

# The Second Transformation Convention (Multi TFTG, Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

**A Commission for Camden Levy**

*After the resounding success of the first Transformation Convention, another has been organised! Transformees from across the globe have gathered once again for meetings, talks, merch sales, job offers, clothing fittings, and social interaction with one another. Whether it be changes in gender, race, body, or even species, there are new interactions to be had, and doubtless new changes yet to come for the many who attend.*

## The Second Transformation Convention

### Vignette 1: Setting Up

*Featuring Anna Conn the Anthro-Giraffe Woman from 'Change in the Weather', as well as Jessica and Alex the Cowgirls from 'Bessica'*

"And you're sure you have everything in hand?" Alex asked nervously over the video call.

*"Absolutely," Anna responded. "Trust me, it's going to be even bigger and better than the first one. We've got some real celebrity presence here, especially since Tori Peters is coming."*

"Wait, *the* Tori Peters?" Jessica said, pushing her face in front of Alex's to get closer to the laptop screen on the coffee table. "The actress? The one who got turned into a fox lady?"

*"The one and only," Anna replied. "You've done great work, but let me take it from here. I know you can't be at the Transformation Convention in person, either of you, but your legacy is secure. And frankly, I'm looking forward to making the news again."*

Jessica and Alex shared a glance together, one that was a little nervous. The pair were the best of friends, and had been most of their lives. Once they had been human, up until an attempt to get back at a bully had backfired when Jessica drank a transformative concoction made by the Wandering Witch Tila. Slowly she had transformed into an incredibly busty, four-breasted cowgirl, complete with a tail, horns, black-and-white Holstein pattern fur, cow ears, hooves for feet, and even a freakin' udder between her legs. She'd also gotten *pregnant* thanks to her new and powerful mating instinct, and with quadruplets no less. Overwhelmed with guilt, her best friend Alex had then taken the same concoction to always

be her friend, and had ended up even more of a cowgirl; she had beautiful brown fur, somehow even larger breasts and a fuller udder between her thighs, and unlike Jessica actually had a cow-like snout as well, much to her embarrassment. She'd also gotten knocked up with *octuplets*, which meant that she needed every nipple and teat available to feed her brood.

The pair ran a farm now. Jessica had gone on to have more adorable little anthro-calves with her human boyfriend, but Alex had struggled, trying to find a place for herself. Eventually, she and Jessica had organised the first Transformation Convention, the world's first major and public meetup of transformees across the globe. It had been a resounding success, so much so that Alex had finally discovered love in a very, very hunky and well-endowed minotaur named Carter, who had once been a female childcare worker named Caitlin. The two had ended up dating quickly, and he had taken to her eight children as if he really was their father. Naturally, with her powerful mating instinct and his minotaur virility, the pair had quickly found quite a lot of sexual passion between the two of them.

It had also meant that she'd gotten knocked up with *octuplets* yet again, and was now swollen and endlessly producing milk during a time when she hoped to be organising the Second Transformation Convention.

Enter Anna Conn. An ordinary weather woman with a visible distaste for the fluff piece nature of her job and especially when having to interact with zoo animals for a bit. She'd been cursed by the infamous witch Morgan LaFaye during a weather report at a zoo, and as a result was now an fourteen-foot tall giraffe woman, complete with the huge neck, long legs, and yellow fur with the brown puzzle-piece patterning that giraffes are known for. And, because Morgan could be a real bitch, she'd also grown a set of wide hips and enormous tits that had made her a follow-up hit on the internet following her televised humiliation. After several months of recovery and adjustment, the opportunistic former weather woman was now keen to host the Second Transformation Convention, a way to get back into the spotlight and present herself as a saviour figure, something that Alex and Jessica were definitely sensing now.

"Just remember it's about the transformees, Anna," Jessica butted in. She was not pregnant, but was feeding four of her babies - two on her upper breasts, and two toddlers from her open udder. "It's not about a media circus. It's about normalising people like us. I'm very proud of Alex for threading that needle so well last time."

*"Don't worry at all, Jessica! I'm doing this for them, I assure you. I was transformed on live television; I know something about the humiliation of public spectacle. I've even ensured that disability ramps for our centaur and mermaid transformees are all up to code, and that the access doors are high enough for enlarged individuals like myself. Trust me, we're going to take the world by storm!"*

Alex frowned, and not just because her massive litter was kicking about inside her belly, causing her overly-engorged udder to spurt milk into the well-placed bucket between her legs. "That last sentence seems to contradict the previous ones," she noted.

*"Not at all! We're going to make transformation sexy! We're going to make it chic! I know a lot about how the entertainment industry works; I wasn't just a weather woman, you know."*

"Yes, I'm aware," Alex said bluntly. "You were also with several gossip rags. The kind that makes money off of people like us."

At this, the giraffe woman in the video frowned, her stalks straightening. *"I promise you, I take this very seriously as my come back. Er, I mean, as part of my come back to public appearances and news delivery, I take this very seriously."*

"Uh-huh," Alex said. She turned to Jessica and regarded her Holstein-patterned friend, whispering to her. "Are we sure we can't get Caitlin the Cowtaur to hold this thing?"

"She refused. She's in calving season too, only with a bull because of her farming situation."

"Ew."

"Yes, that's how she put it. She's also marrying the farmer's son not long after birth. I think she's making a claim on the whole farm soon."

"Oh, good for her!"

"I think we also don't want to establish some kind of cowgirl supremacy over these proceedings, Alex."

"I guess you're right. It's just, I don't trust this Anna. She seems more opportunistic and-

*"Hello! What are you talking about?"*

The two cowgirls responded as one. "Nothing!"

*"Well, fantastic. I'll make sure you've got access to the streams for all our panels. Would you like me to review them again for you?"*

"Please," said Jessica, who was generally the more polite and optimistic of the two.

*"Beyond our initial entrance space, we have the following:*

- 1. A Gender Change Conversation Space: for all our gender-swapped friends, of course.*
- 2. A Childcare Area for Mothers, Fathers, and Broodmares: since so many of us end up, ahem, in the family way. Not me, I take contraception for my needs, of course.*
- 3. The suggested Aliens Among Us panel is ready. We have a number of individuals transformed by aliens or into aliens ready to give talkies.*

4. *A special appearance from the cast of Nightmare on Halloween the 13th, along with other transformee actors and extras. Tori Peters will be present.*
5. *Artist Alley is twice as big as last time, with numerous creations for sale for various fans.*
6. *The Twinning Panel is also ready, for people with distributed minds and bodies.*

*So you can see, we're all very prepared here in Seattle! You two can rest easy!"*

Alex made a scoffing sound at this, her hoof-hands spreading out over her colossally pregnant belly.

"Fat luck with that," she said, though her mind was starting to go to her minotaur babydaddy Carter. He'd be back from work soon, and she loved his fur all sweaty. Mhmm, he really loved her pregnant too.

Jessica ribbed her with an elbow. "Focus, moo."

"Sorry, *Bessica*. Fine, Anna. Thanks for organising all of this. We're really hoping the Transformation Convention will continue in years to come."

The giraffe woman grinned, adjusting her blouse which was straining to contain her massive furry breasts. *"Naturally, of course it shall! And I look forward to being part of the annals of its creation! No doubt this will help my resuscitating career! All the best, you two! And good luck with all the calves, Alex! Can't imagine birthing that many, my goodness! Fair well and farewell."*

The call terminated, and Alex grunted as her babies squirmed inside her overstuffed womb. Her udder was leaking again, and her four head-sized breasts as well. Thankfully, she was wearing custom maternity bras, the kind which would be on sale at the Artist Alley at the convention.

"You know, I really don't trust her," she said to Jessica.

Her cowgirl friend moved one of her babies to her other upper breast. "You don't trust anyone."

"I trust you. Do *you* trust Anna?"

Jessica sighed. "I trust her to do the job well. As for self-promotion? Maybe she'll reign it in a little?"

Alex rolled her eyes. "Good luck with that."

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Anna Conn stood proudly on a raised dais inside the enormous complex of buildings where the Transformation Convention was taking place. She was dressed in a royal purple blouse

that tastefully showed off her spectacular furry cleavage, hugging her large bosom well but not showing too much as to be scandalous. She wore a black skirt, modified to allow her long giraffe tail through and to show off her very long giraffe legs, but with a culotte design to avoid people being able to look up her skirt with ease. That had been an issue she had discovered several months ago after finally daring to go out in public in her new post-Morgan curse body; with her immense height, any man walking past could look straight up at her anthro-giraffe underwear with ease. More than a few had, in fact.

But now here she was, empowered and brilliant, looming over the proceedings like a queen and relishing the sensation of being at the centre of it all again. The doors had been flung open, and a whole hosts of transformees from around the country and even across the world were flooding in. She held her microphone, making sure that her cameraman Jared from her TV station days was capturing her good side, and began her recited speech.

“Welcome, welcome! Welcome one and all to the Second Transformation Convention, organised by yours truly, Anna Conn! I’ve been a weather woman. I’ve been an entertainment specialist. I’ve been a columnist and a daring journalist. But as you no doubt all know, I’m now also a transformee like you. Once ashamed of my changes, but no more! I embrace my changed side, giraffe pattern and all, and so should you! This is going to be a spectacular day, and I’ve organised a lot for you all! Make sure to come in and validate your tickets - the ones with my beautiful face upon them - and if you wish to get an autograph I’ll be charging only twenty five dollars - that’s per signature, by the way.”

They entered, moving past her, some of them waving, especially young children. A little girl who looked like a really adorable demon waved, and Anna waved back, soaking up the attention. It made her grin, her giraffe tail flicking happily behind her.

*Those losers at Channel 9 were fools to cut me! They could have been the first broadcaster in the nation to have a known transformee boosting their ratings, but just wait until I’ve finished today. I’ll be back on top, and I won’t be doing the weather!*

She continued her speech, introducing the various features and conventions, the set times for talks and panels, and so on. The stream of transformees continued. A little over half looked to be regular humans, or mostly human - there were a few people who looked like elves or had small things like ram’s horns and the like. One individual looked strangest of all; one moment he was a regular human being with brown hair and a casual dress style, and then suddenly he seemed to just . . . *garble* up like a bad TV feed or broken video stream with a bad connection. Numerous refractions of him trembled on the spot, alarming nearby persons, and then this multidimensional effect immediately stopped, and in the man’s place was a classy lady who looked like she’d been pulled from a 1940’s film. She wore a stylish old-school green dress and had her hair curled like Katherine Hepburn’s, with beautiful thick eyebrows and full lips. The figure frowned.

“Sorry!” she said to the crowd. “Interdimensional transformation. It happens from time to time. I become alternate versions of myself. I guess this version of me is a lady from some kind of old-school world, huh?”

The crowd calmed, and Anna herself blinked, shuffling on her very long feet.

*Well, she thought. At least I don't quite have that level of randomness in my life.*

More entered. Centaurs walking carefully on hooves. Mermaids in wheelchairs, sometimes being pushed forward by helpful husbands and boyfriends. A pair of pixies, male and female, flying through. A whole host of pregnant women. A few succubi and incubi. A lizard man who looked like a scaled-down godzilla, and so on. There was even a poor woman being wheeled forward with the aid of a customised mobility device with enormous scoops at the front. This was because her breasts were literally the size of small cars, dominating her figure so that the rest of her looked like an afterthought.

“Can I help you, ma'am?” one of the convention workers asked her.

“Yeah,” she said, sighing. “Go back in time a year, tell me not to touch that sacred breastfeeding idol. Oh, you meant help me now? Yeah, tell me where I can find a pumping station so my stuff can hook me up.”

*Well, at least I got long legs to go with my bosom, Anna thought. I wonder if I can secure a puff piece from her later?*

There were more than a few very beautiful women who entered, including some who looked like they were part of some kind of gym workout group together. Most of the gender-changed crowd had dynamite figures that made the anthro-giraffe a little jealous of their more human shape, but others were dressed so provocatively that one of the security guards approached.

“I'm sorry ma'am, but you can't be dressed like that,” he said, accosting a very busty black woman wearing nothing more than showy pink lingerie that cupped her large breasts up to perfection.

Anna strode forward - easy, with her enormous gate. “Officer, wait! Officer! She's wearing a Curse badge!”

“That's damn right!” the woman said. “You think I wanna be stuck as a big-titted lady wearing lingerie in public? Thanks to my bitchy ex-girlfriend complaining about how I wanted her to dress up all sexy once in a while, I can't *not* dress sexy, damn it! I can literally only wear fucking lingerie as clothing, even in public!”

The security guard backed up. “I'm, uh, sorry!”

Anna reached down with a long arm and passed the woman a gift voucher - one, naturally, with her own anthro-giraffe face on it for brand creation purposes. “My deepest apologies. Not everyone understands us. This will entitle you to free food at our all-you-can eat. Just don't accidentally take the alien food at the end.”

The dark-skinned woman smiled. "Hey, yeah, thanks. I'm Brent. Brigit now, I guess."

Anna shook her hand. "Anna Conn, host of the convention."

The woman put her hands on her wide hips. "Yeah, I know. I saw you transform live. Wild stuff."

