

The Book of Humiliation (Multi TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

Marc left behind his best friend Stephanie because his girlfriend Trish couldn't stand her. Now, Stephanie wants revenge, and she's come into possession of a magical book that will change not only Marc, but Trish as well, and ultimately leave the pair of them changed forever.

The Book of Humiliation

Part 1: The Test

Stephanie rapped her fingers on the surface of the book. Should she do it? She wasn't even sure if it would work, so it needed testing, right? No point going after Marc and Trish and making a fool of herself; the book could be a total scam for all she knew. But that mysterious woman with the travelling carriage had been so convincing in her argument that the Book of Humiliation was real. Stephanie had always had an interest in the occult, and had just visited the so-called Wandering Witch out of curiosity. The woman had claimed she was a real witch, and a well-meaning one who helped out those who needed a "magic hand up" in life.

Well, Stephanie needed one. Her best friend had abandoned her for a woman who had made her out to be some crazy bitch. Her life had gone downhill ever since, and she'd lost her wider friend group as a result. She spun this tail to the Wandering Witch and the woman had been so very sympathetic that she offered up this very item to her; a slim red book with no writing upon it, most of its pages completely blank.

"The Book of Humiliation," the Wandering Witch had said. "Be careful with it, and use it for your just cause. Whatever is written in that book about the people who wronged you will cause them to change in the way you desire. It cannot be used to kill, nor to destroy a mind, but you can cause . . . compulsions. Bodily changes. Transformations. Humiliation galore."

It had been too good to be true, of course. Magic wasn't real. Even Stephanie, with her love of the occult, knew that to be true. But she *wanted* it to be true, and so she purchased it, even if it cost over half a grand to do so.

The blonde woman now felt so deeply foolish. She sat alone at the Sunnyside Cafe, a place she once went with all of her friends, still deciding whether to even use the book or not. Three tables away from her was Marigold, an auburn-haired woman with a cute dimpled smile and bright green eyes. She was popular and stylish, and someone who used to be Stephanie's friend, until Marc had started dating Trish. They were all good friends back then,

but relationships do truly ruin everything: the lines had been drawn, and Marigold had sided with Trish. Stephanie was cut loose and was suddenly on the outs.

“You weren’t the one main offender, Marigold,” Stephanie whispered to herself as the other woman happily chatted away with her own little group. “But you sided with Trish, and you helped her convince Marc to ditch a *fifteen year old friendship*.”

It filled her with rage, and so it gave her the extra push she needed to open the Book of Humiliation and ready her experiment.

The first dozen or so pages were covered in writing from previous individuals who had used the book. The first person had really, really hated a man called Adam. If the magic really was real, then he’d suffered quite a few humiliations.

Adam can only wear sexy cocktail dresses and can’t help but go out in public constantly.

Adam has to giggle and speak in a falsetto, and call all his stupid friends ‘my girls.’

Adam can’t stop thinking about how delicious cock is.

Adam has a vagina now instead of a dick. It’s constantly aroused.

Adam can get pregnant.

Adam exudes pheromones that make virile men lust after him and he after them.

No one finds Adam’s pregnancies strange, but he also can’t get help with them.

Adam has big boobs to breastfeed with. They lactate constantly.

“Jesus,” Stephanie said. She couldn’t imagine ever going *that* far. Another user had a different writing style, and it was much more brief.

Rachel is SUCH a FUCKING BITCH. I want her to be a LABRADOR.

MAKE RACHEL LIVE FOREVER AS A DOG. She gets to KEEP HER MIND but has DOGGIE INSTINCTS.

Rachel gets to TURN HUMAN AGAIN only ONCE A YEAR. HA!

“Huh, I guess Rachel is still out there, if it’s a real magic book. Which it probably isn’t, obviously.”

Still, excitement grew. There were other changes mentioned. One simply reduced a supposed genius’ intelligence. Another made him addicted to humiliating sex acts. A final series of entries seemed to punish over a hundred people; some became farm animals, others had their breasts deflated, others were forced to say the dumbest possible response to any question - there was real inventiveness there, and it gave Stephanie some ideas. The last one, however, was a real inspiration.

I wish I had Brittany’s life and she had MINE.

“Huh,” Stephanie murmured, reading that line. She still doubted the book was real, but part of her was increasingly wanting it to be. Imagine; the power to switch *bodies*. It would open up all kinds of possibilities . . .

She regathered her thoughts and heard Marigold’s voice rise above the commotion.

“Oh my God, you’re right! She was such a slut! I’m so glad we ditched her. Seriously, what was Lena thinking trying to sneak in with our group? She’s lucky Trish wasn’t there to tear her to pieces!”

They all giggled. Stephanie fought against a scowl. For a second, she’d thought they’d been talking about her, but apparently they’d ostracised another poor girl. She was the same age as Marigold - twenty six - and yet this woman was acting like she was still in high school. It sucked away any potential sympathy or regret that might have remained within the blonde beauty. She racked her brain, smirked to herself, and began to write into the Book of Humiliation.

“Let’s see if this works,” she said to herself.

Marigold is the cattiest person I know, so now she has whiskers.

She’d barely finished writing when suddenly there was a shocked gasp from across the room. Looking up, Stephanie was bewildered. Despite being the one to write it, she was somehow just as surprised as Marigold and her friends at the sudden appearance of cat whiskers out from the skin near her nose. They were at least five inches long and an obvious white, making them impossible *not* to spot.

“What the fuck!?” the girl said.

“Oh my God, Mari! You’re having a reaction!”

