

The Wandering Witch's Tales of Change

Tila the Wandering Witch visits the town of South Hill, promising to give people the change they need with her magic potions, remedies, and rituals. Those who flock to her find their bodies changing in unexpected fashions, however, and it will remain to be seen whether they 'get the change they need.'

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There was a stir of excitement in South Hill Valley. The small town of 40, 000 inhabitants woke on Saturday morning to find a slew of posters had gone up, seemingly overnight, on the sides of buildings, telephone poles, ATMs, and even under the windshield wipers of parked vehicles.

Looking to change your life? Wish you were stronger, smarter, better-looking? Wish you had another talent, or a better way with the opposite sex? You're in luck! Come find the carriage of the Wandering Witch, and be prepared to pay unbelievably low prices for magic that will be the change you need in life. Here for three days only!"

There was no specific address given, nor a list of items or prices, or even set dates. But people quickly began to talk; rumours and stories could spread far and quickly in small towns such as South Hill, nestled as it was in the verdant valley that shared its name. A number of individuals claimed to have spotted a strange carriage rolling into town in the early hours of that very morning, pulled by two dark horses and decked over in strange trinkets and baubles. None could say exactly where it was headed, or where it stopped, but enough had seen it that speculation ran like wildfire throughout the valley.

Numerous teens, parents, and individuals with free schedules made a hunt for it, but nothing turned up. What started as an amusement for the town quickly turned to irritation; there was no carriage, and no Wandering Witch, and those wanting riches, fortunes, and shallow pursuits considered the day wasted.

But a few specific individuals, whose desires and wishes met the rights criteria, had much greater success. Each of them found their way to the outskirts of town, where the river wound into the valley forest. There, they found an old carriage, covered in trinkets and baubles, and two beautiful dark horses feeding upon piles of fresh hay. Waiting there, as if

expecting them, was the Wandering Witch. She was not like how any of them expected. She was in her mid-forties, with pitch-black, curly hair, and a svelte figure. She had dark olive skin, and she wore a purple gown with numerous runic inscriptions and beads. And to each of them, she asked the same question, with an eager and genuine smile.

“Hello there, welcome to my Wandering Carriage! I’m in the business of selling people change. Tell me, what change do you truly desire?”

The Tale of Popularity

“I want to change to be more popular,” Hugo Watkins said.

He was a short, slightly pudgy, acne-ridden young man who had just started college, majoring in physics. “I don’t want to change physically or anything, but I want people to appreciate me for who I am. So girls might like me, and other people too. I’ve never even been on a date.”

His cheeks flushed a little, and he looked at the ground as he made the admission.

“I want things to change so people can recognise my brilliance. So that I can be a star, just for once.”

The Wandering Witch saw his genuine yearning to not be a lonely, introverted man, especially not one with quite a few unattractive physical features. She told him to wait as she disappeared for a moment into her carriage, rummaging in her secret chest for just the right thing. She finally returned with an old scroll.

“Read this phonetically when you are surrounded by those you wish would adore you,” she said. “It’s in the ancient tongue of my people, but so long as you try your best, it should work. It’s important that you choose your location carefully; the more people, the greater your popularity, do you understand?”

He nodded eagerly. “How much?”

She regarded him with her dark eyes. “Two thousand. This is a powerful spell, and a great investment. And I need travelling funds. Only take it if you are prepared for the cost.”

Hugo was uncertain. It was half of his personal savings, and he wasn’t even sure it would work. But something had driven him to seek out the Wandering Woman.

“Deal,” he said.

“Excellent. But be warned, sometimes the cost is not always the exact price.”

“Um, sure, I guess. Do you take card?”

Tila gave a deep belly laugh. “Please, I’m a witch, not a medieval serf. I take credit or cheque.”

Hugo was unsure where to deploy the spell. He'd looked over it several times, and found the words strange and unusual, but didn't dare try to read it aloud, lest it all go wrong. He considered numerous options: should he be brazen and storm the women's dorm, and simply yell aloud the words? Should he go to the town square when the popular young people rolled in, and try his best? Should he go to a dance club, as unusual as it would be for him. He had racked his brains for the better part of two days when he finally saw it, like a sign from the heavens:

The South Hill Hawks take on the Tallen Tridents, tonight at 6pm!

The poster confirmed the game was indeed on that night, and half the town would be in attendance. Even better, so would the girls of the cheerleading squad, and the popular sportsmen. Brad and Betty, the power couple, would be there; him as the star footballer and her as the impossible gorgeous blonde cheerleader.