Anna frowned. *Damn it, she thought. Was everyone in the world watching that day? No one ever mentions me from the times before I changed!*

But instead she smiled. "It was definitely wild, I can agree with that."

"And now you're hosting this. Crazy. I've only been changed two weeks. My ex is a witch."

"I know a fair bit about witches. Was it Morgan?"

"Nah, just some girl called Talia. Made me a chick. Gave me huge tits and forced me to only wear lingerie. At least I don't get too hot and cold or whatever; any weather is fine for me. But it's the libido I can't stand. You got that, right?"

Anna bit her lip. *Fuck. Why did she have to mention that?*

Already, her loins began to tingle. Morgan the Witch had cursed her to have a very strong mating instinct, which she had literally indulged on live television the day she had changed. And now Brigit's words were reminding her body of that very need.

"Y-yes," she said. "M-mating instinct. Comes on at the w-worst of times."

"Don't I know it!" Brigit said, gesturing to herself. "And because I only dress like this now, and I've got the body of a goddess, I just can't help but sleep with a heap of guys. Thankfully I got this host of buddies willing to help me out. I mean, I know they're getting their dicks wet out of it, sleeping with a hottie like me, but at least they're helping me and ain't trying to make me their girlfriend or whatever. It's a fuckbuddy situation so I don't go giving rando strangers blowjobs and-"

Anna stood up straight, right to her fourteen feet of height. "S-sorry!" the anthro-giraffe exclaimed. "I have some - er - business to attend to! Convention stuff, I'm sure you understand! Thank you Brigit, and I wish you all the best with the clothing situation! Check out our artist alley for some lovely options you may wish to peruse!"

She literally stepped over members of the crowd as she made her way back to Jared the cameraman, who was already professionally turning off the camera and folding it away.

*Oh, he's so good. And handsome. And virile. That last part is most important of all.*

"Mating instinct?" he asked her.

"Mating instinct," she replied. "I've set aside a side room for us, one that can take my height *and* length, depending on how we go about it. You *are* ready to meet my needs, aren't you, Jared?"

He smirked. "Hey, it's part of the contract, right?"

“Please, I’m not some fucking prostitute. I just need - ohhhhh - I’m getting so horny. I just need you to meet the needs of my estrus. Oh f-fuck, it’s strong this time. That damn bitch of a witch. This is why I couldn’t get that anchorwoman job.”

“And because your head went offscreen.”

“Shut up,” she said. “Just get on my shoulders so I can get us there quickly. I’ve got a convention to run, so mate me quickly.”

Jared chuckled. “Yes, ma’am.”

She grabbed him and got him up on her shoulders, and moved swiftly over the crowd to a side room that was held just for her use. The two entered, locking the door behind them, and then she was already tearing off her blouse and skirt and positioning herself so that her cameraman and quasi-partner could mount her.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned as he entered her. “That’s the s-stuff! Mhmmm! When my career s-skyrockets, Jared, I promise I’ll take you with me! Ahhhh!!!”

## **Vignette 2: The Gender Change Conversation Space**

*Featuring Sofia and Bianca from ‘Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better’; Raven from ‘Polymorph Parasite: Fatherly Concern’; the cast from ‘Gym Membership’, Zeynep from ‘Turned into my Girlfriend’s Mom’; and Doc from ‘Great Scott’, among others.*

Sofia Ramirez was a little nervous as she entered the convention. Her best friend Bianca Martinez was by her side, encouraging her, but both were a little overwhelmed by it all. They were a pair of very beautiful latina women, especially Sofia, and were used to being the centre of attention in public spaces because of their lovely looks. Only now they were the farthest thing from it, especially with the more outrageous changes they could see.

“Was that a centaur?” Sofia asked her best friend and roomie.

Bianca nodded, awed by the sight of the woman walking past. “More like a humantaur, I guess.”

“What? Wait, because her legs are just lady legs, right?”

“Sí. No fur, She’s just . . . a human taur. *Mierda*, I’m staring.”

“Then stop, Bianca!”

“But anywhere I look there are freaky people!”

Sofia poked her friend in the boob. “Hey, I’m a freak too, remember? Got turned into a hot latina because I made a stupid wish and everything.”

Bianca smirked, crossing her arms. “Oh, yes, you suffered greatly. Becoming a hotter, curvier latina than me with bigger *tetas* and everything.”

It was true. Sofia had once been a white guy named Steven, and had actually been her current best friend's *boyfriend*, albeit one who was rather deservedly dumped by Bianca for never trying to connect with her interests, her language, her culture, or her needs. In the aftermath, he'd wished for revenge upon her. Specifically, he picked up a funny lamp ornament she'd left behind and wished to be 'better than Bianca in every way.' The genie of the lamp had interpreted that to mean he would have all of her skills, her language, her appearance, only even more attractive, even more skilled. It even extended to her damn libido and need to randomly drop Spanish words into English sentences. At least Bianca had accepted her back into her life; in this new reality, she was now Bianca's roommate and best friend. And while there were occasionally tensions about how Sofia had inherited all of Bianca's skills with no effort, the truth was that Bianca found the situation so amusingly karmic that everything was forgiven. The two had been best friends ever since; Sofia needed a female friend who understood and could help her navigate this strange new life of hers.

*But who could navigate this? A space of mermaids, drider-people, naga folk, multi-boobs women, and was that a pig-lady? Dios mio, is she pregnant? She looks really, really pregnant. Poor thing!*

“So, this is really wild,” Bianca said. “We can definitely be here, right? I mean, since reality changed you into hot *chica*, it's not like there's actual evidence we can provide to show that you used to be a white guy.”

Sofia bit her lip nervously. “That's why I didn't get any concessions. Ugh, maybe this was a bad idea.”

“No! I didn't mean it like that. I just meant . . . maybe we should find this gender change space. Talk to some people. That way you aren't always chewing my ear off about how big your magnificent *tetas* are and what back pain they're giving you.”

Bianca gave a rather shit-eating grin after saying this, and Sofia gave a teasing glare back. “I'd say you were jealous.”

“Only jealous of the attention. You know, because you're 'better than me at everything' and all that.”

“Just stuff that you were good at then! You've been learning the guitar since. Doing professional dancing! I don't know how to do any of that, *hermana*.”

They weren't actually sisters, but now often felt as such.

“I know, I know. I'm just teasing you. C'mon, let's get your hot latina butt over to that gender meeting, huh? I'll be your back up girl. Maybe you'll even find a nice hot boyfriend finally?”

*Dios mio, this again, Sofia thought. That stupid genie made me not just a super busty, curvy seniorita, but also made me totally straight for guys. And thanks to my wording, I've got no doubt I'm way, way better at sex than Bianca. But that doesn't mean I'm going to have sex with a guy! I've held off this long, haven't I? Oh, but she just loves teasing me about that! She should just be grateful I'm not stealing her boyfriend since he likes to stare at my bigger boobs whenever she's not looking.*

Thankfully, their back-and-forth teasing didn't continue, because Bianca spotted the sign for the Gender Change Conversation Space which directed them into a large room. Numerous posters advertising gender change help services and job possibilities lined the walls, and tables were being served with snacks and drinks and treats. At the front was a raised area with a microphone, and an incredibly beautiful and curvaceous woman in her late thirties or early forties was positioned there. She looked to be Middle-Eastern, or perhaps Turkish, with gorgeously thick black hair and a lovely purple dress that outlined her impressive figure.

"Welcome everyone," she said with a lovely smile and very pretty accent. "Please come in. This is our Gender Change Conversation space. We'll be having a series of talks and opportunities for discussion from those of us who have changed gender - be it male to female, female to male, or to a third gender or mix between the two. For now, please find a seat and introduce yourselves to one another. I encourage you to scan the QR code on the walls or access the link on the paper on your tables to answer a helpful quiz on your own transformative status. Also, we have wine! A brilliant Turkish red from my own stores, if I may toot my own horn!"

She held up a glass of wine and raised it in a toast, which others answered with their own. She took a deep sip.

"Mmmhm, lovely stuff. Now I see many nervous faces here, and a few that aren't quite *human*. Don't worry, this space is open to all who changed genders, though if you feel like your furry side is your more significant change, just next door is our Brushing of the Fur Talks, now welcome to those with scales as well."

"At least you didn't end up with fur," Bianca whispered to Sofia.

Sofia hid her giggle, then pointed out a few spare seats at one of the rounded tables. Most of the room was already filled, and it was around seventy percent women as far as they could tell, with the vast majority of the room being under forty. And most quite attractive.

"Jesus," Bianca said in her accented voice. "It's not often I get to wander into a full room and find myself one of the *less* busty girls in the room. Since where were Double-D's the small cup size?"

Sofia smirked, thrust out her E-cup chest, and strode over to the spare table. There was a short, sexy goth girl clinging to her boyfriend's arm at the table, as well as a few

fit-looking women as well. They were all a bit nervous looking, looking to the speaker. The beautiful Turkish MILF continued.

“I’m sure many of you are nervous to speak about this very strange incident in your life, so I suggest we introduce one another and our changes on our tables. I’ll break the ice first. For those of you who don’t know me, I’m Zeynep Ozdemir, and trust me, most of you will pale in comparison to the strangeness of my own change, though I’ve come to love it so very deeply. I was, believe it or not, my current daughter’s boyfriend once upon a time.”

At her words, a picture of a very beautiful young Turkish-American girl appeared on the projected screen behind her. It cycled to another photo, this time of Zeynep and her daughter posing for a photo, the pair both stylish, but the mother clearly the more curvaceous of the two. These photos caused quite a stir, particularly when an image of a more mild-mannered man appeared on the screen, his appearance Caucasian

“And that’s me. And that’s me with my now-daughter, back when we were dating. I was working on a teleportation device when a strand of her mother’s hair ended up in one of the chambers during a human test with yours truly. I ended up slowly becoming Zeynep in mind and body, while the real Zeynep took this opportunity to claim my life instead. It all worked out in the end; I ended up a far better mother to my now-daughter than I ever was a boyfriend to her, and my love for her is far deeper as a result. And besides, how could I dislike this body? Especially when I’ve found love of my own!”

The image changed, and a rather attractive older man was now in the image with her, an arm around her thick, supple waist, an understandable grin on his face given the low neckline of her cocktail dress.

*Woah, Sofia thought. She lost like twenty years of her life and is happy about it. I don’t know how I’d cope. Becoming a busty latina lady was crazy enough for me already!*

Naturally, Zeynep’s story caused quite the stir, and just as the woman no doubt intended, served as an icebreaker to the many gender-changed individuals on the table. The busty punk girl at Sofia’s table actually chuckled, looking at her boyfriend for a moment, who appeared like some biker dude with his leather jacket and shades on his head.

“Mind if I tell ‘em, babe?”

“Not at all, sexy,” he replied, placing a hand on her thigh and stroking it suggestively, his other hand ostensibly touching her stomach but clearly sliding up to briefly cup her left boob in her tight black crop top. “You know I fucking love you.”

“Damn straight you do,” the goth girl replied. She tossed her head back for a moment, flicking her bob of black hair about, and then refocused on the group.

“Well, I guess that hot milf up there makes it way easier to tell my crazy story. Name’s Raven. This is my boyfriend Rob. He used to date my daughter.”

“Wait, what?” Bianca said.

“Your daughter?” Sofia added, a little horrified.

“Oh fuck, not like that. Nothing like that. I was a single dad in his late forties. Name was Raymond. Fucking miserable. Hated punk rock, hated bikers, hated the idea of my girl Tiffany getting it on with guys. A real suburban conservative, is what I’m saying. But then something started changing me, some strange parasite that medical science can’t explain. It made me into exactly the kind of gal that my Rob here really wanted; a fucking hot punk rock girl with piercings, tattoos, and who can have a life of parties, drugs, and sex, not to mention riding on the open road.”

Sofia blinked. “Wait, you stole your daughter’s boyfriend?”

Raven shrugged. “Yeah, I’m an asshole. But Tiffany wasn’t *bad* enough for my man here. Didn’t have the *stamina* either, did she, Rob?”

The biker dude grinned and put a hand around her waist. It was obvious to everyone that he was giving her a quick squeeze on the ass, and judging from her moan, she was liking it. “Damn straight, girl,” he replied. “You’re the baddest.”

“And the *kinkiest*,” she emphasised. “Besides, no one can rock out like me. So yeah, that’s my story. I’m not regretting it. I got a whole new lease on life, stopped being such a stuck in the mud suburban middle age loser, and now I got a hot boyfriend I can hit the open road with. That’s a fucking good break as far as I can tell.”

Sofia was intrigued. “And what happened to your daughter? Are you still close?”

Raven wobbled her hand. “Eh, we’re talking again. She’s more like my straight-laced sister these days. I think I sent her a little over the edge, stealing her man, so she’s gone full fruity trad-girl these days. I check in with her every so often, but she ‘doesn’t approve of my lifestyle. Bit of a reversal, right?”

“I’ll say,” Bianca said, before whispering to Sofia. “That’s crazy. Your change is starting to look ordinary in comparison.”

“So what about you, hot stuff?” Raven continued. “You used to be a guy, right?”

Sofia felt pressured, and so she told her story to the group; the race change, the karmic wish, the being better than Bianca at everything, at least at first, and so on. The punk girl chuckled at this, and several others showed interest.