“That’s not a reaction! She looks like she’s got whiskers or something!”

Stephanie managed to close her jaw and quickly write in the book again. The magic was real, and that meant she could go further with this. A *lot* further, in fact.

Marigold is so catty that she has a cat’s tail and cat ears, and randomly meows while speaking sentences.

Marigold was still freaking out at this stage, grabbing a mirror from her purse to inspect her whiskers. She was trying to pluck them, but it was literally pulling painfully at her skin. It gave Stephanie the opening she desired to watch the following changes unfold.

RRRIP!

Mari *squealed* as something exploded out from the end of her spine, tearing apart the back of her yoga pants and then poking up to rub in her nearest friend’s face. A bright ginger

cat's tail curled around, and she screamed, as did the others. They erupted from their seats, and by this time other people were commenting and grabbing phones to record her.

"What the hell!? A tail! I'm growing - hey, what's happening to my ears? Oh, *meow*, this isn't right! *MEEOW!*"

She now had a large pair of cute cat ears, not on the sides of her head but on top of them, her regular human ones having disappeared entirely. Stephanie giggled to herself as Mari tried to cover herself. She was in tears, and her friends were moving backwards out of fear that she was contagious.

"Help *Me-ow!* I can't stop *MEOWing!* Help me, won't you!?"

Stephanie couldn't resist just a couple more little inclusions in the Book of Humiliation. Why not punish Mari just a little bit further, just to finish things off?

Marigold can only wear the equivalent of lingerie or a bikini from now on. She now has compulsions to drink milk from saucers each day, to chase string or shiny items when she sees them, and to hiss at dogs. She also has the flexibility and the tongue to clean herself each day . . . just like a cat!

Mari squealed as she disappeared around the corner. She meowed louder afterwards, and one of her friends called out.

"Now she's chasing paper! Somebody get her! Oh shit, she's tearing her clothes off!"

The crowd was moving to follow the strange, transformed woman. No doubt she was putting on quite the show. Stephanie quietly made her exit, being pretty much the only customer left in the cafe now. She closed the Book of Humiliation and sent a silent prayer of thanks to the Wandering Witch for supplying her with true magic. It had always been a fantasy to the young beauty, but now it was *real*. She wasn't a witch like she'd always wanted to be as a kid, but this was the next best thing.

And what a humiliating series of hexes she was already conjuring up in her mind to place upon the friend who had cast her out, and the woman he had chosen who had made her a villain in his eyes.

Marc was pleased to be finished with work for the day. He was only a junior accountant, and definitely wanted to advance in his firm in coming years, but some days the numbers continued to flit inside his head and leave him frustrated and with a minor headache. By the time he rolled up in his car, he was already looking forward to relieving himself of his burdens. Perhaps a good snack from the fridge, a nice cup of tea, or - better yet - some

lovmaking with his girlfriend. Trish was often in the mood in the afternoon, and she would have finished her work at the nail salon by now. Marc smiled to himself, thinking about the perfect pick up line. He checked his appearance in the mirror and found himself satisfied: his chestnut brown hair was styled perfectly, and his thick, expressive eyebrows waggled back at him. Marc had always been a handsome man. Not a total knockout or anything, but certainly gifted when it came to his genes. He had no doubt he could knock Trish's socks off.

The man got out of the car, stretched a little, then exited the garage into the living room. Surprisingly, it was quite dark inside. The curtains had all been closed, and the lights were off. And a single figure was leaning in the shadows against the wall that had the main light switches.

"Hey, babe," Marc said, removing his tie in that way he knew she liked. "It's been a long day. You've got no idea how much I've been looking forward to coming home and seeing your sweet, sexy body. I've been craving you in my mind, and unless you've got something better to do, I was thinking we could go back to the bedroom and have a hot time together. What do you say?"

The figure giggled, posing sexily. Something about her silhouette wasn't quite right, like she was thicker than Trish, but he chalked that up to the darkness.

"Is that giggle a yes?" he replied. "Trish? I'm a desperate man here, sweetie. I'll do anything for you in return."

"Anything?" came a sweet voice in reply, higher in registry than his partner, who had a quite noticeable vocal fry.

The figure turned the lights on, and was immediately revealed to be someone distinctly *not* Trish. It was Stephanie, once his best friend in the whole world ever since childhood, and now someone he hadn't seen for nearly two entire years. She had changed since he had last seen her, putting on a bit more weight, particularly around her middle and hips and thighs, but it was also evident in her face. She wasn't exactly chubby, but certainly had more curves, the kind that Trish would have mocked instantly, he just knew. She was wearing a pink cocktail dress that showed off way more of her body than was reasonable outside of the club, emphasising her large bust in particular. She even had a full face of makeup that enhanced her sexual appeal. As confused as Marc was in that moment, he couldn't deny that she was a jaw-droppingly good woman, new curves and all. He remembered exactly why he'd harboured a crush on her forever until Trish finally cut the cord for him.

"Steph!?" he said, realising he'd been so gobsmacked that his mouth was flapping wordlessly. "What - what are you doing here? How did you get inside my home?"

"I still had my key, Marc," she said, showing it to him. "I kept telling you to change them when I was living here with you guys. Have you seriously not done that yet?"

He blushed a little. "Um, no, not exactly. I - look, you shouldn't be here. I told you that I had moved on with my life and that-"

"We could no longer be friends now that you had Trish in your life, yada yada yada, blah blah blah. Yeah, I remember the whole dog and pony show. I also remember you asking me to move out of this place, and then forcing the issue before I'd found another. I also remember all the names Trish called me - slut, harlot, bimbo, *moron* - and you eventually stopped saying a single word in my defence because you'd started to date her and didn't want to lose her. She wanted to be rid of me, and you were too chickenshit to stand up for your friend. Your best friend."