"I can hold it up from the side and read it outloud," he said to himself. "Then it won't matter how ugly I look, everyone will love me for *me*, finally."

Hugo could hardly hide his excitement when he bought tickets to the game; his first ever. He'd paid extra just to get close to the field, and when the game began he was sweating profusely, making him appear even more doughy and unfit.

"Wait for the apex of the game," he said. It was an agonising wait.

Soon, it was the final quarter, and the two teams were neck-and-neck. The Tridents were just pulling ahead, and the crowds were going crazy. It was now or never. In an unexpected fit of enthusiasm, Hugo leapt to his feet, unfurling the scroll and beginning to chant out the strange words. Several fans behind him booed his interference, hurling insults and jests, but he made sure to ignore him; he was nearing the end, and he could feel the power of the scroll about to take effect. About to make people see him for his intellect, his studiousness, his loyalty, and to make them celebrate these quiet qualities.

All of a sudden the bottom corner of the scroll became drenched in beer, as an angry fan hurled his can at Hugo. Hugo startled, trying to read the increasingly dark words, the ink running down the page, he tried his best, but the magic was faltering. He could feel its energy shifting, becoming erratic and unpredictable.

"What - what did you *do!*" he stuttered, but it was too late; a new and entirely unexpected change was upon him. He groaned as his body began to shift and alter, his meagre muscles extending, lengthening, growing. His spine cracked as his body lengthened, and he couldn't help but lurch forward in response to the burning that accompanied extreme muscle growth. His shoulders enlarged, his arms developed powerful biceps. Hugo staggered, not knowing what was happening as a lurch started in his gut. He looked down to the shocking sight of his stomach actually drawing inward, thinning, and then developing a powerful six-pack. He roared, his voice deeper, and his bones cracked to develop a square

jaw. His thighs became powerful, his legs those of an athletic runner, and even as he continued to change, becoming ever stronger, his clothes shifted also, from an ill-fitting button top and trousers to a brown-grey sports jersey and matching shorts. The crowd went wild behind him, cheering on his change, somehow accepting this miraculous turn of events; no, not just accepting, *revelling* in it.

“Ah - ah- AAARRRGGH!” cried Hugo, as his body developed the final finishing touches. He had grown from 5’4 to 6’2 in a matter of moments, his form altered from a pudgy nerd to the raw masculinity of an alpha male. Staggering on new legs, he fell over the side of the railing, and was shocked as he landed right near several benched players.

“What are you doing Hugo?” one yelled. He was shocked to see that it was Brad. “Get in there! We need you! You’re our star player!”

Hugo was shocked, and yet his body thrummed with spare energy, burning with the need to expend it. He saw the Tridents score another goal, and for some reason it filled him with a powerful anger he’d never known before, having dismissed sport all his life. The coach of the team screamed at him to get in the match.

“You’re the only one who can save us now Hugo!”

He couldn’t believe it. The magic had gone wrong. It had made him popular alright, but not by him remaining him. Not by celebrating his qualities. By failing to finish the scroll, he was now permanently stuck in the body of an alpha male, the star of the college football team. It was horrifying to think of, that was, until . . .

“C’mon Hugo! We believe in you!”

Hugo looked to Betty Saunders, her beautiful buxom blonde body on the sidelines, cheering him on. She blew him a kiss, and he found himself smiling with a manly confidence he’d never felt.

He leapt into the game, and was shocked to find out he remembered the rules. The crowd roared, chanting his name as he dodged and weaved the opposing players, getting the ball and becoming untouchable, despite every attempt to tackle his titanic form. He scored, and, unbelieving, was quickly pushed back into the game, where he scored again.

And again.

And again.

Each time the crowd roared, and Hugo marvelled the stupendous strength and muscle of his alpha form. When the winning point came, at his own doing of course, the entire stadium chanted his name, even many supporting the opposing team. The cheerleaders all eyed him with lust, and his fellow players lifted him up as their leaders.

“HUGO! HUGO! HUGO!”

“Well, the spell may have not quite worked entirely,” he mumbled to himself, as he was carried aloft off field, “but I can’t say I’m unhappy with it.”

A Tale of Second Youth:

“The change I want is to be young again, if such a thing is possible.”

Tila the Wandering Witch gazed at the Barnaby Tills, fascinated by the deep wrinkles upon his forehead and around his eyes, and the small shocks of bleach-white hair that remained around his crown.

