Very well, let’s get this started then! Would you mind if I brought in Valentina? She’s practicing for a ritual exam on Monday, but I brought her along.”

Francine sighed. “Just so long as it’s only you doing the magic this time.”

Valentina entered not long after, looking a little awkward. Emma still glared at her, but was otherwise civil.

“I’m just here to observe,” she said, biting her lip.

“Good,” Emma replied. “Look, would you like some coffee? With proper milk, this time?”

Valentina blushed, but otherwise assented. By the time she had a mug in her hand, Lily had already started up the light show. Emma noticed the apprentice was furiously taking notes as she observed her witch mentor, and smiled at this. Clearly, the rebel assistant had become a much more faithful and prepared student, with much less cockiness now.

Francine sighed as the magic swept over her in waves of multi-coloured light. A restoration spell was much quicker than the initial transformation, as if her body wanted to return, but still she felt the ribbons of light enter into her to make things right. Slowly, before her wife and sister and the latter’s apprentice, her body began to return to normal: she regained her old height, her long hair reduced in length, and her facial hair grew back in. Her general softness dissipated, and muscles grew back in or repaired, particularly around the stomach. In a completely alien feeling, the changing figure’s penis and testicles sort of ‘plopped’ out, finding their place between *his* legs, and it took a moment to really register that. At the same time, his large lactating breasts deflated, getting smaller and smaller until they were merely male pectorals. With one last gesture, a male pair of jeans and plain white shirt appeared on his figure, replacing the now ill-fitting dress he had been wearing.

“Damn, that feels strange,” Francis said, looking over his male body.

“Strange, but good!” Emma declared. She had privately been missing her husband’s member, particularly since their sex life was finally returning lately. “I’m glad to have my handsome hubbie back. But who knows, maybe you’ll miss being a woman from time to time?”

"I've no doubt about that. It was fun to be Rose again, even for a little while. Besides, I went where no man ever has!"

"And don't you forget it!" laughed Emma.

Francis turned to Lily, who was looking pleased as punch about her work and currently examining her nails, waiting for the appreciation. "Thanks, sis," he said. "Well, not for getting this started, but I suppose it all worked out in the end. We all grew. I just hope Angus takes the transition alright."

"Give him time, brother dear, and it'll be fine. And speaking of things that worked out in the end, is that who I think it is approaching the front door?"

Francis strode across the room, so very thankful not to have a bouncing weight pulling on his shoulders and upper back. He peeked out the window, and sure enough saw that his son was walking through the front path to the door, his arm around the waist of his best friend and maybe-girlfriend, Cori. She was walking slowly, wearing a tight blue dress that showed off her large bump.

"Yep, that's them, alright," Francis said. "Geez, I don't envy Cori staying a woman!"

Both Lily and Emma got him in the ribs.

"Have you learned nothing!" Emma said with a laugh.

Max burst through the door, leaving Cori just for a moment. He circled quickly to the living room.

"Did I miss it or - aww."

Francis grinned, folding his hairy arms together. "Hey there, son. Sorry you missed the lightshow."

The pair embraced.

"It's really good to see you, Dad."

"We're finally both men of the house again, son. Hey there, Cori! How's things? Feeling a bit heavy?"

Cori came into the room, one hand on the small of her back and the other rubbing her very swollen womb. She gave a sheepish grin as she waddled.

"Certainly so, Mrs - er, Mr Donaldson! Congratulations on being a man again."

"I'm only sorry you can't be one again too, Cori. Emma and I are both very thankful for you, and I know Max is."

Valentina barely managed to suppress some laughter, and Lily too. Even Emma smirked. The double meaning of Max being *very thankful* was obvious to everyone else, given the two were living together in their now-shared apartment, and Emma had it on good authority that there was only *one* bed there. The fact that Max was holding Cori's hand again was another sign that the pair were a lot closer than just 'friends' at this point, especially since Max occasionally caressed Cori's stomach.