“I got my race changed too!” an Asian woman at the table said. “My name is Noriko, but it used to be Titus. I used to be a black guy, but my best friend wished he could ‘get with a hot Asian chick with huge titties’, so here I am.”

“Did you get with him?” a blonde girl with probably the largest rack at the table asked.

“Oh, I did. Couldn’t help myself. I jumped his bones and started speaking in Japanese and everything. I won’t lie, it felt crazy good. Unfortunately for him, his wish only made me ‘get with’ him once, so after that I was a free agent. We’re still friends, but I’ve had to set boundaries. He still carries a torch for me.”

"I don't blame him!" Raven exclaimed. "You look hot!"

"Thanks. The crazy thing is, I'm pretty sure I was trans before my change, I just didn't realise it. Becoming Asian has been the bigger adjustment, I guess."

"Tell me about it," another latina said at the table. She was a very fit-looking woman with impressive biceps and a midriff on display. She gestured to the table adjacent where some other fit women were. "I'm Gabriella. That's Jackie, Jenna, and Rose. We all went to this place called the New Life Gym, only, like, this gym is sentient or, like, whatever. It changed us into women. Well, Jenna was just a frumpy mannish-looking latina already, weren't you, Jenna?"

A drop-dead gorgeous woman turned in her seat and away from her conversation. "*Si*, frumpy *and* divorced, *and* in my forties! I felt like I had lost my life, and then we all started changing!"

"I was, like, soooo much a woman-hater," Gabriella said. "Real issues. Now I'm so very happy, and I've got real love in my life. I mean, I ended up a total bimbo and stuff, but I really love it, and I've got my beautiful Abigail as well. You'd like her, Raven, she's a real punk rock chick like you."

"Sounds like we need to start a band," Raven said. "There's a preggio goth girl on that other table called Raven as well. She can shred one mean guitar."

The table laughed, and Sofia started to feel a little less lonely.

*Wow, maybe this was a pretty good choice to come along. All these people have such strange and interesting stories, it makes me feel less like a freak. A good looking freak, sure, but a bit of a freak nonetheless.*

Bianca put a hand on her shoulder and smiled warmly. "Nice to be here, *hermana*?"

"*Si, hermana*," Sofia replied with a smile. She grabbed a bite to eat from the table, and the others did so too, each of them enjoying the little banquet as they shared their stories. Jackie from the neighbouring table joined, one of Gabriella's friends. She was a white woman with black hair and a seriously impressive set of abs and biceps, all while possessing lovely curves. She shared that she used to be a tubby man who desperately wanted to be a woman, and had been living high on life ever since her transformation in the New Life Gym. Now she worked there, and pointed out two other individuals - one male and one female - who had been transformed while she worked the gym floor.

"I guess it helps if you wanted to be a woman all along, right?" Sofia asked.

Jackie grinned. "No doubt about it. I mean, I was still pretty nervous about it all, but once I realised the changes were happening - which was pretty late in the game - I wanted nothing more than to change. Also, getting a boyfriend helped. Is anyone else here into guys ever since the change?"

Gabriella shook her head, shifting to kiss her tattooed girlfriend Abigail to show otherwise. But Raven's hand went up, as did most of the other women at the table, including the blonde girl with the head-sized boobs. A classy lady who looked like she was a 1950's housewife quasi-raised her hand as if unsure, and after Bianca elbowed Sofia, she raised her hand as well.

"I - uh - I'm still grappling with it, though," she admitted. "I haven't had sex with anyone yet, even though I've been changed almost a year and the guys look so *guapo*."

"Oh man, you're missing out!" Raven declared. "Seriously, sex as a chick is the best. And you can do all kinds, too."

"You'll get there," Noriko said. "I had less choice when I changed, but it certainly helped me learn to love it!"

*Yeah, judging from the amount of preggo ladies in the room, Sofia thought. I can see how that's the case. Though a few don't look too happy about it.*

A dark-skinned woman at the table who was wearing nothing but sexy lingerie spoke up at this point. She'd introduced herself as Brigit, and had apparently been cursed to *always* look sexy like this, and literally be unable to wear more clothes.

"Learn to love it? Ugh, I wish I could. I mean, it feels great in the moment—"

"Missionary, cowgirl, reverse cowgirl," Raven droned in the background, counting on her fingers.

"-but I really wish I could pull the brakes on this body sometimes. I'm always showing off my body, and that makes me get all hot and bothered, and then I end up having sex with any random dude I feel myself responding to. It's so goddamn embarrassing, man!"

"Blowjobs, handjobs, tittyjobs . . ."

"Like, don't get me wrong, the orgasms are crazy good, but why did my ex have to make me such a slut, y'know? I swear, I get all submissive and shit. Anyone else like that?"

"Doggy style, spooning sex, the old sixty-nine . . ."

Everyone ignored Raven's ever-growing list. A few people murmured agreement with Brigit. It seemed that more than a few had a kind of sex compulsion, and it soon came out that this was mostly a result of various curses left by vengeful exes and witches, naturally.

*Wow, at least I don't have that problem, Sofia thought. Though I do get pretty libidinous lately. I was feeling myself up just last night thinking about that hot guy in the elevator who hit on me . . .*

She noticed that the blonde girl with the huge boobs wasn't eating, and neither was her boyfriend beside her. Both looked a little embarrassed. Bianca noticed too.

"Are you guys okay?" her friend asked. "Are you allergic or something?"

The blonde went red in the cheeks. "Oh, um, we can't, uh, we can't eat food."

"You can't eat . . . food?"

The boyfriend shook his head. "It's part of the curse on us."

"But you don't starve?"

The pair looked at one another, both looking a bit embarrassed. Brigit and Raven both leaned forwards on their table, intrigued. Despite herself, Sofia was as well. Eventually, the man spoke.

"I'll tell them, dude."

"Thanks, buddy."

He turned to the group. "Uh, I'm Roy. This is my friend Kaley. She used to be Kade. I guess we're boyfriend-girlfriend now. We sort of have to be. I had a girlfriend who I was always ignoring to spend time with Kaley here. I blew her off too many times, and she got sick of how co-dependent we were. I guess she got sick of me asking for blowjobs too, and found out about some of my fetishes from my online searches. Anyway, she transformed Kade into my girlfriend, and made it so we were really codependent."

"What does that, like, mean?" Gabriella asked.

He tugged his collar. "Uh, see my girlfriend's boobs? She's wearing a maternity bra. Cause she has to."

"I'm always making fucking milk," the blonde whined. "I'm seriously so fucking engorged right now. I fill up several times a day and I'm not even prego!"

"And I *have* to drink from her. It's the only thing I can eat, and my ex changed my body so that it keeps me perfectly nourished."

"At least you get to drink my titty milk," Kaley bemoaned. "Meanwhile, I gotta suck his cock if I wanna eat!"

At this, the jaws of everyone dropped the table.

"Wait, are you saying you live on cum?" Raven asked. "Woah, that's fucked up."

"You're telling me," she sighed, folding her arms beneath her big, milk-filled breasts. "I have to suck my best friend's dick three times a day just to survive."

"And I need her to do that, because it's the only way to empty my damn balls."

"Except for when we regularly fuck," she said, jabbing him in the side. "I swear, you got the better end of the deal."

"Well, blowjobs ain't that bad!" Raven said.

"I've given more than a few," Brigit said.

"Yeah, but three times a day? And just to eat? I'm literally addicted to drinking cum! It's so messed up! And I gotta feed him my titty milk three times a day too."

At this, Roy looked a little awkward. "Speaking off . . ."

His stomach growled, and hers followed. With a groan, the very engorged blonde stood up, her breasts not even wobbling because of how utterly full they clearly were.

“S-sorry,” she said, still red in the face. “We really need to go and, um, find a closet somewhere.”

“Out and two to the left,” Brigit said. “Trust me.”

“It was really nice meeting you guys!” Roy said as his girlfriend pulled him away.

“Sorry, I’m just really hungry!”

“And my boobs are fucking full, dude. Hurry up!”

They both left the table, leaving those still there to come to terms with what they’d just heard and witnessed.

“Well, I guess I could always have it worse,” Brigit said.

“Was it just me, or was that concept super fucking hot?” Raven replied.

Her boyfriend cackled. “You’re so fucking bad, babe.”

“Don’t I know it!”

It was at this point that the classy looking 50’s lady in their presence suddenly glitched right out in front of them, causing the table to yell out in surprise, Sofia and Bianca included. It seriously looked like she was being rendered into pixels or refracted shards of a mirror, until the glitch ended just three seconds later and a catgirl was sitting in her place. A literal catgirl, covered in dark grey-black fur, with bright golden eyes and cute whiskers and a tail that swayed up behind her. She had three pairs of breasts, the upper ones perhaps C-cups, the next pair B-cups, and the last one little A’s. She was also now completely naked, barring her fur coat.

“Oh, damn it!” she muttered.

“What the actual fuck!?” Bianca cried.

“Seconded!” Raven exclaimed.

The catwoman patted her fur, seemingly not all that surprised by it; more like just adjusting a little to it.

“Ugh, fur is so hard to maintain,” she whined.

“Are you okay?” Jackie asked.

“Yeah, like, that was super weird!” Gabriella added.

The catwoman checked her breasts. “Great, so I’ve got six boobs and I’m completely naked! This version of me sucks.” She regarded their shocked reactions. “I was a lab tech in a chamber that was testing a dimension device. My name is Josh, at least my original name. The device had an error and exploded, and ever since then I’m a walking interdimensional anomaly. Every few days, sometimes a whole week, I turn into an alternate version of myself from another timeline. Only with so many variables here at the convention, I’m changing every two hours at this rate!”

“Wait,” Sofia said. “Why are you turning into a woman if you’re just becoming alternate versions of yourself. Let alone a catgirl?”

She yawned, purring a little before grabbing, predictably, some of the tuna dish to eat. “It turns out that almost eighty percent of the alternate versions of me are female, and a lot aren’t even human. Trust me, I know it’s weird. I was doing a walk-a-thon when I turned into a frickin’ mermaid version of myself. I was finally wearing female clothes that fit me when I turned into a big orc-girl. And trust me, I did not appreciate becoming the version of myself from a universe where all the women have udders. Ugh, never again.”

Sofia gave her a sympathetic grin. “Well, I guess things aren’t all that bad for me, all things considered. It’s not like I have all the compulsions some of you have. I just have . . . boyfriend troubles.”

Bianca smirked. “You just need to be more bold, like some of these guys.”

The conversation was about to continue, when suddenly a woman with salmon pink hair and a labcoat burst into the room, lightning crackling around her clockwork looking mechanical backpack. She looked like some kind of sexy mad scientist.

“But Doc, why are we even here?” said the man trailing after her, a much more ordinary guy.

“To examine a fascinating development of science, dear boy!” she said. “You know that ever since my invention accidentally turned me into a woman I’ve had a fascination with transformative science. Observe! That woman at the front of the stage! Zeynep Ozdemir! She invented a teleportation device, and turned into quite the amply asseted woman she is now, as you can well witness, Matty!”

“Woah, that is heavy.”

“Yes, great Scott indeed. I’m going to meet her! You go mingle! Find someone for that dull-eyed friend of yours back there.”

“You mean Henry? Who used to be Henrietta up until you used another mad device, Doc?”

“The very same!” she shouted, voice manic. She marched forward, gaining more attention than she perhaps assumed, and interrupting Zeynep Ozdemir’s planned speech. Sofia and Bianca giggled at the absurdity of it; a busty, pink-haired science girl trading scientific understanding with a Turkish-American milf. It wasn’t the sort of thing you saw everyday, and soon Zeynep’s daughter had come on stage to try and drag her mother back to the events at hand, while ‘Matty’ was leaving his male friend behind to grab the doctor.

And so it was that Henry, apparently formerly a ‘Henriette’, slowly and awkwardly moved to Sofia’s table, where one seat was remaining on the other side to Bianca. He was a deeply handsome man, one that was clearly already getting Brigit’s libido going, since she was biting her lip and shuffling in her seat, adjusting her lingerie rather unobtrusively.

“Hey,” Henry said, gesturing to the seat and then looking to Sofia. His eyes were grey and magnetic. “I’m Henry. Used to be Henrietta until a month ago. Uh, do you mind if I sit here?”

Sofia swallowed. She tried not to notice how much Bianca was grinning next to her, or the crude gestures Raven was making as her own form of encouragement. Gabriella, Jackie, Jenna, and Rose - the whole New Life gym crew - all motioned for her to get him to sit next to her from over his shoulder, so she followed the peer pressure.

“Uh, *si*. Sure! Come sit down! There’s space for one!”

*I’m so frickin’ hopeless when it comes to this stuff, Sofia thought. Bianca was always good at flirting. C’mon, use that ‘Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better’ mojo, Sofia!*

The man took the seat and smiled. “So, this is a real crazy shindig, right? Did you used to be a man like I used to be a woman?”

Instantly, Sofia was able to put up a flirty smile and as much purr in her tone as she could, though not as much as Josh was now capable of in her new catwoman form.

“Sure was,” she replied. “But I’d say it’s an improvement, wouldn’t you say?”