“You wish to live forever?”

The old man gave a wheezy laugh. He was in his early-70s, and had a stooped-back from a lifetime of physical labour and honest work. But still he removed his hat and clutched it in his hands, bowing a little before her. “No, no ma’am, if I may so call you that.”

“You may,” she said, delighted at his old-timey courtesy.

“It’s just . . . my wife Mary passed on some years ago, and life is not the same without her. I don’t know if I believe in a higher power or not, or whether I’ll ever see her again, but the last thing she told me was to not dwell on her, and try to continue to enjoy life. But it’s been a hard road, and an old dog finds it hard to learn new tricks. And . . . I’ve got some old regrets in my life. Roads not taken. Decisions I might have made. In his twilight years, it makes a doddering fool like me pause and think, what might have been?”

“That doesn’t sound doddering at all, Mr Tills. In fact, I think you have given one of the few just reasons I have ever heard for a new beginning. I have something that may help, but it will cost you some five thousand.”

He chuckled, shrugging his tired shoulders. “Why not? I’m set til death. Even if I get scammed, who am I to care?”

“That’s the spirit. Just one moment.”

She returned with an old brass ring, worn and scratched and ancient-looking.

“Place this on your left hand, on your ring finger, and turn it left as many decades you wish to return to.”

The man paid, in straight cash of all things, and took the ring carefully. “That’s all?”

“Not quite. I must warn you; the change is not always precise. You want a new life, you will certainly get one, but don’t be surprised if there are some other changes, too.”

“What, I might be ginger instead of blonde?”

“Something like that.”

“Well, sounds like a good risk to me. I thank you ma’am. If this is a scam, it has been a mighty entertaining one, and you have been a lovely young lady to chat to.”

Tila sighed in amusement as he left. “If only he knew how old I am. Ah, but perhaps he too would understand the rigours of age. I hope to see him again, however he turns out.”

That very night, Barnaby Tills stood in his room. He gazed lovingly at a photo of his Mary as breathed softly.

"I'll try to do right by you, if this works," he said. "If not, have a chuckle at an old fool for me, wherever you are."

He slipped the ring on, and marvelled as it sparkled a brilliant gold, glowing magically.

"Well, I'll be."

He turned it to the left. One decade. Then another. Two decades. The ring sparkled with power, and he turned it again. Three decades. He considered stopping there, but temptation got the best of him. He turned it again. Four decades. His thirties were good to him. He had fond memories of them, and they seemed so far away now.

"Ah, to hell with it!" he said, his raspy voice filled with delight.

He twisted the ring one last time. Five decades.

"Twenties or bust!" he declared, and pulled his other hand free. The ring glowed with ripples of golden energy, and in moments he was groaning as it expanded over him. His old body twisted, his spine straightening, his limbs stretching in ways he had long thought of as impossible. He gasped as his skin pulled tighter, his wrinkles disappearing as his entire being de-aged, reversing through the decades at a pace that felt like lightning.

"Oh, woah! Are you seeing this up there, Mary! Are you seeing - AGH!"

He gasped as his voice cracked once, and again, getting lighter, and losing its raspiness. His flesh rippled as he sped past his forties and began to enter his thirties, his skin now mostly smooth, old moles and freckles fading into perfect skin. He breathed in excitement as he stood taller and prouder than he had in years, and marvelled at the hair growth that spilled down his from his previously-bald head and spilled around his shoulders.

Around his shoulders.

"Wait, hang on a tick!" he said, but stopped immediately when his voice cracked once more, going up to a softer, almost feminine octave. "Uh, something's gone wrong here."

His stomach churned, and he gripped it as something new formed inside, something he'd never had before. He twisted, gripping the table as his hips widened, fat deposits building to give them a lovely curved shape, even as his waist pinched in. His face shifted, becoming softer, and Barnaby gasped as his eyelashes extended and his lips became feminine and full. He staggered on uncertain feet now bereft of hair, and caught his still-changing body in the bathroom mirror. His hair was indeed ginger now, but that was the least of the changes: he was becoming a young and quite attractive woman!

"Oh, I've got myself in a real pinch now!" she declared, eyes already turning a grey-green. Her slender hands fell to her crouch, and there was a brief moment as the proud owner of a penis for seventy two years gulped in realisation that she was about to lose it. It

scuppered up into her body like a fleeing animal, leaving a very feminine opening behind. But she had little time to take even that loss in, as the final unrelenting pressure began in her chest.