Marc pinched the bridge of his nose. "It's not like that. Well, it's not exactly like that. Trish has particular ideas, and I can't have a female friend around her, so-"

"So break up with her! Ugh, why am I even saying this. It's not why I'm here anyway."

At this, Marc crossed his arms. He was close to calling the police; something about Stephanie felt a little manic. "Why *are* you here?" he asked. "Because Trish will be home any second and I want you out before then."

"Typical."

"Hey, I had a crush on *you*, you wanted to be friends. You ruined things first."

"Ruined!? I liked you, Marc! And I didn't just want to stay friends; I just wanted to sort my life out first. It was a mess, dealing with my shitty mom and my money situation, I just needed time. You took that as a rejection."

"Well, I'm rejecting you again now. There's the door. Get out of here or I'll call the police, Steph. I don't want you anymore, as a girlfriend or a friend. I have Trish now, and that's enough."

"She's a viper."

"That's just your view."

At this, to his surprise, Stephanie actually grinned. "We'll find out then, together. I've come into possession of something recently, an object that will help us determine exactly what kind of people you are, and what you deserve. And I'm going to let you find out in a very fun way, Marc."

She held up a slim little red book, then moved to the kitchen, placed it on the counter, and opened it up. Marc wasn't sure what to think.

"Is this the occult nonsense again?" he asked as she began writing.

"Occult? Yes. Nonsense? Think again. Come see what I'm writing."

Curious and concerned, Marc moved over. She was just finishing up her sentence.

Marc will be in my body, and I'll be in Marc's. We'll retain our minds, but Marc in my body won't be able to try and overpower me, take this book from me, or oppose me in anything I do. He won't even be able to tell anyone but me who he really is!

"Neat, huh?"

"What the hell?" he said. "Do you really think—"

WHOOMPH

Suddenly, everything shifted for the pair, their perspectives literally flipping so that they were on the other side of that very conversation. Marc staggered back, trying to come to grips with his new body. It was weighted wrong everywhere, and there was a pair of heavy, fleshy weights on his chest. He had to scatter the long blonde hair from in front of his face in order to see what it was; a pair of impressive breasts pushed up into a magnificent show of cleavage by a tight pink dress. His hips were wide, his body smaller and curvier, and he couldn't feel his dick between his legs *at all*.

"The fuck!?" he screeched in Stephanie's voice. "What has . . . happened to . . . me?"

He was looking at *himself*. Tall, dark, and handsome, still dressed in a suit sans tie, and inspecting his muscles with a knowing smirk.

"This is some body, Marc!" the new Marc said. "I won't lie, I always found you a bit cute. We could have been together, but bullet dodged as far as I'm concerned. You turned out to be weak, despite all this strength."

"S-Steph?"

"Who else?" the new man said, smiling widely. He walked over to the book and plucked it from the kitchen table. Marc tried to grab it first, but something stopped his hands. He tried to advance on Steph, but was held back again by some invisible force.

"Ah-ah-ah," Steph said in his body, wagging a finger. "No way of overpowering me or countering me, remember? It's in the Book of Humiliation, and so now it is written. Yes, I didn't make up that name; the Book of Humiliation. It was given to me by a lovely witch who knew I needed some justice against you for pushing me out and ghosting me when I was at my most vulnerable, and against your bitch of a girlfriend who kicked me while I was down and poisoned you against me. I . . . I came so close to the darkest place, Marc, and you didn't even care to take my calls."

Marc touched his chest. God, it was real. He really did have Steph's tits, her entire body!

"I'm sorry! Look, Steph, I wasn't thinking clearly. I was - look, this is going too far!"

"Oh, it hasn't even begun yet. This is just the amusing first change. Now, the real party starts."

A set of keys began working the front door, the sound of them echoing into the room. Stephanie beamed in Marc's body.

"And right on cue, here she comes. Let's see what Trish thinks of you in the house, hmm? Maybe *she* might want to write in this book?"

Marc gulped, realising exactly where this was going. His own girlfriend was going to think *he* was Stephanie, and write something in the book about him without realising it.

And knowing Trish, it was going to be something especially cruel and horrible.

Part 2: The Trap

Trish entered the house humming a tune. She was tall, slender, and had lovely dark hair that she took pride in. Her nails were similarly perfect, having just been done up at the nail salon where she worked. She liked to walk with her head held high; all the better to show disapproval, or to have others try to win *her* approval.

"Honey, I'm home," she declared. "You won't believe the day I've been having. Marigold called about some strange issue, but started meowing! She's had some freak genetic thing or something. I'll definitely have to cut her loose; I don't want some weirdo around the house. Did you get those things I told you to pick up? If so, I might just reward you with - *Stephanie!*? What the *hell* are you doing here!?"

Trish stared at the woman she hated. The one she'd instantly sniffed out as the competition for her spouse's affections from the very beginning. What was that skanky hoe doing here?

"Trish! I can explain!" Stephanie squeaked, trying to cover up her breasts, which were far too much on display with that dress. Trish had always been jealous of her larger bust. "I'm not myself, in a way! I'm Stephanie! I mean, I'm Stephanie! Oh God, this is horrible!"