“To my new eyes, I’d say yes, regardless of how you once looked. I’m Henry.”

“Sofia,” she said, taking his hand.

His eyes really were dreamy. In the background, the gender-changed mad scientist and hosting milf continued to bicker and debate, delaying the proceedings, but Sofia didn’t much care at the moment. She smiled warmly at Henry, ignoring how much her friend was obviously grinning behind her.

“So, tell us your story, Henry, and I’ll tell you mine.”

*After all, it can’t be weirder than any of the others here, she thought. And if they can still be bold enough to get laid and enjoy it - or at least resign themselves to it - then damn it, I can too!*

### **Vignette 3: Parents’ Area**

*Featuring Jessica and Alex from ‘Bessica’, Amber and Colin from ‘Happy Wife, Happy Life’, Helena and Leonard from ‘Men in Grey,’ and Jasmine from ‘Bug Queen’, among others.*

The many children and toddlers of several visitors to the Transformation Convention played and giggled and squealed, but others were transfixed by the image on the television screen, which displayed a beautiful blonde with tattooed sleeves and numerous piercings driving a Harley Davidson bike, a man clasping her bare midriff and holding on for dear life as police cars chased them along the road.

*'The pair are still on the lam, having evaded the Australian state and federal police for over a year now. Dubbed the Bonnie and Clyde of the Down Under, Connie and Aaron's activities have brought down two major criminal organisations, not to mention several influential real estate investors and mining executives. Connie is believed to have developed Lumin's Syndrome, becoming the beautiful tattooed biker vigilante she is now after a former life as a middle-aged male hitman named - SHTWICK!'*

The TV switched to a new channel with the press of a button. Amber exhaled, a hand on her distended mound of a stomach.

"Well, that's quite enough of that! How about some cartoons more appropriate for children?"

"Good idea, love," Colin said, cupping her mound from behind as she switched to an episode of *Bluey*, which all the kids rallied around, including their two. "Oh, it's 'Rain', I love this episode."

"Trust me, I've seen it *waaaay* too many times. 'Perks' of becoming your perfect housewife, I suppose."

Despite her words, her tone was teasing. She turned her head back and kissed her husband lovingly. Once, the pair had been male best friends, which was a pattern among many of their fellow changees, they'd noticed. Of course, some misspoken words at a nightclub had visited fury down upon Amber, and ever since she had been the beautiful, black-haired, and deeply curvaceous wife of her friend. And with the pair of them cursed to constantly go at it, she'd gotten pregnant straight away.

And then a second time not long after.

And now a third. This time with *twins* that made her belly look enormous, and left her breasts even larger with the amount of milk they were still producing.

"You know, you're the most beautiful person here," he murmured in her ear.

"That's a positive," she said, grinning.

"And the most pregnant," he continued, cupping the underside of her belly and lifting it up a little. She moaned with relief. Once, she'd never imagined getting pregnant, having been a man most of her life. Now, one of the sweetest reliefs in life was having her husband lift her belly and take the sheer weight from her.

"Mhmm - what was that?"

"I said 'and the most pregnant.'"

"Ah, that's the negative. I feel like a blimp, honey.

"And strangely, the only human woman in the room."

"Well, write that down under 'interesting'", she noted, giggling a little. This was a running joke between them, because Amber had finally realised she was ready to accept her new life as a bodacious babymaker when her friend-turned-husband induced her to make a

positives-negatives-interesting list about her new role in life, and the positive column had surprisingly been the fullest. These days, they brought it up as a bit of flirty back and forth, particularly when she was grappling with part of her feminine existence.

But Colin was right: she was the only human woman in the childcare area of the Transformation Convention. Her little Jude and Sasha were sitting happily next to a little centaur child, and the clear mother stood on four hooves on the other side of the room, on her mobile phone, occasionally adjusting her purple-dyed hair.

*So weird, Amber thought, to see a centaur dressed like an alternative chick. Damn, she's kinda hot. You know, if you're into that kind of thing.*

There were other nonhumans in the room as well. A salamander woman was nestled up against her male partner, who was happily watching their children climb up the playground, their colours shifting like chameleons in their excitement. Another individual looked to be like something out of *Dungeons and Dragons* or the *Erutell* board and video game series; she had a slightly pregnant belly and was nursing a child from her breast, but she had dark blue-purple skin long snow-white hair, and long pointed ears. Even her outfit looked elven, given her the appearance of a regal creature who dwelled deep underground. The fact that she was wearing blacker-than-black sunglasses to block out the harsh light gave further evidence to that fact.

Amber found herself looking at the resplendent beauty even as Colin kissed her cheek and left to go get them some food. Finally, the blue-purple skinned woman noticed.

"Yes, I'm an elf!" the other woman announced, letting Amber know.

"Oh, sorry! I didn't mean to stare!" the pregnant former male replied.

"It's okay, we're all here to appreciate one another, right? I love your makeup!"

Amber blushed. "Oh, thank you. I think I've gotten real good at it."

"You used to be a guy?"

"Is it that obvious?"

"Not at all! I just don't know how else you might have changed. You look absolutely glowing!"

"So do you!" Amber replied. "I've never met an elf before!"

She waddled over to sit next to the woman. "I'm Amber. I was a man. I was sort of cursed to become my husband's dream girl."

"That's surprisingly common," the woman said. "I'm Neresa. No, not my original name. I can't actually say my original name. I was always a woman, but I interacted with an artefact from a magical boardgame. Turned me into this. I have magic, which is pretty neat. Plus, it got my crush to notice me. So I'd say it all turned out well."

“Awesome,” Amber said. “That’s my boy and girl; Jude and Sasha. I kinda got pregnant sorta straight away. I feel compelled to give my husband Colin what he wants, and he really likes the idea of five kids. I’m . . . well, I’ve come around on it.”

The woman smiled, her shimmering eyes resting on Amber’s stomach.

“It’s a magical feeling, isn’t it?”

“Not one I ever expected, that’s for sure!”

“But magical?”

Amber nodded, looking down at her huge belly, which was shifting a little as her two latest babies moved. “Yeah, pretty damn magical. Plus, I’ve got big tits and a great figure that always returns. If I have to be a trophy wife, at least I look great, right?”

Neresa chuckled with a husky yet lovely voice. “Exactly my opinion!”

“Of course, I do kinda feel like the most preggo lady here.”

At this, Neresa gave a knowing wink. “Oh, really? You might want to check behind you.”

Amber turned, and her eyes widened.

*Woah, she thought. Now that is the most pregnant person I’ve ever seen. Damn, no wonder she has such a huge udder! She’ll need it!*

They both recognised who it was, of course, and the woman chatting with her. It was Alex the cowgirl, the brown-haired and multi-mammaried anthro-bovine who had helped organise the first convention. And beside her was Jessica, her best friend and the member of the pair who had changed the first. The latter had lovely Holstein black-and-white patterning, and wore a lovely dress that still emphasised her four breasts and udder, though it was clearly designed to cover her various parts. Her tail swished happily behind her, a gaggle of seven children following her, all with some variation of her fur, their hooves trotting loudly on the floor.

Alex, on the other hand, was grotesquely swollen with pregnancy. She wore something like a moo-moo for a maternity dress, but her boobs were straining against it, as was her belly, allowing one to see its whole underside. Milk was spilling a little down her top, and she was dabbing embarrassingly at her clothing, trying to cover up the leakage. Various toddlers followed her, two in her arms sucking at her upper breasts, and a third reaching for a hanging teat from her udder, which had a wide support belt in the middle to prevent it from slapping against her knees. A group of employees or hired caretakers helped shepherd the kids in, and suddenly a herd of adorable cowgirl and cowboy kids were flooding over the playground, much to the two mothers’ relief.

“There we go!” Jessica said. “I told you we could make it!”

“I can’t believe you talked me into coming,” Alex replied, failing to even reach around her enormous pregnant stomach, which was constantly jostling with movement. “I feel s-so

full of babies right now. We got Anna to run this thing so I would have to moo-ve out of the house!”

“Yes, and Anna is using it purely for self-promotion! Besides, moo, you needed to get out of the house. You’ve been missing *Carter* too much.”

Alex bit her lip. “God, I do. And all my hormones are making it worse.”

“His construction job is nearly done, then it’s back to the farm for good. This is just a comforting distraction. Look, there’s plenty of other transformed moms we can talk to here. Hello! I’m Jessica, and this is-”

“Alex!” Amber said, extending a hand and promptly shaking the other woman’s hoof. “Alex Trebinski, right? You and Jessica Pahers here helped organise the first transformation convention. I’m Amber. I missed the convention last year. I was a bit indisposed.”

“Oh, were you alright?” Jessica asked, the non-pregnant cowgirl stepping forward, her udder wobbling within her clothing.

*Good Lord, I have enough trouble with my big F-cups. How do these women stand it? I swear, that udder is bigger than a beachball!*

“Um, not exactly,” Amber said. “I was sort of spreading my legs and giving birth at the time. To my second.”

Jessica laughed. “Been there!”

“And I’ll be there again,” Alex groaned, cupping her enormous belly. “Too many damn babies.”

“Are you pregnant with twins like me?” Amber asked.

“Twins? God, I wish! Nope, I’ve got octuplets.”

“You’re pregnant with *five* babies!?”

Neresa coughed, a rather elegant sound coming from an elf. She swayed forward, every movement demure and perfect despite the fact that she was pregnant and nursing her child. “Octuplets means *eight*, Amber.”

Amber covered her mouth, shocked. “Oh, my. And you’re a cow, too. Oh God, it must all be so hard! I’m so sorry!”

Jessica snorted a little, as did Alex, and Amber realised she’d stepped in a serious cowpat here.

“Oh, bad being bovine, is it?” Jessica said.

“Pitiable that we’ve got four boobs and an udder, fur and a tail, is it?” Alex added. “Or that we’re real breeders when we get to it. We’re just a couple of animals, are we?”

“I - I didn’t mean that! Sorry, it’s just that - I struggle with my changes sometimes. I used to be a guy, and now I have to act out all my best friend’s fantasies, including giving him babies. He’s my best friend and I love him, but it’s super weird sometimes, and really

embarrassing when I'm all prego and on the beach in a bikini, or even here surrounded by other transformations, realising how much better I've got it."

"Better you have it?" Neresa said, folding her arms. "Is it a problem, being an elf?"

Amber was burning bright red. Her eyes began to tear up, her hormones flooding her system. "Oh, oh shit. I didn't mean that either! Fuck, I'll go now. I have to find my husband Colin. He always gets lost and-"

"Hey, hey," Jessica said, clacking forward on her hooves and hugging the woman. Amber was astonished at how nicely the cowgirl's fur smelled, and how gloriously comforting and warm her black-and-white Holstein coat was. "Hey," she continued. "It's okay. Sorry, I overreacted."

"I didn't!" Alex said.

Jessica shot her a glare, and the massively pregnant cowgirl backed down. "Okay, so my hormones are running high. You didn't mean what you said."

"Of course she didn't!" Jessica said, hugging Amber again and making the pregnant former man calm down a little.

*Holy shit, this is comfortable. I would seriously pay this woman to hug me just to help me sleep with my big twin belly. Colin's touch is lovely, but this is divine.*

"For what it's worth," Neresa added. "I was actually just teasing. Sorry."

They parted, and Amber wiped away her tears. "I really didn't mean it like that. I just mean that your changes are so much bigger, and you both seem so confident. It's amazing!"

Alex smiled at this, turning her snout up a little. "Well, I kinda had my own change coming. Though this is my second batch of octuplets."

Her jaw hung. "Your second?"

"Yup. Not the brightest cowgirl, am I? First time was because of my change making me super fertile. The second time . . . let's just say my minotaur boyfriend is very, very virile. Damn that handsome hunk."

At this, the four women laughed, turning to form a natural half-circle so that they could watch their children play. Amber was overjoyed to see Jude running up to hug a little cowgirl pair excitedly.

"Mom! Mom! It's a bootiful girlcow!" he cried, jumping up and down. "I just love her!"

They all chuckled at this.

"Your children are beautiful," Alex said. "Serious rockstars. Your little girl is just sitting next to my Oliver as if he's the most normal thing in the world."

"Well, we aren't that lacking in normality," Neresa said. "This convention looks twice as big as last year. Transformations are ramping up, I'd say."

At this point, a new couple entered the space, speaking in arguing, hushed tones that Amber couldn't help but notice. Both cowgirl's bovine ears pricked up, and so did Neres'a elven pair.

"I can't believe I had to come here! I belong in the MIG office, not taking children out on a convention visit! *You're lucky you're the sexiest, most loyal husband a boy-hungry girl like me could ask for.*"

"It's just a little security stop by, Helena. You know how these assignments go. Technically, you're on duty as an agent again. Isn't that exciting?"

"I'd be a lot less excited if I weren't *so knocked up with your next baby like the sexy submissive wife I am now. Ohhh, it makes me so wet just thinking about it.*"

Amber, Neres'a, and the two cowgirls all looked at one another, their expression generally conveying something akin to 'what the fuck are we hearing?'