“Er, yes Dad,” Max said, cheeks going red. “Very thankful.”

Cori gave her light little giggle, resting against her sort of boyfriend a little more and letting her bump press against his side. Inside her stretched womb, her two babies shifted and kicked, elicited a slight ‘oof’ from her.

The lives of the two friends had irrevocably changed and intertwined since Cori had taken on Max’s pregnancy burden and remained female. They’d had some sexual experiences when they’d both been female, but that lingering tension had remained afterwards, as well as a sense of duty and loyalty from Max. He’d always imagined himself having kids one day, though certainly not in his early twenties, but he had sworn to help Cori with the babies when they arrived, and do what he could with her as she got bigger. Cori loved that of her friend, especially when it came to asking for him to unscrew difficult lids, or grab things from hard to reach places, or simply fetching her bizarre foods for her cravings without complaints. Plus, he gave some great foot massages.

Naturally, a closeness had bloomed between them as a result. As before, Max found Cori unbelievably cute, especially with how increasingly stylish, buoyant, and feminine his friend became. There was also the added bonus that her boobs had finally grown bigger, much to her delight, as her pregnancy went along. She was easily a perky, bouncy C-cup now, and harboured a personal desire to have big D-cups by the time she was breastfeeding. They were still a little sore with the promise of future growth, which excited her greatly. Of course, beyond simply wearing things to tempt her male friend, there was also the matter that as she entered her second trimester, her libido had returned in a really big way. Even as she basked in the glow of her expanding pregnancy, ecstatic over having a twin belly dome, she also began making it clear to Max that she was interested in providing sex, if he was up for it.

“It’ll take care of my needs, and I don’t trust anyone else. Besides, we’ve had sex before as girls!”

“But that was as girls,” he said, a little awkward over this situation despite his increasing erection. The fact that Cori was wearing sexy lingerie didn’t help.

“And now you’re a guy again, and a pretty girl is throwing herself at you. Max, I want this. If you don’t, I completely understand. But this body is getting really super horny, and it wants you. So don’t be shy about it, if you want it too.”

In the end, it hadn’t taken all that long to seduce him, and not longer after that the two were not just making out but going at it. Just as Emma and Francine’s sex life was returning, Max and Cori had beaten them to the punch in the privacy of their apartment. Cori loved the feeling of her friend’s member sliding into her depths, and she whined and cried out in pleasure, greatly turning Max on. In the following weeks she practically cast a spell on Max; it turns out that being willing to give blowjobs was a huge bonus to getting a guy to

sleep with you more often, and she found she loved giving them. As she swelled they took on more positions - she loved riding him - and soon Max was also initiating sex, sleeping with her overnight, and finally moving in. She was in her sixth month now and loving her round and full with life she was, even if there were aches and tiredness, but her efforts had paid off: the man was hypnotised by her belly, and clearly found it just as sexy to feel and hold as she found it sexy to have.

The pair were not boyfriend and girlfriend though, of course. No. This was despite living together, sleeping together, having sex together, cooking and cleaning together, spending all their time together, and now planning to raise a pair of babies together. No siree, not in a relationship, except for all the facts that said they were. And it wasn't just from Cori's side either. Max found a lot of comfort in being with his friend, feeling her belly, living together and being attracted to her and playing videogames together and shopping together, all the little domestic things that matured him. He didn't even care about joining the soccer team, not a single anxious thought about it, and perhaps it was this zen calm that actually let him make the cut. It was also what made him get some work at a local toolshop, with a hope to graduate to better paying work once he had his degree.

In the present, Lily decided not to make a snarky comment, and instead congratulate Cori on her healthy babies and look. "You are absolutely glowing, my dear! I daresay it's almost like you were *meant* to be a young pregnant woman all this time."

Cori beamed, that adorable smile that lit up Max's world. He put a hand on her belly.

"She wears it well, doesn't she?"