"What is this fat bitch doing here!?" Trish snapped at Marc. She glared at him, and part of her mind was already turning to foul possibilities. Had they slept together? She didn't smell sex, but they could have showered.

"She just got here, honey," Marc said. "She still had a house key. She was just returning it, but I think it was just an excuse to try and talk with me. Don't worry, she's only been here five minutes, but I think this *bitch* was trying to seduce me."

"No!" Stephanie said, pulling down her blonde hair in a panic, before trying to lower the short hem of her pink dress' skirt. "I didn't do anything like that, I swear! I was just here visiting Marc! He's not - I mean, he is Marc and I wanted to see him!"

Trish felt the rage rise, but a calm, at least, towards her boyfriend. "I knew she'd try this one day. I told you she would, Marc, but you didn't listen to me. This jealous, fat whore wanted to claim you. I saw it from the beginning."

"No, I didn't!"

"And she had *this*," Marc said, holding up an ancient looking book with a metal clasp. "She called it the Book of Humiliation. She wanted me to write something about you inside of it. To try and transform you, she said, or change you mentally in some way that would embarrass and shame you."

"Ugh, this voodoo shit," Trish snapped. "It's so fake, but she'd be dumb enough to believe it."

"I don't!" Stephanie said. "Marc, help me out here! This is going too far!"

"Don't lie to Trish, Steph. Admit it."

Steph seemed to struggle with something, then she nodded. "Yes, I did bring it! I wanted to humiliate and change you, Trish, to get you out of the way."

Marc chuckled for some reason, but his girlfriend just grit her teeth as she looked at the pages. "This is ridiculous. What stupid bile is this? It's all weird shit, just like her. Well, if she believes it's true, then I'm sure we can have some fun with it. What should I write in here about this little Jezebel, honey?"

Marc shrugged. "Your choice, dear. Be creative. You've always been creative."

He was still grinning at Stephanie, who looked to be in an absolute panic. She kept trying to approach him or the book, but could do neither. Probably afraid, Trish reckoned. Good.

"Fine. If Stephanie wants to show off her big fat pig so much, let's make her more of a cow then, shall we?" She started writing, speaking the words as she put them down on the page. "*Stephanie can have a pig's nose, pig's ears, and pink pig skin to suit her fatter form.* There!"

Steph squeaked, clearly afraid.

"See? Magic isn't real, you stupid interfering - huh!?"

Stephanie twisted and shifted, squealing more and more, just like a pig, as her skin became flushed and warm. She groaned, rubbing her body as if it were alien to her, and even cupping her tits, groping them without shame as they expanded just a little further. All of her did, in fact: she grew fatter and appropriately porkier, while her skin altered its pigmentation, shifting to an obvious pink colouration. With another squeal followed by a snort, her nose widened, becoming like a pig's snout, taking in more air and making more snorting noises. Her ears shifted up from her head: she tried to grab them, but higher and higher they went until they were on top of her head, triangular and floppy in nature, just like a pig's.

“Noooo!” the woman cried. “You can’t do this - *snort* - to meee! Please, Trish, you don’t understand! You have to stop but I can’t t-tell you why!”

Her pink dress was almost at a breaking point: she’d gone from curvy to chubby, and her waist and hips had both widened. Even her arms were thicker, and her thighs definitely so. Trish stared, her jaw lowered, as she tried to grapple with the realisation that this was real.

“Oh my God, it’s real,” she uttered. “Marc, honey! It’s magic and it’s *real!*”

Marc grinned at her, a kind of smug grin that she didn’t much like. “You knew?”

“I suspected. I wanted this to be your gift the moment she tried to get me to use it on you. I figured you’d *love* to get revenge on Steph here, after all the nasty things she’s done.”

“Absolutely.”

“What nasty things has she done, by the way?”

Trish was momentarily taken back.

“I didn’t do anything!” Steph squealed, before snorting again. “Trish, please, just listen to what I can’t say!”

“As if,” she finally replied. “You tried to steal Marc from me. You were the fat pig always in my way. And I’m not letting him have any female friends, because I know they can’t be trusted. And I’ll make sure you don’t have any friends, Miss Piggy! I’ll send you straight to a farm for the rest of your life, ha!”

She moved to write in the book, only to pause. A wicked grin crept across her features, and she looked back up at her hated enemy.

“Of course, it would be a waste not to change you further, before I let you roll in the mud. You’re a bit of a pig now, but I bet you can fulfil a *ton* of functions on the farm, right? We could make you a total *freak*, even more than you already are, so that you can *never* leave that farm, hmm?”

Stephanie pleaded again, but Marc stood between her and Trish, and clearly the man was imposing enough to stop her, because she batted at the space before him like some invisible shield there. It made Trish laugh at how pathetic she was.

“I always hated you, Steph,” she said. “Now, you’ve got a great piggy look, but you’re also such a fucking *cow* as well, so let’s write something along those lines, too. *Stephanie has huge, constantly lactating tits. They’re J-cups, but they get even bigger if they’re not milked. She’s got horns just like a cow. Hmm, fuck it! She also has an udder that’s bigger than a basketball and it leaks even more than her big boobs!*”

Stephanie gasped, and Marc cackled. She laughed with her boyfriend as her rival cupped her already sizeable chest. Sweat poured down her forehead, and she clenched her eyes shut.

“No, Trish! Please, I love you! You have to s-stop this! There’s s-so much pressure, honey! So m-much - NGHHH! Oh GOD!”