A very beautiful, borderline supermodel-looking brunette was approaching, a hand on her stomach, which was obviously pregnant though clearly in the early trimester. She had pouty lips and an annoyed yet oddly attractive look upon her features, and her movements were a sensual sway. It didn't hurt that she was wearing a very tight grey dress that showed off her legs and hugged her large breasts, pushing them up to display some impressive cleavage. Beside her was the man who was clearly her husband, given the matching wedding bands on their hands. He was a more gangly looking individual, though he wore a smart grey suit of the same tone as his wife's dress. He also had a rather technological watch on his left wrist, one he quickly spoke into before putting away. Both had earpieces in their ears, and both wore shades despite being indoors. Oddly, the man also had a very cute toddler in his own little grey outfit resting over his shoulder, half-asleep.

"*Like, look at all these super cute babies!*" the woman exclaimed. "*Don't you just want me to have as many babies as this, Leonard?*"

"Uh, probably not that many, but a few more would be good."

She rolled her eyes, then bit her lip as if hit by a sudden arousal. "Damn it, that stupid Reality Altering Event really got me. I swear, I can't help but want to make more babies with you."

"Shh," Leonard hissed. "Ixnay on the ecretsay, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, I got it. Let's just find a good position here. *Mhmm, a good position. Remind you of anything?*"

The beautiful woman continued to flirt against her will, she and her husband moving into the child area and lowering their boy down, who was starting to wake.

"Oh wait, I've heard about these guys," Jessica whispered, backing and leaning over to Amber so the former male could hear her. It meant that her two right boobs pressed against Amber's side awkwardly.

*Wow, she is really, really amply blessed. How does she even stay upright with all those mammaries?*

But instead, she pulled her thoughts away from that particular topic. "Who are they?"

"The Men in Grey. While setting up this first convention, Alex and I had some run-ins. They tackle reality altering events like they said, run Area 51 and all that jazz. I reckon they scoop up people who change others or create technology that do. Obviously, that lady got changed too. Maybe."

"Let's ask them," Alex said, stomping forward, her belly jutting forwards, her udder trembling and making her waddle.

"Alex!" Jess cried. "Don't be an idiot?"

But the hyperpregnant cowgirl just turned and gestured to herself. "What are they gonna do, change me into a pregnant bovine lady?"

Amber couldn't help herself. Colin wasn't back yet, so she stepped forward out of interest, keen to hear what happened next.

"Excuse me," Alex said, tapping the man and woman on their shoulders after their toddler had already woken and sped off to play with the bovine brood. "I couldn't help but notice you're both wearing grey."

The man regarded her for a moment. "Oh, you're Alex Trebinski. The cowgirl."

"And you're a Man in Grey, right?"

"I cannot confirm that."

But his wife ruined his mystery act immediately. "Hey, I'm a man in grey too, thank you very much! Even if I'm *such a dutiful, loyal wife who exists to please my hunky hubby at all times and in all ways.*"

The one called Leonard slapped his forehead. "Goddamn it, Helena. Give the whole game away, why don't you?"

"It's not my fault!" the pregnant woman whined, gesturing to her voluptuous pregnant figure. "That stupid RAE made me talk like this! *Like a Woman in Grey who just can't get enough of her Man in Grey. You know I just want to make you happy.*"

Jessica gave a little jump, which set off a *lot* of wobbling. "I knew it! You *are* Men in Grey! Are you here to spy on us? To retrieve someone? Oh, is there one of these Reality Altering Events here?"

The Man in Grey sighed; the jig was clearly up. "Look, it's just a minor assignment, okay? Don't tell anyone or they won't let me and especially not my wife-"

"Your *sexy wife*, thank you!" Helena exclaimed, clearly under compulsion.

"Okay, they won't let me or my *sexy wife* go out on missions anymore, alright? We're looking for a walking SGI. That's a Specially Gifted Individual. This person was hit by some

kinda science experiment, and keeps cycling through different dimensional versions of themselves. Suffice to say, we have . . . concerns.”

“We also totally want that tech,” Helena added, frowning a little. “I’d really like to go back to a life before I was *sucking dick and making meals for my perfect hubby.*”

She went bright red at her own words, and so did Leonard.

“Look, just ring this number if you see anyone that matches that description,” Leonard said. “There’s concern that if this individual ‘glitches’ into an alternate version of himself - or herself - too closely to another already-changed individual, it could well cause a ripple to extend to that person. We need to avoid chaos here.”

He handed some cards out, one to each of the mothers. They took them somewhat reluctantly. Alex made a show of dropping hers. Neresa slipped hers into a purse. Jessica, however, kept hold of it in her hoofhands, as did Amber.

“I’ll think about it,” Jessica said. “But I don’t want to sell out a transformee.”

“I get it,” Leonard said. “But at the very least, tell them the risk if you see them.”

He was about to say more, but Helena, the Woman in Grey, suddenly gasped.

“Leonard, our little boy just fell off the side of the playground! Oh, I hope he isn’t hurt! Mommy’s coming, darling!”

She ran to her child, rubbing her belly as she did so, and a beleaguered Leonard followed after her.

“That was super weird,” Neresa said.

“Yeah, holy shit,” Alex replied. “The Men in Grey are real. And you kept their card, Bessica?”

“Hey,” her best friend said. “It can’t hurt to at least hold onto.”

“Don’t be a transformee traitor.”

“I’m not! And don’t start with that; you’re being way too hormonal with all those calves kicking around inside you.”

“I’m not - ugghh!”

A ruthless series of kicks, and her udder leaked too much milk for her support to take. It snapped open and her naked milk sac bulged out, leaking heavily onto the floor. The woman let out a long moo, one that left her children running towards her to drink from their mommy.

“M-mooo! Ohhhhh, you might b-be right, Jess. Ahhh, I need to sit down and nurse.”

More mothers were arriving by this point, and Amber took a step back from the cowgirls to keep monitoring her kids.

*Where the hell is Colin? Seriously, how long does it take to get a bite to eat? I’m eating for three here!*

The former man looked out the doorway, hoping to see her husband, but all she could see was a strange shimmer in the crowd of the main convention. She considered the card in her hand. Was that the one the MIG were looking for?

*Hmmm . . . best to hold off, for now.*

She turned and saw that her Jude and Sasha were right in front of her. Between them was a cute little bug girl, and to either side were little anthro-cow children, most around three years of age or so.

“Mom, look at all the cool new friends we made!” Jude said. “Sasha really liked petting Abigail here! She’s the cow one with the pretty spots! Mom, can I be a cow person one day? Oh, and this Tabitha. She’s like a bug girl. But not a scary bug girl. She’s a *cool* bug girl because she can fly and also her mom has hundreds of babies but she’s lost and that’s why she was crying because her mom isn’t here and-”

A new pair of voices entered the scene through the larger entrance to the right of the large room.

“Oh, my darling, there you are! Don’t worry, broodmommy is here!”

“I told you I saw her here! Don’t worry, she’s been totally safe.”

Amber thought she’d seen it all. The strange shapes, the odd transformations, her own experience going from a regular dude to a black-haired bombshell getting repeatedly pregnant - even the weirdness of the two lovely cowgirls she’d just met.

But now she was confronted by the sight of her husband helping escort an enormous bug lady into the room, her pregnant egg sac so huge that it was literally hefted onto a wheeled platform!

*Oh God, what has Colin gotten into this time?*

Her husband waved at her jovially, as if there was nothing strange about standing next to the bug lady with green skin, four giant boobs, four arms, two long antennae, and a giant egg sac trailing behind her, one that looked to be pulsing with dozens upon dozens of eggs. The woman grunted, moaned with release, and two new eggs released from her ovipositor, a helper gathering them up for her.

“Ohhhhh - ahhh,” she grunted. “Th-thank you, Colin. I really appreciate this. Some people don’t believe me when I say that I love all my children and never forget one of them, but it’s true. Come here, Tabitha! It’s okay!”

The cute little bug girl ran to her mother, and the bug broodmare picked her up, pressing her into her naked chest, where her mammoth mammaries were on full display.

Amber shot Colin a ‘what the hell!?’ look, urging him to come over.

“Colin, care to explain what’s going on?”

“Oh!” he said, smiling. “Forgive my rudeness. Jasmine, this is my wife, Amber. She used to be a guy. Amber, meet Jasmine the bug queen. She used to be an ordinary woman

until a bad corporation illegally tested genetic engineering supplements on her. We got to talking while at the cafeteria, and she noticed Tabitha was missing, so I helped her track her down.”

Amber put an arm around her husband's waist.

“You are such a sweetie,” she said, observing Jasmine hurling her little bug girl daughter into the air, while a veritable *army* over her brood emerged to invade the playground space. “I’m so glad you’re the daddy of my babies.”

“Thanks babe,” he said, kissing her gently. “Wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“But . . . did you get me my food?”

At this, Colin paused. “Oh, shit.”

“Oh shit indeed, honey. You get your ass back to the cafeteria, because I may be your perfect woman, but even I’ll lose my shit if I can’t eat for three here.”

Her husband took off in a run, leaving Amber to stroke her stomach and look at the playground of little kids of all kinds, playing together and laughing without issue.

*It’s a changing world, she thought. I’m starting to be glad to be part of it.*

She knew she was, in fact. All she had to do was watch her children play with those of Jasmine, Jessica, and Alex. It was like watching a better world dawn.

#### **Vignette 4: Aliens Among Us!**

*Featuring Monica from ‘Alien Assumptions,’ Jasana from ‘Miss Alien Queen of the Universe’, the ladies from the ‘Alien Space Babe’ series, and Hazel and Destiny from ‘Alien Assumptions 2.’*

Monica remained in her stable, eating the lovely grass that had been provided to her. It was strange, really, having people actually *recognise* that she was meant to be a person. That a group of aliens had abducted her, seen her silly cow costume for Halloween, and then changed her into an actual cow in order to ‘complete’ her, all under some misguided idea of helping her. Well, she’d been a cow for quite some years now. Been bred by the bulls far more than once, and given birth to regular calves plenty of times too. It was a ridiculous experience for the former social gal, but thanks to the aliens she’d be a fertile cow for something like three hundred years, so simply having her existence confirmed as that of an altered individual at least made life more interesting.

“I wonder who she really is?” a transformee goer asked, who looked like some kind of male succubus. Was that an incubus?

“Moooo!” Monica said. That meant *‘I’m Monica. Or Moo-onica, if you like dumb cow puns. I know I’ve learned to like ‘em.’*

The incubus’ friend, some kind of half-snake naga girl, shifted to read the notice board on the other side of Monica’s cow pen.

“It says here that they will never likely know the cow’s identity. They simply call her Luna on account of she was found under a full moon, braying at a flying saucer, which caused investigators to take samples.”

“Woah, and they found out she’d once been human?”

“Yep! And get this, she’s already had loads of calves. She’s hyperfertile.”

“Damn, that’s gnarly.”

Monica moped again. This time it meant, *‘Yeah, you thought you were unlucky looking like a hot demon man and cool medusa lady? Try having an udder and no way to reach it. Try getting turned on by a fucking bull, dude.’*

But her ‘words’ didn’t exactly carry, so instead Monica did what she did best (apart from eating grass and getting mounted): she observed. She’d been, appropriately enough, placed at the panel entitled *Aliens Among Us*. She was pretty excited by the fact that she was, technically, not the *only* human here who had been turned into livestock, though somehow the other specimen was far less lucky than her. Her name was Jasana, and she was this huge . . . alien . . . thing. Like a giant elephant only with extra-trunk-like legs, and also way more mammaries hanging down from beneath. Apparently, he’d once been a guy called Jason from Australia, right up until he’d been abducted for some ridiculous Alien Queen of the Universe competition. Having struck out in the first round, Jason had been turned into Jasana, a lumbering so-called ‘Lorrbeast’ with a long head like a tree-munching dinosaur and a tail that was used to drink up vast quantities of goo, like she was doing now out of the nearby container for such a purpose, all to produce vast quantities of milk from her expansive udders. The fact that her belly was quite swollen also gave her further reason.

*‘Don’t look at me,’* Jasana said, reaching out mentally.

*‘Hey, it’s not my fault you’re a huge alien milk-machine.’*

*‘And you’re a cow.’*

*‘Well, at least you can talk psychically to cows, right?’* Monica ‘said’ back. *‘Unlike these humans. Can you talk to your ranchers back on that new planet of yours? The one your masters loaned you from out to here for the day?’*

*‘I should be so lucky,’* Jasana rumbled psychically. *‘You’re the first person I’ve been able to talk to. You don’t want to become a Lorrbeast too, do you?’*

*‘I’ll pass. Being a cow is boring as hell, but at least I’m still on earth.’*

*‘Wise choice, mate. I mean, I’m making more milk in an hour than you probably do in days. Damn that stupid competition!’*

*'At least we're not the only freaks here, Aussie man. Check out the octopus girl over there.'*

Indeed, there were other figures present at the Aliens Among Us Panel, and while Monica and Jasana were clearly display 'animals', the UFO-themed room had plenty of convention-goers sitting in rows, ready to ask the strange transformees at the front a series of questions. Monica had learned everything she could about them.

There was Hazel and Destiny, two anthro-people who had been changed by the same aliens as her, only they'd gotten a little more lucky. The former was a pig-girl with four large breasts supported by her stylish green dress, and the other was a rather pregnant anthro-rabbit lady, who wore an equally stylish maternity dress in a bright pink.