“Oh, oh dear, they better not be too big!”

Unfortunately, the former old man had no choice, as an increasing weight settled on her chest, tissue and fat pooling to form two perfect breasts that were noticeably quite ample in size. Barnaby had always liked women a little ‘blessed in the chest’ as he liked to say it, but he’d never imagined being a proud owner of such a chest himself!

Finally, as if it were an afterthought, his clothes rippled, shifted, and changed, leaving him a very attractive woman in a green and white dress that fit snugly around the bust, tapered at the waist, and flowed freely around her ankles, which were now sat atop a pair of modest heels. Her makeup was done as if she were a beauty of classic hollywood, almost like the films of his youth.

For a time, he simply took in his changes.

“Well, I’ll be,” the woman in the mirror said. “That’s some side effect. I guess I’ll be the one having doors opened for me now.”

And yet, despite the weirdness, the beautiful woman could not stop smiling. She was nervous, surprised, shocked, yes, but she had also lived long enough to know how to roll with the punches and embrace change, and revel in the crazy events of life.

Even if this one was a lot crazier than most.

“I look - geez, I couldn’t be older than twenty five years old, if that!” He made a few poses in the mirror, admiring his form. “And quite the looker too! If only Mary could see me, she’d stare daggers, bless her!”

She laughed, and it was an almost musical sound. The same kind of sweetness he once detected in his wife’s laugh. It was enough to remind him of her in the best of ways; the chance to better understand Mary’s own experiences, and see the world closer to her point of view. She took her keys, and was surprised to see that she had a purse at her feet. Of course. That would take some getting used to.

“Just a quick stroll,” the new woman said to herself, opening the door, “to get a feel for things, and to feel fresh air in new lungs.”

Barnaby made her way through town, enjoying the way her new body felt; the continuous bob of her breasts, the sway of her hips, the way her long ginger hair blew in the breeze. It was indeed like an entirely new life. And yet, she was unprepared for when a young man, also in town with his friends and their girlfriends, worked up the courage to approach her.

“Hey, are you new in town?” he asked.

“Oh, sure young man,” she replied, already flushing red at what a silly thing that was to say. “I mean, I am indeed.”

The boy smiled, and yet, as he did, Barnaby was surprised to already begin thinking of him as a man. Perhaps it was that roguish smile.

“I’m Isaac,” he said, his eyes friendly and warm.

“My name, uh, my name is Beatrice,” the woman said. Jeez, he was a bit good looking. Barnaby had always ‘shot straight’, but it didn’t surprise the new her that a new body came with new . . . desires.

“Beatrice, that’s an old-fashioned name isn’t it?”

She smirked, unable to help herself. In her mind, she could see Mary somewhere else, laughing up a storm at her ‘old fool’. A fool still.

“You have no idea how true that is,” she said, beaming at him.

“Well, it’s a lovely one. Would you like to come meet my friends?”

Beatrice beamed, taking his arm and surprising the young man. “Wow, just like the old days. I can give you a tour of South Hills, if you like.”

Barnaby had lived in South Hills all his life, and knew every corner of it. But Beatrice, the new woman considered, had a whole new lease on life. And there was so much more now to see than she’d ever known.

“I’d love that.”

Somewhere, the former man knew, Mary was laughing up at a storm at her present condition, and cheering for all her new experiences to come.

The Tale of Fertility

“My wife and I desire children,” Fred Harper replied. “That’s the change we seek.”

The milquetoast looking man had chestnut hair, a red moustache, and round glasses. He appeared utterly ordinary, with a slightly-too long nose and kind eyes. His wife Amelia was a little plump, with curly brown hair and a slight double-chin. She was pensive, fingering at her dress with uncertainty, hoping against hope.

Fred and his wife Amelia had experienced fertility problems for several years, and even IVF treatments had failed. As they reached their mid-thirties, the two had given up all hope, but something about the Wandering Witch’s proposal made them hope in the possibility of magic. Tila the Wandering Witch took their hands, and placed a small purple vial in each.

“No charge. I just ask that if I ever come by again, you and your children come and visit, and give me some warm food and kind company.”

The two took the vials, uncertain.

“Drink them together after dinner, and wait for the change that follows. I promise, it will work.”

The two of them headed home. For most of the day, they didn't address the vials, not wanting to discuss the possibility that it was all bogus. As usual, Fred made dinner, and Amelia helped him clean up. The two of them eyed their separate vials.