Her breasts erupted, expanding so large that they ripped the front of her dress to tatters, exposing them completely. They were large and pink, but her nipples and areolas expanded dramatically as well so that they looked fully maternal. Stephanie cried out, her boobs overwhelming her palms as she tried to contain her growing bust. They were massive and ripe and round, two heavy globes that formed teardrop shapes as they sagged a little under their own weight. Instantly, milk droplets began to fall from them, spilling from her nipples and increasing into small rivulets as she kneaded her breasts, trying to force them back in.

“Ohhhhhh, they’re s-sooooo huge! So f-full! Trish, honey, what are you doing to m-me!? You’ve got to stop this, I’m begging you! Before I grow - oh no! NO! NGHH! Euuurgh!”

The rest of her dress ripped apart, the burst seams turning to enormous tears and tatters as a new organ surged forth from her lower belly. Four long, large teats erupted from its swelling pink mass, and she could only whine and try to push it back in, which ironically freed her breasts and squeezed them together in her effort, causing them to leak even more milk, which in turn elicited horrified snorts and squeals. The udder grew and grew until it was bigger than a basketball, then practically the size of a beachball! It gurgled, clearly engorged, and the terrified woman tried to hold it and her boobs at the same time, a deeply futile gesture. Her hips even spread to accommodate it, but it still slapped audibly against her thighs as she staggered back, leaking milk all over the floor. Trish knew she’d have to mop that up later, but for now she didn’t care; this was the sweetest, darkest revenge she could possibly hope for!

As if forming a final insult, Stephanie gasped in pain as two horns pushed out from the top of her skull. They curved slightly towards one another, just like a pair of cow horns, and looked oddly cute on the freakish creature she had become. Everything was now curvy, pudgy, wobbling, bouncing, and jiggling for her. And everything *else* was lactating as well. She panted, enormous head-sized breasts sleek with sweat as they rose and fell like lovely hillsides experiencing some kind of slow-motion earthquake.

“Oh - *snort!* - God! This is fucking wrong! I’m gonna call the police, Trish, Marc! Maybe then someone will take that book and be able to turn me to normal!”

But she couldn’t even open her phone for some reason, and kept on panicking over a code she must have forgotten. This just gave time for Trish to add some further details.

“Let’s keep this farm theme going! Let’s see, what else is productive on a farm. I know! *Stephanie is constantly laying enormous eggs with the most lovely yolks in them.*

They're like chicken eggs, but sized up so that she has to really push them out, and it turns her on something fierce! She lays at least a dozen a day."

By this point Stephanie was trying to back away and escape, but was having trouble with the heaviness of her udder and her low-hanging boobs, which swayed dramatically. She winced, clutching her belly and leaking tears down her cheeks.

"Marc, you've got to be the one to end this! I'm sorry, okay? I'm so fucking sorry how - eugh! - how things went d-down! Please, this has gone far enough! I'll be better, I promise! I'll be your friend again!"

Trish just cocked her head, confused by her words. "Fat chance, fatty. Or should I say *preggo*, because that belly is swellin'!"

Indeed it was. More sweat covered Stephanie's now totally naked form. She doubled over, clutching her stomach, even as her udder poured more milk and her breasts wobbled everywhere. Her chest found purchase on her belly soon, however. Like the rest of her, it expanded dramatically, the skin becoming incredibly taut, yet still growing all the same.

"T-too big! So fucking t-tight!" the changing woman whined. Trish revelled in her panic, and laughed as her belly kept on growing anyway. Stretch marks formed on the underside of her belly, but it continued to grow, small little imprints showing against the skin that hinted at the dozen eggs within. They must have been massive, the size of softballs at least!

"This has to be a n-nightmare! Ohhh, nnggh, ahhh, mmhmm! Why does this stupid pussy of mine f-feel so fucking wet and - ahhh!"

She hunched over, shifting to grab hold of a nearby wall. Her belly looked overdue with twins by this point, dominating her figure, though her udder was certainly in competition in that area, squeezed down upon by said belly so that it was pouring even more milk.

"What's the matter, Steph?" Marc asked. "Finding Trish a little too harsh? A bit unfair? Don't like the idea of having to give birth?"

"I believe it's called laying eggs, hun," Trish said with a grin. "And it looks like one is coming now!"

Stephanie screeched, snorted, and even mooed. But as her pussy lips stretched wide in open view, she bored down even further and actually gave a loud "B'GAWWWK!", at which point a massive egg was ejected, falling to the carpet now beneath her and rolling to the side. It was indeed a very large chicken egg, no doubt full of lovely-tasting yolk, but Stephanie panted and looked at it with horror. Trish smirked at how the woman had orgasmed from such a no-doubt uncomfortable, perhaps even painful experience.

"That came out of *me!*?" she said. "No, not me! This isn't me! Marc! MARC!"

Marc just folded his arms. "I'm not the one with the book, Steph. Maybe focus on Trish. She's the one behind all of this. Don't you see that, now?"

Something meaningful exchanged between them that Trish couldn't sense. The notion that the pair had an understanding of some kind *still* made Trish all the more aggravated.

"Don't worry, Steph! By the time I'm finished with you, you'll never threaten the love Marc and I share ever again! Let's get you farm ready!"

She wrote like a madwoman into the Book of Humiliation, and it certainly lived up to its title as Steph underwent every physical transformation and mental one too.

Stephanie has fat chicken legs with feathers and talons.

Stephanie has a horse tail, and her hands are useless hooves.

Stephanie is such a slut that she has a need to be mounted by any farmhand she looks at, and they can't resist her due to pheromones. She can get pregnant by them, too!