Emma laughed. "She sure does! I don't know how you always look so pretty, Cori. I was a mess at six months, and here you are, having been a woman less than a year and carrying not one baby, but two!"

"I'm just very lucky, I suppose," Cori said, rubbing her belly. "They're kicking right now, if you want to feel." She batted Max's hand away. "Not you, silly. You're always copping a feel."

Valentina couldn't help it; she burst out laughing.

"Sorry, sorry!" she said. "Can I have a touch?"

"Of course! You're sort of partly responsible, right?"

"I said I was-"

But Cori just grabbed the woman's hand and placed it against her belly. "Don't even apologise. I've never been happier. Feel."

Valentina went wide-eyed. She didn't like babies, never wanted them, still didn't. But . . . there was something about feeling the little kicks against her hand now that was utterly remarkable. Cori was wearing a tight blue dress, one that outlined the shape of her belly perfectly. She slide Valentina's hand to another part.

“That’s baby A,” she said. “And this is . . . Baby B!”

Another little push, this time perhaps from a hand.

“Wow, that’s so alien.”

“Right!? It’s so fucking cool. I think Baby B is originally Max’s because he or she is seriously moving way more around the place than Baby A.”

Francis moved his hand down to his own flat male stomach, only to pull it away. It seemed nostalgia could be a powerful thing already. Emma noticed this, and put a hand around her husband’s waist before speaking.

“What do you think, Cori?” she asked. “Girls, boys, or girl and boy?”

“I’m thinking girls,” Cori replied.

“And I’m thinking boy and girl,” Max replied.

“But we’ll be happy with both!”

Cori was clearly basking in the attention, to the point where the newly-male Francis was practically forgotten. He couldn’t even blame the women around him: he too remembered being fussed over before and after his pregnancy, and how welcome it felt. He’d celebrate privately by peeing while standing up for the first time in months. Oh, and having some fun with his wife once the baby was down again that night.

It was Lily that interrupted at this stage, taking her own turn to feel the babies moving. “So, my dear Cori,” she said, glancing up at the bright blue eyes of the former man. “Max will be sticking around to help raise the little ones when they arrive?”

“Yep!” she declared, grinning at Max.

He in turn rubbed her back. “Definitely. I’m not going anywhere. I mean, one of them is sort of mine, in a way, though we can’t ever know which. In that sense, I’m parent to both of them. They’re ‘our’ babies, really.”

“When are you going to admit you’re a couple!” Emma said, producing a laugh from everyone else.

“I’m - Mom! We’ve been over this. We’re not putting any labels on it . . . yet.”

“Cori, if he doesn’t propose one day you need to!”

“Noted, Mrs Donaldson!” Cori declared, giggling at Max’s obvious discomfort. She was already imagining marrying her handsome hunk of a friend one day. Wearing a cute dress. Maybe getting knocked up again on her wedding night . . .

She refocused on the present. “In the meantime, we’re just taking things easy until the babies arrive. I mean, we’re both psyched to meet them in three months, but I hear birth is pretty hard! Pregnancy is surprisingly awesome, but I’m worried a bit about that part.”

Max took up residence behind his not-girlfriend, cupping the underside of her twin pregnant belly and lifting it a little, eliciting a cathartic sigh from her.

“Oooh, that feels good.”

Max smiled. "It'll be fine, Cori. I'll be there to lighten your burden as much as I can."

Both Emma and Francis exchanged a look with Valentina and Lily, and a small silence reigned for a moment.

"Um, did I say something wrong?" Max asked.

Francis chuckled. "Let's just say you should be careful saying such things around two witches who specialise in transformation-based magic, son, or you might soon find out what pregnancy and birth is really like!"

Laughter travelled across the room, an especially nervous one from Max. But Cori just took the time to give him a light peck on the cheek, uncaring what the others thought.

"I don't know, I think Max here would look quite cute carrying the next baby, if I don't get greedy."

Max snorted. "Wait, next baby!?"

This time, the laughter was even louder.

The End