"I'm sorry," Destiny said in response to a question from the audience. "I'm afraid you'll have to speak up."

"Oh, sorry," the audience member said. "I was just going to ask if there's a set size you plan on for your family?"

Destiny chuckled, her tall ears twitching. "I was just joking; with these ears, I can always hear!"

The audience laughed at this, and Destiny stroked her stomach, wincing a little at the kicking inside.

"As for how big I intend my family to be, I'm kind of hoping to limit it! Don't get me wrong, I love my little bunnies but - ugh! - as you can see, they kick around a lot, and that's just when they're inside me! Unfortunately, when the aliens experimented on me and my friend here, I ended up with a rabbit's breeding instinct. So yeah, I breed like a rabbit. I can't quite help myself with this need to mate."

More laughter, this time awkward. Monica moaned from her pen. This time, it meant, *'get it, sister!'*

"But things are looking up. I'm on a new pill testing trial courtesy of an initiative supported by the lovely Tori Peters, our own celebrity fox lady here today. She's put a lot of money into helping better the lives of transformees. Now, my arousal has gone way down, so hopefully this will be my last litter for a while, at least!"

"Which means she can finally become the epic lawyer she was always meant to be," Hazel noted, the pig-girl smiling at her friend.

The mic passed to a new audience member. "My question is for Hazel, then. Do you find it hard to be taken seriously as an architect as a transformee? As you can see, I got turned into a satyr. I find that a lot of guys in particular don't take my engineering degree seriously and fetishise me."

"Really great question!" Hazel answered. "To be honest, there's a lot of dickbags out there. Can I say dickbags? I'm gonna say it anyway. The way I've found to overcome it is to

just embrace being who I am, and look damn *good* while I'm at it. I can see you're covering up your changes a bit. That's one approach, but man, we could do so much to make you look like an attractive, confident satyr who frickin' *owns it*. It's what Destiny and I had to do. Now that my own litter are old enough to be in daycare, I'm putting the assholes in their place and defying expectations as a porcine gal who knows her stuff. Confidence is key, and so is presentation."

Destiny interjected for a moment: "And I also help a little by putting a rabbit foot up the ass of any loser who tries to be a total creep or put us down."

"That helps!" Hazel said.

Monica mooed again. *'I've done that too! Fucking weird farmer guy touching my udder all wrong!'*

The mic passed on to another member of the audience. "My question is for Mr and Mrs Davies."

They were the other pair on the panel; a couple of Kansas farmers who had claimed to be experimented on by aliens and changed by them. The government officially denied that UFOs were involved in their case, but the pair had had their bodies swapped, their youth restored to them so that they were in their prime twenties, and, oddest of all, now had blue skin.

"Happy to answer yah," Mr Davies said.

"You assert that aliens are more among us than the government claims. Obviously Hazel and Destiny are here, and you yourselves have been changed, but do you think there are any aliens among us? Or people turned into half-aliens?"

The Davies conferred for a moment, and Mrs Davies was the one to speak. She was a beautiful woman now, with long dark blue hair to match her lighter blue skin. She wore a simple flannel shirt and jeans, but there was something ethereal about her. Monica had to remind herself that this woman used to be *Mr Davies*.

"Damn right we believe that," she said. "I mean, just y'all look at me! At my husband here. We got abducted and experimented on, and those little Greys just wanted to see what they could do to us. Hazel and Destiny here, God bless 'em, were even further changed! And don't get me started on that there cow over there, poor thing! We don't even know who she used to be!"

Monica bellowed a loud moo. *'Damn straight! You tell them, lady!'*

"Hell, the only reason the government even admits about aliens is because the evidence got overwhelming, and because we caught that strange broadcast about the Alien Queen of the Universe. You know, where Jason from Australia got turned into that huge milkbeast over there."

*'Don't bloody bring me into it!'* Jasana complained mentally to the only person she could; Monica. *'Those bloody aliens will be taking me back for more milking in a few hours, and frankly I'd rather that than have all these idiots stare at the freak alien livestock.'*

Monica couldn't disagree more, but she understood it, on some level.

"Honey, would you like me to put up the slideshow?" asked Mr Davis, formerly *Mrs.*

His wife nodded, and the large screen behind the panel activated, showing numerous pieces of evidence of alien experiments and general existence. There were images of UFOs captured from around the world, followed by blurry pictures of the so-called Grey aliens, who seemed to have a cultural obsession with experimentation and transformation. Then there was footage taken - supposedly - from inside Area 51, where a strange squid-like lady, pink-skinned and with her lower half all tentacles, swam through an aquatic tank and directed a research team on computers outside of it. *Project Tadpole*, the footage was named. *Codename: Helena. Former human, turned into alien aquatic species with telepathic powers.* The crowd gasped. Another series of images showed the winners of the Miss Alien Queen of the Universe pageant. The enormous broodmother giving birth to endless young, who had once been the attractive human woman Priscilla. May, the runner up, now an utterly gorgeous alien supermodel traversing the galaxy. These images were more well-known, but the next was a real shocker. It was footage of an ordinary human woman, rather attractive, hidden away in a forest clearing. She looked around for a moment, smiled, and then *changed*. A third eye grew in her forehead. A pair of antennae sprouted from her head. A third breast grew between her pair, and a long tail with a sort of rubbery pincer extended out from her backside. She grinned, dancing on the spot as if finally free, until she looked at the camera far away, appeared shocked, and then *turned invisible*.

Needless to say, the crowd gasped collectively. Monica even moaned, though she was more focused on the woman who had asked the question. The footage had been a bit blurry, but ever since being transformed by the aliens, the former human woman had found that she could notice evidence of other alien transformations even when other people didn't. The lady who had asked the Davies their questions had green skin. She had a tail. She had three eyes and three large breasts and two antennae.

*'She's an alien among us!'* Monica moaned, but no one paid attention to her. Instead, the alien woman asked a followup question.

"Do you mind if I take a closer look at that footage?" she said. "I've got some ideas about how to identify her."

"We'd most appreciate that, darlin'."

At this, Monica moaned again. *'Oh, you idiots, she's going to delete it, or introduce a virus to get rid of it everywhere, or - what do I care? I'd do the same. Go you, lady.'*

After all, who was going to listen to Monica? She was just a cow. The alien woman moved through the crowd, looking to everyone else like a normal human woman.

*'Nothing to see here, folks!'* Monica moomed, and that made the woman suddenly pause. She looked right at Monica and turned her head.

*'Hey, I can hear you,'* she spoke into the cow's mind.

Monica almost bellowed in shock. *'Wait, you can understand me?'*

*'Yes, I'm telepathic, too. Wait, your name is Monica?'*

The cow could have cried. *'Oh my God, yes! It's been too long since someone knew my name!'*

The woman looked to the Davies. She held up her hand, indicating that she'd be over to see her soon. But first she wandered over and patted Monica on the head comfortingly.

*'My name is Serellis. I'm only half-alien. You know, if you want, my husband and I own a farm. Might be nice to have someone else changed to talk to?'*

This time, when Monica moomed, it was only with delight, and nothing else.

## **Vignette 5: Pure Cinema**

*Featuring the cast of 'Nightmare on Halloween the 13th' and Sally Spriggs from 'Sally Succubus.'*

Scarlet let loose an incredible scream, and the whole crowd cheered in response.

"Thank you, thank you," the busty blonde said, taking a bow that almost had her enormous jugs falling out of her top. She knew what she was doing, of course. "I thought you would, like, really love that! They don't call me the Scream Queen for nothing!"

It was the Transformation Film Fest panel, and the special guests of the hour were the cast of *The Final Cut*, the schlocky slasher that had managed to dominate the box office even if it received absolutely terrible reviews. The core cast, on the other hand, had been praised for their performances, and even more so after it was revealed that their director had relied on a witch's dark magic to transform them into the perfect roles.

Scarlet, the busty bombshell scream queen, had once been Anna-Lee, an intelligent and holier-than-thou theatre actor. Taylor, the lead actress and now-famed final girl of film franchises, had been Timothy, a slightly chubby aspiring actor. With her red hair and beautiful looks, she was now quite the mega-star. Her best friend Sabrina was beside her, a common co-star in her films, a cute and nerdy-looking black girl who had once been Sonny, a star athlete. Lastly, there was Rodney, *the* handsome hunk and part-time model. He had manly Mediterranean looks and charisma out the wazoo, but he had once been the dejected

Ruby, a woman who felt her career was in the trash. Now, he was on top of the world, and he and Scarlet kept exchanging little moments of affection, the two attractive co-stars having been recently married.

“We’re so thankful for all of you film fans and transformees - or transformation allies - for coming here today!” Taylor said, which got a cheer from the crowd. “We all got our big break in *The Final Cut*, but none of us expected to be transformed as we have, our genders changed-”

“Or, like, just ending up a bit of a star bimbo!” Scarlet declared, the only one who hadn’t changed gender, but had definitely ended up far more curvaceous and with a need to show said curves off.

“That too,” Taylor said with a smirk. “Thanks to your support, *The Final Cut* franchise has taken off, and now is known for hiring transformed actors. One of them is with us here today, in fact. Sabrina and Rodney, would you like to do the honours?”

Sabrina adjusted her glasses and grinned. “As you know, I’ll be starring in *Maiden Voyage*, a film about an unexpected lesbian love story with a uniquely mythological figure from Japan.”

“And I’ve already starred alongside this marvellous actress,” Rodney interjected. “And she acted circles around me in the hit television series *Changed!*”

The crowd began to murmur, some already cheering.

“Give it up, everybody,” Taylor declared. “For Tori Peters! The true foxy lady of Hollywood!”

The crowd went bananas as the most famous transformed person in the show business walked in from offstage. She was covered from head to toe in bright orange fur, except at her front where it went white, and at the ends of her hands and feet too. She had a fox-like snout and tall pointed ears, and she moved like a creature of absolute confidence and elegance, garbed in a gorgeous blue designer dress that contrasted her fur while matching her bright blue eyes. Her famously fluffy tail swished in the air behind her, aided by the deliberate sashay of her movements. She threw kisses to the cheering crowd as she took her seat.

“Thank you!” she yelled. “Thank you very much! It’s such a pleasure to be here! And thank you Taylor and the rest of the cast of *The Final Cut* for introducing me, though they’ve all done a lot of work since! And Rodney, you are far too modest. You were the first other transformed actor I ever worked alongside, and Sabrina the second. Now, every one of my productions has transformed members in it, both in front of the camera and behind it. It’s been an absolute pleasure to be part of this growing movement to include transformees and their stories in our vast popular culture. Plus, I think we all look rather good on the silver screen, wouldn’t you say?”

Hoots and hollers followed. A few members in the audience were even wearing shirts with her foxy face upon them. Others even screamed "We love you, Tori!" It was enough to make Scarlet briefly frown in jealousy; she wasn't used to being upstaged in the sexiness department, but half the crowd were people who had taken on furrer transformations.

Taylor held up her mic and gestured for the crowd to quiet down a little.

"For those in the audience less acquainted with your work, Tori, could you summarise your career for us? We've shared our stories, but yours is much more transformative."

"Well, I'd say growing a vagina was pretty transformative," Sabrina added.

The cast chuckled, so did Tori.

"Good point!" the foxy actress said. "Well, what's there to say? I grew up in New York, always had a passion for acting after my parents. I'm a total nepo baby, I won't deny it, and their support helped me achieve a strong career. My big breakout role was in *The Watermark*, a romance piece. I'm still pretty proud of that work. Of course, my career really took off with *Angels of the Deep*. I was nominated for an Oscar, and I won't deny, I was pretty happy with my sex appeal."

"Preach it, girl!" Scarlet shouted, causing another amused stir.

"From what I hear, you can't *not* preach it, Scarlet," Tori said, and the scream queen shrugged, admitting as such. "Anyway, I was filming this new fantasy film with me as the lead. I wasn't too sure about it already, but the producer was real keen on using Celtic artefacts that were genuine for the production. Little did any of us know that one of them carried a 'blessing of the fox', which was bestowed on me in the middle of a scene. Oh, the tabloids had a field day with it! I wanted to curl up and die for a time. But a contract was a contract, and we had to finish the film, so the script was altered to accommodate my new vulpine nature. I expected that to be the end of my career."

"Instead, you won the Oscar that year," Taylor said.

The audience whistled and cheered, and Tori took another bow. "Looking back, I think I rather deserved it. It was strange, standing in front of everyone at the Academy, all while covered in fur and my tail swatting about. I imagine you guys can sympathise with that."

"It has been weird having hordes of women squeal in my presence," Rodney replied, which prompted that very exact kind of squeal from the female members of the audience.

"And, like, I never expected to be showing off my tits onscreen in all my roles, though they are, like, really super good tits."

This time, the male audience whistled and cheered, and Scarlet couldn't help herself; she stood up, took another bow, and then danced a little on her feet so that her big breasts jiggled heavily, straining at her tight red dress. One man in the audience started to faint from all the excitement.