Stephanie can't even talk properly if she's too engorged, and reverts to mooing and squealing and clucking like an animal.

Stephanie can never leave the farm I send her to, and will always stay like this for her natural lifespan, not even aging so that she is always productive.

Stephanie can literally never wear clothes, not even bras or anything to support her boobs and udder. She has to sleep in a stable like an animal, and she finds beds uncomfortable.

Stephanie can never tell anyone who she was, but no one can also tell the world about Stephanie or make her famous. They'll just see her as a member of the farm where she belongs.

Trish's rival experienced each of these changes, recoiling in horror yet unable to escape or do anything, because Trish had *also* added a clause that Stephanie must be completely servile to her demands, which included staying put. All she could do was occasionally fondle her own enormous breasts, urging them to expel their milk. She couldn't even reach her udder with her swollen belly full of eggs, and simply had to moo and moan.

"Moo-Marc!" she managed, looking to him with tears in his eyes. "You were r-right! I'm sorry! You were right! She is a bitch! She is a liar and she tore our f-friendship apart! I wish I'd never m-met her and given you the time you n-needed!"

Trish was about to let out a pithy one-liner and sent the freaky cow-chicken-horse-pig girl to some farm out in the sticks, when suddenly Marc clapped his hands slowly together.

"Finally, you come to your senses. Thank you, for finally admitting it. I'm glad you know I was right. I'm glad you can see Trish for what she is, even if it took you far too long, *Marc.*"

Trish stood up from the book. "Marc? What the hell are you going on about?"

Marc stepped forward with a grin, bent over, and picked up the book of humiliation. He quickly scribbled something in it.

“Marc, what’s happening? Am I missing something about this bitch?”

“Oh, *Trish*, you stupid bitch. You’re missing everything. But it’s much too late now, and you’ll realise that in just a moment.”

He reversed the book so she could see what he’d written: *Trish cannot write in the book or take it from me, nor act against me. She also now knows the truth about me and Stephanie.*

At the moment she finished reading the last line, it all came crashing down on Trish in an instant. The magical knowledge flooded her mind, leaving her to look at the bestial Stephanie with horror in her heart.

“Oh God, that’s Marc!” she cried. “You monster! You’re the real Stephanie! You made me turn the love of my life into a freak!”

“Which just goes to show what a monster you are, Trish,” the Fake Marc said. “But I suppose we do monstrous things for love. Still, I’m a woman scorned, and aim to do even worse to punish you both.”

The Fake Marc clicked his biro pen and grinned at Trish.

“So, how shall I write first about you, hmm?”

Part 3: The End

Trish whimpered, looking over to her transformed boyfriend and realising how much she had screwed everything up. He was now some kind of anthro pig-cow-chicken-horse girl, moaning and mooing as she pushed out her huge baby-sized eggs, her tits and udder leaking prodigious amounts of milk upon the floor/

“Marc! Oh God, Marc! I’m so sorry! She tricked me!”

“You d-did this to m-mooooeee!” the transformee cried. “Why did you g-go so far! NGH!”

Another egg emerged from her pussy, causing her to cluck in discomfort and arousal. It emerged, wet and shiny, down onto the ground, joining three others. And yet she still had more to push out. She gestured her hooves in the air, now without fingers, totally useless to even milk herself. “I h-hate you, Trish! You ruined everything!”

The real Stephanie, currently still in Marc’s body, grinned at this. “Finally,” he said. “You realise the truth. A little too late, though I admit, I didn’t expect such a vicious fate for you, *Marcia*. That’s your name now - I’ve just put it in the book.”

Marcia groaned, clutching her head with her hooves while the new Marc continued.

“But I guess Trish really is a cruel bitch. That would be a good fate, wouldn't it, Trish? Turning you into a bitch dog to get fucked by hounds for the rest of your life, pushing out litters again and again like the many mutt of a woman you are.”

Trish backed away a little, putting up her hands as if to shield herself. “Please! You can't-”

“Oh, I can. But don't worry, I'm not doing *that*. After such a spectacular display, I've really got to go a lot further. Make sure you two never get to interact with one another *ever* again. Put you into different environments. Say, remember when we first met? You were in a production, weren't you? *The Little Mermaid*, wasn't it? How do you feel about another foray into the aquatic?”

Trish's jaw dropped. “Please, I don't wanna be a mermaid-”

“Ha! Like I'd make you so beautiful. You ever hear about Scylla? No? Well, you never were too bright. Let's see, how to write this . . . I know!”

He put the pen to paper in the Book of Humiliation, and began to write, reading aloud her changes as he wrote them.

“Trish no longer has legs, but instead eight long, dark blue tentacles like those of an octopus or sea monster.”

Trish groaned, shuddering as her body shifted and changed, as her legs collapsed, the bones disappearing completely. “No! I'm really sorry! I'm - NGHH!”

Suddenly, flesh expanded, her hips widening to accommodate six new fat limbs pushing out in a circle from her base. She squealed and moaned as they emerged, pushing outwards and extending to easily twelve feet or so each in length, spreading all throughout the room and upending the upholstery, knocking over cupboards and displays. Trish was in shock; her eight massive tentacles, thick and rubbery at their base, writhed and shifted.

“I always thought you were more of an Ursula anyway,” Marc continued. “A total sea witch. A total sea *bitch*. Oh, what the hell! Let's give you a little bit of canine, shall we! Scylla had her dog heads, after all!”

The pen went down on the book again.

“Trish also has three large Cerberus heads jutting out from above her tentacles, out her front. They are scaled to match her tentacles, and utterly ravenous, and she can now only feed through them.”