“Well, here goes nothing,” Amelia said, hand hovering over her stomach, praying that it would somehow work.

“Together then,” Fred replied.

They downed their potions. For some moments, nothing happened. They waited longer, but there was no hint of change. Small tears began to pool at the edges of Amelia's eyes.

“Oh Fred, I knew deep down it wouldn't work. I was just so desperate to have a baby with you.”

He took her hand. “I know, dear. I know. We'll just have to - Ngh!”

Fred doubled over, and before she could help him, so did Amelia. Each suddenly felt strange shifting sensations in their stomachs, followed by a series of strange pressures that spread outward across their bodies. A pale pink light extended from Amelia, appearing like a transparent vacuum that widened and poured into Fred's core. From Fred, there was a similarly vacuum of light, his being a pale blue in colour. For both individuals, it felt as if their own essences were being literally pulled out from them and infused into the other.

Fred's musculature ebbed away, his arms and legs shrinking, his shoulders dissipating, and his skin smoothing all over, losing much of his body hair. Amelia, on the other hand, was gaining the very qualities Fred was losing; her rib cage expanded, her limbs lengthened and swelled with muscle, and her shoulders cracked, popping outward and rippling with masculine strength.

"Fred, something strange is happening! I don't know what to do! OHH!"

"M-me either Amelia, I f-feel strange! AH!"

His penis pulled itself back into his body, even as his height diminished by three full feet and his chest began to swell.

"Fred, you're - I think you're becoming a woman!"

The changing man looked to his wife with equal astonishment.

“And I think you're - aahh - becoming a man, Aemlia!”

Even as they both spoke, the most dramatic of changes overcame them. Fred groaned, his voice now high and feminine as two sizeable breasts blossomed on his chest, tenting out his shirt. They bounced a little as he stumbled backwards, the last of his changes leaving him with an hourglass figure and rounded ass, his hair lengthening to flow down his

shoulders. When she parted it to see, she was looking through new eyes, from a new, vastly more feminine face.

At the same time, Amelia's grunting became deep and masculine, the space between her legs filling outwards as a large member pushed from her body. Her chest evaporated, leaving two masculine pecs which were quickly overrun with body hair. Speaking of; the hair on top of her head pulled into her scalp, becoming a man's short cut. Her face became larger in the jaw, wider in the features, and her body took on a more stocky form.

The lights finally vanished as both felt the last of the magic slip away. As one final change, their clothes shifted and changed, fitting their new proportions and sizes, and altering to become appropriate to their new style. Where Fred and Amelia had just stood, there were now two completely different people. Both were still in their mid-thirties, but now they looked like opposite sex versions of themselves; the female and male siblings they never had.

Fred has his chestnut hair, but now it flowed down *her* back in gentle waves. The new woman still had his slightly too-long nose, as well as his rounded glasses, though on a female face these qualities made her look cute, in an appealingly dorky way. Her body was slimmer, a little on the pudgy side still, though now in an adorable way. She had a not-unimpressive set of breasts pushing through an orange sweater, and some nice hips. Childbearing hips. The kind eyes remained, and Amelia recognised them.

"You . . . you're a lady," she spluttered, her voice now certainly a *he*.

Amelia had become taller, more muscular, and had sprouted a light beard over his face. The former female looked perfectly normal in a blue collar shirt and jeans, his belly still slightly fat but appearing more regular size on his larger frame. His brown hair was still curly, and his jaw incredibly manly.

"What - what do we do Fred?" He stammered. He rushed to her feminised husband's side, embracing her in a hug, and was shocked at how much bigger she was now. Fred, for her part, felt strangely comforted in the larger man's arms, and was treated to the strange situation of her plump breasts pressing against his firm chest.

Then, both of them experienced an even stranger feeling. Fred's eyebrows raised as she felt a stirring against her belly, and Amelia gasped at the alien sensation of a large presence between his legs hardening, becoming ever further erect. It stretched the confines of the jeans he now wore, and was becoming painfully uncomfortable.

"Amelia, is that what I think it is?"

Amelia nodded, pulling apart from his husband. They both stared at the straining in his pants. "It is, Fred. Oh God, it feels so damn strange. It's like . . . it's like I still want you. But, in a different way."

Fred herself was beginning to feel strange; aroused, but in a different manner than she was used to. Instead of the rush of blood to her penis, she instead felt a flush of heat building between her legs, a dampness. A moistness. Her nipples hardened, poking against the unfamiliar bra she now wore, and she couldn't help but rub her thighs together in strange anticipation.