"I must admit," Sabrina said. "I'm more used to it now, but standing in front of all the cameras as a girl in a dress was really weird. Plus I'm so much shorter now, and people call me 'cute.' Having to model for *Vogue* was damn odd."

"Didn't hurt your popularity though," Taylor teased.

Her best friend stuck out her tongue at her.

"But we all adjust," Tori said. "I never want to go back. Being a foxy lady - literally - is who I am now. And besides, I was one of a million before, now I'm one *in* a million. My roles are more obviously selective, but no one else can do them! Just like only you could have done that acting job in *My New Gender*, Taylor.

Taylor blushed, grateful for the compliment. It had been semi-autobiographical, and she'd written the screenplay, which received great accolades.

"Thank you, Tori. Should we make the big announcement now before the Q&A?"

"Naturally," the fox woman said. She stood up, and her tail wagged with vulpine excitement. "I'm proud to announce that together with these wonderful four, I'm launching a new production company called *Alteration*, one that will be producing films and television shows and other forms of entertainment all featuring transformed cast and crew, with an aim towards telling stories for transformed audiences and the general public alike! We've already got some wonderful actors signed up! Come on stage, people!"

At this, the crowd gasped as more transformed individuals turned up onstage. The most famous was probably Lyresa Hooves, who had changed her name to match her transformation from a magic pond that she'd bathed in, one that had transformed her into a beautiful *centaur* with a powerful equine lower half. She wasn't exactly a great actress, but she was serviceable enough, and Hollywood loved to use her in all sorts of fantasy flicks - cheaper than CGI, after all, and realer to boot. The gorgeous succubus Sally Spriggs entered as well, her skin red, her outfit scandalously threadbare, her wings fluttering dramatically as she made a sexy pose.

"I hope I'm not late!" the former nerdy woman announced. She'd been outsmarted by a succubus during a ritual she'd instigated with the intent to look more beautiful. She didn't seem to mind her devilish form these days, though. "I was just having to partake in some of my regular appetites!"

Off the side of the stage, her three best friends gave her the thumbs up, and she blew them a kiss. They were probably the luckiest men in existence, Taylor mused to herself.

Others entered the stage. The world's tiniest cameraman, on account of being turned into a pixie. A female unicorn that had once been two young men at a Halloween party, until Morgan made them the real item. The front half did all the acting, naturally. The back half . . . well, she got the lust, much to her chagrin. There was even a procession of the regular gender-changed troupe, all moving to hug Tori and *The Final Cut* cast.

“We’ve already started production on three films and one television series,” Taylor said excitedly, and we hope-”

Suddenly, a commotion from the backstage. Someone was running, yelling for people to get out of the way.

“I’m sorry!” the young man cried, a pasty-faced guy with bright ginger hair and a set of clothes that looked strangely futuristic. “I just need to get away from - WAAGH!”

A jetpack unfolded from his back and rocketed him into the wall, causing the crowd to shriek and move away from the carnage. The man appeared to glitch out, numerous mirror reflections spasming with him, as if reality itself was experiencing a programming error. Suddenly, a wolfwoman was standing there, completely naked and covered in fur, looking powerful and threatening. She growled, causing more people to yelp.

“S-sorry!” she cried in a bellowing voice. “Just need to get away! Sorry for the disturbance!”

She raced off on all fours. Two figures appeared on the scene in pursuit, waving badges and telling people to move to the side. One was a man in a grey suit, carrying an excited toddler in one arm. The other was a slightly pregnant woman in a grey dress.

“Move aside, please! We’re in pursuit of an SGI!”

“Out of the way, morons!” his beautiful partner screamed. *“When the handsome daddy of my babies tells you to move, you move!”*

They darted out of the room, the commotion quickly ended, leaving the entire room in a little shock.

“So,” Scarlet said. “That, like, totally happened.”

“Appeared to be some kind of reality altered dimension glitch,” Sabrina added. “Sorry, that’s my nerd side talking.”

But Tori and Rodney and Taylor were already exchanging glances, their minds on the same thing.

“I bet that wolf form would look great in my upcoming horror flick, right Taylor?”

His friend and co-star grinned. “Just what I was thinking, Rod. Tori, do you think that glitch person has an agent?”

## **Vignette 6: Artist Alley**

*Featuring Daphne from ‘Gorgon Girl’, Roxy from ‘Morgan’s Night Out’, and Becca from ‘Sucks to Be a Succubus.’*

Melanie passed through Artist's Alley, her changed form thankfully covered by her loose muumuu, which she knew looked ridiculous on her.

*Oh, thank God! Finally some bras that will fit me!*

Melanie was ecstatic. She'd only been transformed a month ago, so when she found out that a Transformation Convention was happening in her very own city, *and* that it would feature products to help transformed women like her, she was positively *ecstatic*. She'd been a routine worker at Glayson Pharmaceuticals, charged with checking the chemical balance of their enormous industrial vats. Of course, the poor safety standards had meant that when she'd leaned against the railing to look down on one of the vats, said railing had snapped, and she'd screamed as she'd fallen right down into one. Her coworkers had pulled her out, but only after minutes of being bathed in the stuff, and over the next week she'd come to find out the consequences.

Boobs.

Bigger ones, and then *more* ones.

Pretty soon the 'BreastCare' formula she'd taken an accidental dip into had 'blessed' Melanie with three additional rows of breasts, and all of them were immensely sized, stacked on top of one another like she was some kind of ripe fruit producing large, rounded, fleshy buds. Melanie had to deal with the embarrassment of her new front-heavy form, not to mention how nothing she wore fit, and how goddamn *sensitive* they all were. And then there was the *other* pair of developments on her backside.

Yeah. *Butt boobs*. Her ass had swollen up, which had at least given her some counterweight to how front-heavy she was. But Melanie had been understandably horrified to find out that her ass cheeks were not giant boobs, each with big, ultra sensitive nipples. Now, just sitting down could cause her to moan unless she wore the right fabric, and that wasn't even getting into how wobbly they were, or how her nipples dented against her pants if she got too aroused; which was often.

*Fucking buttboobs. I could almost deal with having octoboobs out front, but those things are just ridiculous! And I didn't even get a good payout from Glayson Pharma, ugh!*

But now, wonder of wonders, there was something magnificent before her;

*Transupportive - A Clothing Store for All Your New Body's Needs!*

It was manned by a medusa woman at the counter, her writhing snakehair held back by a cute headscarf, her green-scaled form adorned in a Greek-style dress that suited her well.

"Welcome, cussstomer!" she declared. "I'm Daphne. Welcome to my store!"

She spoke with a lovely Greek accent, her forked tongue hissing to give it an even more exotic vibe.

“Wow, Daphne, this place is amazing!” Melanie said, gesturing to her surroundings. There were specialist bras for those who had three boobs instead of two. There were special underwater skirts for mermaids who still wanted to cover up, and even adorable summer dresses that were advertised as ‘fur friendly’ and came with openings at the back for a tail to slot through. There were udder support bands, shirts with extra sleeves for multi-armed individuals, and even a range of coloured horseshoes for those with hooves.

“Thank you,” Daphne said. “I’m quite proud of it. It’ssss not actually my main job; I’m usually a temple priestess in Athenssss. But this is a little sssside thing my boyfriend suggested that I got quite into.”

“Wait, I’ve heard of you! Yes, you were turned by an ancient artefact or something, right?”

“Correct! And I’ve been serving as a gorgon priestess ever ssssince.”

Melanie bit her lip a bit sheepishly. “How do you cope? You know, the tail, the hair, having your entire life changed?”

Daphne smiled, baring her sharp teeth but not looking threatening at all. Kind, in fact. “It was a lot to take in at first, but I love it now. I have serious duties to perform, and I can help other changed individuals. But we haven’t been properly introduced.”

*What does she - oh!*

“I’m so sorry, I’m Melanie!” she said, bounding forward to shake the gorgon’s hand. Instead, the other woman playfully raised up the tip of her tail from her large coiled mass, and Melanie shook that instead. Her movement had, of course, set her many, many bosoms jiggling against her muumuu, which Daphne’s keen reptilian eyes noticed immediately.

“I take it you’re in need of some new attire? Recent change, Melanie?”

She became a bit flustered, crossing her arms between boobs rows Two and Three. “V-very recent. It’s been two days shy of a month. My changes aren’t cool like yours. They’re more . . . embarrassing.”

“Mine were embarrassing too, once. Come on back, let’s see what I can help you with. Have you been enjoying Artist’s Alley?”

She had, actually, not that lots of it applied to her. There was a cowgirl purchasing a new set of milk pumps rather excitedly, and a succubus selling intimacy products and makeups. Melanie could hear her in the background still.

“Embrace your sexy transformed nature, I know I did! You can still be your own boss like yours truly, Becca the Succubus! I’m not just a pretty face, but a high profile company boss, and you can be too! And you can get your pleasure too; I’ve got a lot of products that will pleasure anyone wanting to explore their new body!”

Melanie has thus far managed to avoid exploring her body out of shame, but the temptation was always there. Her parts were so damn sensitive, after all.

“It really is an interesting place,” she said aloud. “I never thought I’d see stalls advertising pool equipment and tanks for mer and octofolk. Or good luck charms being sold by a kitsune!”

“Those are real good, actually,” Daphne said. “Trust me, my snakes know when its real magic, and that gal knows her stuff. Imagine being some tourist to Japan and then ending up a magical kitsune? Oh, hey Roxy, how’s the new dress suit you?”

They paused halfway into the clothing store, which was more expansive than the other stalls and tents that had been set up. Melanie was shocked to see a young woman who was some kind of brown-furred anthro-canine. She had a collar that said her name was ‘Roxy’, and appeared to have a boyfriend from the way she was posing for him in a cute blue ensemble that left space for her happily wagging tail.

“Oh, I just love it, Daphne!” the dogwoman declared. “It’s so light and you weren’t lying, it seriously feels great on my fur! There’s so many materials that itches but this feels great! And I can throw it off whenever I want to take a wild run in the park or . . . other things.”

She squeezed her boyfriend’s butt and quickly licked his face, leaving him chuckling.

“Down girl!”

“I’m very glad,” Daphne said. “Is it alright if I help out another customer? Lacey out front can process any purchases.”

She barked an affirmative, then looked quizzically at Melanie, before sniffing the air.

“Oh man, you’ve got multi-boobs like me, huh?”

*Oh shit, the nose really does know,* Melanie thought.

“Um, y-yeah,” Melanie said. “I fell into a chemical bath and they sort of just . . . sprouted. I’ve got eight now.”

“Are you sure? I smell ten.”

“Roxy,” Daphne said, gently but firmly. “Remember our convention rules. No one should be made uncomfortable about their changes.”

Roxy made a dog whine in agitation. “Sorry! Didn’t mean to do that. Love to jump at stuff, you know how dogs are! Trust me, Daphne here will make you feel like a new woman. C’mon babe, let’s go find some cute new collars for me. And then maybe some leashes over with Becca.”

Her boyfriend grinned, happily petting his dog-girl girlfriend on the side of her face.

“Nice to meet you, Melanie!” Roxy called as she left. But then someone stuck in the form of a sexy postwoman walked down the hall and she was off on all fours, barking like a maniac.

“Shit!” her boyfriend cried. “Roxy! Don’t bite her! Roxy! Rein it in, girl!”

Daphne chuckled. "This way, Melanie. Now, would you like me to get your measurementsss? You'll need to take off the muumuu, I'm afraid."

They entered a private change room with a modified hatch in the side for Daphne to slither part of herself in and out. Melanie still felt quite self-conscious, but the gorgon had a soothing manner about her, and her snakes continued to give little comforting hisses.

"O-okay," Melanie said. "Just please . . . don't judge."

"Of coursse not, dear."

Melanie took a deep breath which stretched some of the upper material of her clothing. *Please, please, please don't let me regret this*, she thought to herself.

She removed her muumuu, and then the undercovering which was used to mask the presence of all her nipples. Four rows of large, overripe cantaloupe sized breasts were now on display for the gorgon woman to see. Melanie sighed at her reflection in the mirror.

*God, I'm all boobs. You can only see my bellybutton if you spread the cleavage on my lowest pair. I'm a freak!*

"Well, I understand why you're hiding all that away," Daphne said, but before Melanie could view that comment in the most negative light, the gorgon shushed her with a single snake from her head that extended out to silence her. "Not because you're ugly, Mel. Not at all. But you have a very unique body type, and you need the proper support for all eight of your delightful breasts. I can't imagine your back feels too good."

"It's not as bad as you think. My spine got stronger. Shoulder blades too. But . . . there's so much jiggling."

"Well, with eight breasts I imagine so."

Melanie turned even redder. "Um, not eight. T-ten."

*God, I hope I don't regret this*, she thought.

She lowered her underwear and turned so that the gorgon could see her other large pair of breasts. The ones she sat down on everyday and had to force down the feelings of unintentional arousal and pleasure.

"Oh," Daphne said. "O-oh. I ssssee."

"I'm a gross freak."

"No! No! I just . . . wasn't expecting that!"

"No man will want me."

"Oh, pleasssse. I've got a gorgeous Greek boyfriend and I've got a head full of hair. We can absolutely find you a man. Men like breasts and men like butts, and you've combined the two wonderfully."

"My ass jiggles. See?"