“You can't do this! I'll undo this! Marcia, I'll undo this!”

But Marcia had already stepped back, and was squatting to birth another egg, and struggling to milk her tits with her useless hooves for hands. Her eyes were upon Trish, horrified as the woman became a sea monster of legend.

“Oh G-God! I can feel them! I can feel them growing! You bitch, you fucking bitch, I can feel them growing NGHHHH!!”

They *burst* forth from her body, three enormous Cerberus-looking heads, albeit ones with shiny dark-blue scales to match her sea monster aesthetic and tentacles. They were like bloodhounds in appearance, their heads easily twice the size of her own, barking and snapping, her torso having extended upwards just to make room for them.

“Oh God!” she cried again. “This is so fucking wrong! I can - I can f-feel them! They’re s-so hungry! They’re part of me! How are they p-part of me when I can’t control them! Uuurghh!”

They growled and snapped, looking over to the juicy-looking Marcia, and Marc had to act fast, writing in the book.

“Trish can only consume sea life and kelp and already dead meat, NOT humans or people. Well, she can kill and devour bad people, such as pirates, criminals, rapists, human traffickers, invading naval forces, and CEOs on pleasure yachts.”

Trish wailed. “I’m soooooo hungry! Ohhhhhh, f-feed me! Please, Stephanie! F-FEED MEEEE!”

Trish walked to the fridge, opened it, and found some meat in the freezer as well as a whole chicken in the main cooler. She retrieved both, returned, and saw the look of lust in Trish’s eyes.

“Enjoy, sea bitch!”

She threw the meat in her direction. The canine heads snapped at it, catching the kitchen and fighting over it between them. Trish moaned as if in a strange feeding ecstasy, even reaching down to pat her canine heads, which seemed to shift upwards to gain her affection. She grabbed the frozen meat automatically with a tentacle, much to her own clear surprise and Marc’s as well. Then, with concentration, she brought it around to her canine heads, which were in a horizontal row below her bellybutton, and fed it to them. They gnawed and devoured it, causing her to moan yet again.

“Mhmm - this is s-so fucked up!”

“You’re telling moo-ee!” Marcia cried.

“But my body is enjoying it! I don’t want dog heads! I don’t want tentacles! I don’t deserve any of this!”

But Marc just cackled. “You’re right, you deserve *more*. Time to finish your humiliation.”

The pen descended again.

“Trish has gills on her neck, so that she can breathe underwater.”

“Trish has hair made of long sea snakes that constantly writhe with minds of their own. She can eat little morsels with them too, if she wishes.”

“Trish’s upper half has lighter blue scales, except over her breasts, which are just coloured the same light blue.”

“Trish has small fins upon her forearms and her ears are finned as well.”

“Trish’s eyes are pure black on black, perfect for seeing in the deep black of the darkest pits of the ocean.”

These changes all manifested, the bullying woman horrified to complete her change into a terrible sea monster. Her hair went all the way down to where her rear used to be before she gained an octopus’ lower half, the sea snakes writhing just as they had been written to, adding to Trish’s horror and confusion. No doubt her whole body felt like a colony of other creatures attached to her by this point, as much as one overwhelmed by too many strange sealife limbs.

“Trish is compelled to exist in the deepest parts of the ocean, surfacing only to beg deep sea sailors for food or to steal their catches from their lines and nets.”

“Trish cannot be killed. She is tough as the mythical Scylla, unkillable, and will live eternally in the oceans, forever young like she is now.”

“Trish cannot be photographed or video’d. No evidence of her existence can be preserved, so that she will return as a legend of the seas in the minds of sailors and fishermen.”

Trish was crying, or at least attempting to. But sea monsters couldn’t cry, so instead she just wailed and keened, terrified of all that was happening, not even noticing that her boyfriend was finally done birthing her eggs and was begging out loud for someone - anyone! - to milk her tits and udder.

“Well get to you in a moment, Marcia, don’t worry. Just a few last little touches for Trish here. Since you were so adamant on poor Marcia giving birth and getting knocked up by farmhands, one last little thing for you.”

“Once every four to five years, Trish will find herself in mating season, and her body will produce pheromones that will entice sailors to mate with her sea monster form. She will fall pregnant from these matings, and give birth to sea monster children nine months later, each different, each adding to Scylla’s legend.”

“You can’t!”

Marc rolled his eyes. *“Trish’s name is now Scylla, in fact, and she thinks of herself as Scylla.”*

“There, done!” he said, chuckling. “How does that feel, Trish? Humiliating enough?”

As if to answer, the woman’s sea snake hair twisted and coiled and *hissed*, and her canine heads barked and growled menacingly. Hate was in the woman’s eyes, and she looked like a true monstress of the seas now, and a future mother of monsters at that.

“I’m going to kill you,” she said. “And I’m going to *EAT YOU!*”

“I’m afraid the only people you’ll be eating from now on will deserve it, Scylla,” Marc said. “Now, is there anything you two lovebirds wish to say to one another, now that your

treacherous, treasonous relationship is finally done? Any apologies you wish to give before I send you on your ways? Anything you'd like to say to me?"

Both the overburdened anthro-farm creature that was Marcia and the sea monstress that was Trish struggled to even know what to say. They were too overwhelmed by their bizarre new bodies and strong compulsions.

"No?" Marc said. "Not even to each other?"

"I should n-never have - oohh - gotten with you!" Marcia exclaimed, looking in Trish's direction.

"If I'd known your friend was such a psycho, I'd never have gotten with *you!*" the sea monstress replied back.

Marc clapped his hands together. "Well, that about settles *that*, then. I hope you enjoy your new lives! I'm glad you finally realised how toxic you both are, and how right I am."

"Fuck you!" Trish screamed. "I'm going to find a way to kill you! I'll eat your bones! I'll rip your flesh with my tentacles!"

She had both hands, now webbed and clawed, upon two of her canine heads, patting them excitedly as if eager to feed her new bodily attachments. They huffed with excitement, barking and showing their sharp teeth.

"Oooh, great acting, Scylla! You're already in-character! Buh-bye, now!"

He wrote one last series of humiliations.

Trish is now in the deep ocean of the Pacific, and is now four times larger than her current size.

Marcia is now at a farm in the midwest, seen as totally normal by the labourers there, and ready to be milked immediately.

She closed the book and smiled. "Done!"

Both transformees looked to her - Marcia desperate, Scylla furious - and then with a *blip* they both disappeared instantly. The only evidence that they had been here in the room in their changed states were the large eggs on the floor, the huge puddles of milk, and the slobber of huge canine heads and the destroyed furniture around it.

"I'd say that went rather well," Marc said. He opened up the book one last time, and quickly scribbled in a little note. Instantly, he reverted back to his Stephanie form, beautiful and curvaceous and busty. In fact, she'd lost a little bit of stomach flab and gained a bit more in the bust.

"I guess this book is not *just* for humiliation," she noted, looking at it. "It says a lot about humanity that that's what we mostly use it for, huh?"

But then, to her surprise, her body instantly reverted to Marc's, and she was a *he* again.

“Huh,” he said. “Or maybe not. Shit. I guess positive stuff doesn’t stick, then? I’m Marc for good, now.”

He tried to be disappointed. He liked his original body a lot, after all. But then again he still had the book, and the power, and this wasn’t a bad looking body at all. Maybe being a man could be fun?

Besides, after what he’d done to Marcia and Scylla, he had no real regrets.

It was over a year later when Marc decided to ‘check in’ on Marcia and Scylla. He still had the book, and had enjoyed using it to dole out some mischief from time to time. It turned out that any positive, non-humiliating changes could only be temporary, so karmic humiliations galore it was. Whenever he saw someone deserving of karma, he liked to ambush them in her ‘second skin’ and make some humiliating corrections. His former boss was one of them; so amusing to know that he was now the most popular local stripper. A very *female* stripper. And that absolutely rude woman at the zoo was probably not enjoying her new life as a monkey either.

But it was her first two creations which had been her finest, and while Marc was enjoying the fruits of his labors, sipping a sweet martini on the beach as his body tanned beneath the sun, he opened the book and wrote another note.

The new Marc has the power to mentally view how Marcia and Scylla are going, and watch their humiliations.

He had a sense this one would work because of the humiliation theme, and was quickly proven right: instantly, he sensed a power at work within him, one he could summon.

“Okay, let’s try this.”

He blinked, and suddenly his mind was elsewhere. He was on a midwestern farm, and there was Marcia, just like he’d left her. The transformed former male had her enormous milk-filled udder being pumped by several farmhands, and her tits were spilling milk too while she mooed. She had her legs spread wide, pushing out another large egg as she clutched her massive belly, or at least tried to with her hooves. Her pink skin burned with embarrassment as several farmhands helped her from behind, her chubby form overwhelmed by her various masses.

“Wait, you have changed,” Marc realised.

Indeed, her belly was far bigger, and was packed with not just eggs. Marcia’s labour was so much more intense, and she was mooing and snorting and clucking hysterically, pushing with all her might as she squatted, until finally something emerged and a farmhand

caught it. Something with an umbilical cord. A little anthro baby - more human than her - a product of a union between her and one of the farmhands.

The poor anthro woman looked positively overwhelmed as she held her baby.

“Ah, Marcia. Enjoy motherhood! Speaking of, how’s our mother of monsters, doing?”

She blinked, and suddenly was in the sea. A large fishing boat was trawling a net, thousands of fish being hauled in. Suddenly, the machine broke, then snapped, and the horrified sailors saw the fishing crane collapse into the sea with their entire haul. A huge monster emerged suddenly from the ocean; a beautiful woman up top with light blue scales, but they screamed as they saw her long sea snake hair and massive tentacles. She was huge, perhaps twenty feet tall, and her tentacles fifty feet in length. They pushed the vessel easily aside as she ripped open the net with her claws, and suddenly her canine heads around her midsection were devouring the fish, consuming it readily.

“Get out of my sea!” she boomed, causing more screams from the sailors.

“It’s a monster!”

“I’m not a monster! How dare you!?”

But still they screamed, infuriating and embarrassing the she-beast. She dipped down into the ocean, queen of her domain. Marc was about to leave the vision when suddenly a tentacle reached up and snatched a screaming fisherman.

“Except for you, handsome! I have need of you! It’s not my fault! I can’t help myself!”

Marc wasn’t sure if the pheromones were at work, starting to seduce the man, or if she was planning on eating him because he was secretly a vile criminal. Whatever was the case, she began to swim with urgency across the ocean’s surface, away from the shocked sailors, all of whom would spread her impossible legend. No doubt Scylla would *hate* it for many years to come until she resigned herself to her own mythic role.

Marc left the vision, and carefully put the book away, lounging in his deck chair and enjoying the warm sun above.

“Well,” he finally said. “I’d say that was all quite humiliating.”

The End