She shook her rear, and there was a lot of wobbling.

“And men like jiggling. Let me see, there’s something we can do about this, definitely. We can sort out the bras well enough, but if me and my snakes can workout a nice supportive bit of underwear, then I’m sure we’ll be on our way!”

Melanie blinked, then looked up at Daphne, feeling very vulnerable but oddly hopeful at the same time. “Are you - are you sure? I can look normal? I mean, not normal, but I can look good again?”

Daphne smirked, resting her hands on her scaled hips where her torso shifted to become a large serpentine tail. “Melanie, I’m a priestess of Athena. I know what a goddess looks like, and I promise I can make you look like one.”

*Holy shit, Melanie thought. She’s good. No wonder she has a growing congregation!*

Indeed, as Daphne slithered from one customer to the next, from mermaid to centaur to new woman struggling to figure out a life of bikinis instead of boardshorts, she kept on returning to help Melanie adjust. Bras were tried, combo-bras included for multi-breasts women like her. Soon, Mel actually found herself *posing* while wearing some stylish bras for her form, along with underwear that helped cushion the breasts on her backside.

*Wow, I can actually look kind of . . . hot! I mean, still way too much boobage, but . . . it’s not all that bad, I guess? I mean, if a guy is into lots of boobs, I bet he’d go gaga for me when I stripped down to this.*

Soon Daphne was passing dresses along to her, as well as blouses that could help accommodate her multiple chests while also being slim and supporting on her figure, outlining her four rows without making her just look frumpy. Yes, they were expensive, but Melanie was actually getting excited, which made her nipples extend with arousal. She even felt herself up a little - just a little - at the excitement of it all.

“How are you going?”

Melanie froze on the spot and checked the hatch in the side of the change room. It was, thankfully, still closed.

*Oh God, if I’d been seen I might have shrivelled up and died.*

“I - I’m ready to come out!”

“Let’sss ssee you then!”

Melanie emerged, feeling far less nervous than she might have imagined. She crossed her arms between rows Two and Three of her breasts, hoisting up several of them. She was wearing a rather daring red dress, one that had a cleavage window for each of her four rows of breasts. It hugged her figure sinfully, showing off her unbelievably ample shape and numerous assets, and also hugged her rear, supporting it while at the same time making it look, frankly, *incredible*. It even had a thicker band of fabric to hide her rear nipples.

“How do you feel?” Daphne asked in her Greek accent.

“I - I feel . . .”

*I feel amazing*, she realised in her head, before vocalising that same opinion out loud.

“Of course you do!” Daphne exclaimed, the various snakes on her head sussurating agreement and coiling about in excitement. “Trust me, you’re simply more endowed with what makes a woman look good. The sooner you accept how beautiful you can be, the sooner you can show the world.”

With such high compliments granted to her, Melanie left the store, having purchased far more clothing than she intended to originally. In fact, she’d even scored a lovely blue modular bikini that fit her numerous mammaries perfectly, and did well to cup her ‘assets’ upon her backside too.

*I can’t believe it. I actually feel sexy! I feel like I can take on the world. God, that Daphne gorgon girl was amazing. She and Roxy were right; I can show off my body! I can find a man! And I can take pleasure in being like this - no matter how jiggly, booby, busty, and stacked full of racks I am. Hell, because of it! It almost makes me want to go home and play around with myself . . . a little . . .*

A thought occurred to Melanie as she crossed a stall selling guidebooks for women who were trying to condition themselves out of bimbohood. Another series was focused on former men who found themselves suddenly pregnant: *What to Expect when You Were NEVER Expecting to be Expecting* was the oh-so-clever title.

*God, imagine me pregnant. I’d have to swell up with a whole litter just to use all these boobs. Would I leak just from sitting down? Ha!*

But this wasn’t where her thoughts were trending. Instead, Melanie was looking back at the stall selling ‘intimate products’, the one run by the succubus Becca. Melanie turned, embracing the way people looked her way and saw her many breasts and numerous sets of fine cleavage, and walked back to Becca’s stall. Her various mammaries jiggled, but she had plenty more support in place. Now, she wanted something else.

“Well, well, well,” Becca said, the busty succubus grinning at her appearance. “You look like a creature blessed by the most sumptuous level of hell! I wish I had more breasts like you; they’d be a killer in the boardroom, enticing all my employees to touch them - as soon as they got their work done, of course.”

“Um, it’s about that, actually,” Melanie said, trying not to blush. “I was hoping to get some items that might, uh, set them off a bit. My many boobs, I mean. Make them . . . responsive.”

The succubus’ grin increased dramatically. “Oh, honey, I can absolutely find something for you and *more*. Follow me. My new company specialises in this! And these are just the first wave of items!”

Melanie followed Becca into her stall, but turned in response to a cacophony of sound. To her shock, what appeared to be a humanoid *triceratops* with a surprisingly voluptuous and scaled form was stomping past, seven feet in height, her footsteps causing the floor to rattle and boom.

“Sorry!” she bellowed, smashing through one stall and sending customised fur-friendly makeup products to the ground. “I guess this version of me is a dinosaur in another universe! Sorry! Get out of my way, please!”

Her footsteps caused the earth to shake like a creature right out of *Jurassic Park*, and the moment she was out of sight her pursuers appeared, one pregnant and the male partner holding a small giggling boy who looked like he was having a ball of a time.

“Stop that dino! Or whoever he or she is when he or she changes next! Our mission depends upon it!”

“And we really need her soon!” the woman cried, holding her slightly pregnant belly as she ran. *“Because I want to have time to bake my husband brownies tonight!”*

Melanie gaped at all of this commotion, trying to make heads or tails of it. But then, with a sight that saw all eight of her front breasts rise and fall, she turned to follow Becca.

*Not my animals, not my circus,* she thought.

And besides, she was getting aroused again. And with the right purchased items, she could finally stop fighting her boob-filled body and finally start enjoying it.

## **Epilogue: Disaster in Twin Alley**

*Featuring Anna from ‘Change in the Weather’ and the cast from ‘Triplet Trouble’*

Anna Conn was making the rounds, and doing her best to keep herself in the spotlight at all times. Her immense height and non-human beauty made sure of that, and she leveraged both to perfection. The entire convention was running smooth as butter, and there were no reports of a rogue Wandering Witch or the more mischievous Morgan LaFaye this time. She’d already been mounted twice by her loyal cameraman and regular lover Jared, so her sexual needs were met by the day. And best of all, she’d been able to sell her merch and ingratiate herself with all the right individuals. She’d even gotten talking to Tori Peters after the celebrity panel ended.

*Oh yes, I’ll go far alright. I’ll be the first true transformed anchorwoman soon, just you wait. Or better yet, the boss behind the curtain. With my name brand association with this event, I’ll already have a loyal following as a transformee spokesperson, and with the amount of merch I’ve managed to get my name on, I can siphon the funding to my own*

*career prospects. Those cowgirls were clever to set this all up, just not clever enough to know the potential to capitalise on it!*

She moved through the convention until she reached Twin Alley, the space hosted for the rather niche transformation reserved for those who had 'twinned' in some way, or become part of some kind of hivemind, or gained control of numerous bodies through a single consciousness. One lucky bastard was present: Ryan Dukosvky was *not* a transformed individual, but *did* have three identical and beautiful women attached to him. To anyone who didn't know, they'd just think these women were identical sisters. But Anna had read about this case: these women were all one person, his former friend Doug, whose consciousness was now spread across three women.

Daphne, the nerdy part of her consciousness.

Delilah, the fit and outdoorsy part of her consciousness.

Demi, the sex-obsessed, sensual part of her consciousness.

All three were dressed according to their personality, and the three women along with their boyfriend were engaged in a chat with a group of four equally identical women, these ones all redheads.

"Wait," Demi said. "So, like, you're not one mind sharing three bodies like us, then? You're, like, how should we put it . . ."

"Four separate minds all linked," Daphne finished for her.

"That's the one," the lead said, a woman named Emma. "So I was a nerd in college, right? I got this mystical talisman, and I used it to turn me into a girl to get back at these jocks. I had to have sex with them in order to change them into women like me."

"Mhmm, hot," Demi whispered, licking her lips.

"Stay on target," Delilah added, though she was technically talking to herself.

"Anyway, I actually ended up morphing them into my identical sisters, only I'm sort of their alpha. Anything I learn gets transferred to them and vice versa. We all share our experiences. But they're tethered to me and feel submissive to me. Don't you girls?"

They all blushed exactly as one, and bowed a little.

"Yes, sister," they replied as one.

Emma grinned back at the triplets. "I have a lot of fun with it, you know. They claim to not like being like this, but I know their minds, and they know I know that."

Ryan put his arms around his triplet girlfriends, who all hugged against him. "Well, does that make me the alpha then, Daphne? Delilah? Demi? You're technically one person, not four, but you feel the need to appease me, right?"

They all swooned, especially Demi.

"*Absolutely*," they all said as one.

Anna grinned, watching this highly unusual interaction. They were even starting to describe their particular methods of sharing pleasure mentally, how they went along with orgies, as well as more mundane stuff such as their preference for wearing matching or complementary outfits, and so on. The anthro-giraffe woman pretending not to be listening, but her excellent ears caught it all. She ducked her head down to dutiful Jared and winked at him, which she knew he liked.

“Make sure to record it all. This will be a great documentary.”

“Um, isn’t this a privacy violation?”

“Not with the clauses on each ticket purchased,” she boasted. “I told you, Jared, I’m going to milk this thing dry. Milk it like those cowgirls should have, ironically, ha! We’re getting every advantage we can get from . . . what is that?”

There was a weird kind of glitch in reality, a crackle like from an old television screen. A scaled creature was running towards their section of the convention, pursued by an agent in grey and a woman in a dress of similar colour. People were running to the side to avoid danger, but the dino-person glitched and shifted and changed, and suddenly there were *three* ordinary women racing forward, each blonde and confused. They split into six identical women. Then *nine*. Then *twelve*.

*What on earth? Wait, is that the glitching person from earlier? Josh something-or-rather? The one that keeps changing to alternative versions of himself?*

But he - or *she* - was suddenly an entire crowd of over a dozen women, all identical, all seeming to share one mind but not knowing what to do with it.

“Sorry!” they cried together. “Ouch! Oh God, I’ve got so many eyes! Too many hands! Where is all of me going! Don’t let them catch me!”

Anna didn’t know what to do. Clearly this dimensional thing was out of hand, and was being influenced by Josh’s nearby surroundings.

“Get back!” she screamed, the pile of women starting to converge on her. “Whatever problem you have with law enforcement, take it up with them!”

She stepped forward to use her tall body to block them off, but the horde of women crashed into her, yelling simultaneous apologies as the anthro-giraffe was knocked all the way down onto her butt. The crowd of running identical women ran straight into her, falling in a heap like a series of bowling pins, unable to control their shared mind.

“Woah,” Delilah said.

“Been there, done that,” Daphne added. “You’ll get used to it, girls!”

“My subs had to!” Emma teased.

But Anna saw no such humour in this moment. She lashed out, her blue tongue slipping out of her giraffe snout with every angry word.

“How dare you!? Do you have any idea who I am!? Who you’re messing with!? I’m Anna Conn! Don’t you ever knock over a giraffe woman when she can mess you right up-”

Suddenly, the glitch returned just as the Men in Grey arrived.

“Ma’am!” the man yelled. “Get to safety! The dimensional change might affect you if-”

But he too was cut off, as suddenly Anna’s consciousness was hurled through dimensions, a thousand different realities bouncing off of her brain, showing her all the different ways her life might have gone.

“No! No!” she screamed, feeling her possibilities collapse into a new reality. “You can’t change me! Not again! NOT AGAIN!”

The glitch ended as soon as it had come. Before her was a short, brown-haired man in a regular jacket and pants, feeling himself up and down. “Holy shit!” he exclaimed. “Don’t arrest me! Hey, you guys in the grey, don’t take me in! I can’t feel it anymore! I’m finally cured!”

Anna stood to her full height, ready to lambast the man.

Only to realise she was much, much shorter than she had been.

And that she was no longer furry.

And that she was rather green.

And that her body was thick-figured, with a cute potbelly.

And that she was wearing something like showy medieval garb.

“You can’t be serious!” she screamed, voice raspy. “What the fuck did you do to me?”

The men in grey halted, and the female of the pair gasped.

“She’s turned into some kind of goblin thingy,” she exclaimed.

“You mean a goblin, sweetie,” her partner said, still holding his little boy, who was pointing at Anna eagerly.

“Yes, whatever! Does this mean she’s the SGI now?”

Anna clutched her head. She was so tiny now. From fourteen feet to just *four* feet. And she felt even more lustful than before. And inappropriate, and aggressive. But she could also feel something else inside of her; a dimensional rift, a glitch between planes. A constant threat of change readying to turn her into another version of herself.

She glanced from the twins around her, to the Men in Grey before her, to Josh who had just transferred his curse to her. And that was when she realised that her dream of becoming known for a single look and voice had just been dashed for good.

“Motherfucker!” the goblin girl cursed.

Well, goblin girl *for now*. It was a good thing she was at a Transformation Convention, because she’d be transforming for a long while yet.

**The End**