"Amelia, I - oooh - seems to be affected as well. It's like my body wants you."

The two stared at each other, taking in their changes, astonished at the strange magic that had altered their forms, but increasingly concerned with their growing horniness. The vials of magical potion were not done with them yet, and their lusts only grew as they beheld the other's form.

"Oh, shit, Oh God," Fred moaned, her voice high and passionate, "this is so damn strange. It's not right Amelia, you're a man. I'm supposed to be a man. But - but I need you so goddamn badly!"

"Honey, I feel the same way. This thing needs to be in you. I need to fuck you with it, I'm sorry!"

But Fred was beyond needing to hear apologies. She was already undoing the buttons of her dress and pulling it off her figure. Amelia, in turn, began to unbuckle his jeans and pull off his collared top. The two stripped down to their underwear - and bra, in Fred's case - and immediately began to press their bodies together, kissing deeply and erotically, overcome with need. Fred groaned as Amelia slipped his masculine hand inside her bra and began to fondle at her sensitive nipple. It sent little shocks of pleasure through her body, and only made her more moist and needy for her former wife's cock.

"Fuck that feels good," she moaned, as he kneaded her breasts. The two of them entered their bedroom, both helpless to their shared needs.

"Mmhhmm, and *that* feels good too," Amelia replied, as Fred couldn't help but rub her new cock, delighted at the way it strained his underwear.

The two quickly made their way to the bed, the power of the fertility potion compelling them to complete the act. Fred practically ripped Amelia's underwear off, eyeing his hard member hungrily, while Amelia expertly removed Fred's bra, allowing her full breasts to bounce freely. Her large nipples were pert, poking outward and yielding to Amelia's ministrations. Fred gasped in her new, womanly voice, and parted her legs to receive her new 'husband.'

"I know this wrong," she moaned, "but it's like I need you in me so bad!"

"I know honey, I know! I need to fuck you. I need to get you *pregnant right now.*"

And with that, the new *he* entered the new *her*. Fred squealed, clutching Amelia all the tighter as the large rigid penis entered the depths of her new vagina. It was utterly alien, and it felt huge inside of her. Fred had never imagined she would be penetrated like this, or

that she would like it. Her lubricated tunnel gripped firmly to Amelia's girth as the man began to work himself in and out of her. The two continued to thrust, their hips meeting, and soon they fell into an increasingly fast rhythm, their transformed biological imperatives switched and utterly rampant.

Fred bit her full lips as Amelia bent over, still thrusting into her, and began to suckle at her breasts. It felt amazing. She'd never felt such sensitivity before. She could feel a climax coming, building between her hips. And that was when the realisation hit her.

"Wait - Amelia, honey! You have to s-stop! The vials - you're going to g-get me p-pregnant!"

But Amelia was too overcome with lust, his body flooded with testosterone. He needed to impregnate the submissive woman that had been his husband. He needed to see her grow with child, becoming fertile and round and dependent on him.

"I know h-honey! It's what we w-wanted isn't it?"

Fred moaned as another wave of passion passed over her. She needed this, so badly, even as the consequences continued to dawn.

"We've got to b-be strong!"

"We will be, my love! I'm going to be a strong f-father, and you'll be a mother!"

Fred's eyes went wide. The fear of becoming somehow pregnant still loomed terrifyingly, but the prospect of having children, all that they wanted, was well within reach. More than that, her new body was utterly insatiable. She needed to be pregnant. Needed to feel a child developing within her; her belly swelling, her breasts swelling, her skin glowing as a baby made from both of them came closer and closer to birth.

"Oh, God, you're right - I need it too! Come in me, love!"

And with that, Amelia's body tensed, and he let loose a low, manly groan as he experienced a powerful orgasm. His balls emptied themselves of their built up fluid, and his penis spurt inside of the new woman, sending streams of issue inside of her. It was an immense relief, and it felt like her cock throbbed for over ten seconds as it shot wad after wad into her waiting womb. Fred, for her part, wailed, biting into her 'husband's' shoulder as her body quaked in orgasm - multiple orgasms - that rocked her body like thunder. She gave a shriek as she felt his wonderful stickiness inside her.

The two held each other in that pose for some time, panting, until he slipped out of her, and they lay on their backs, naked in their new forms.

"Honey," Fred managed to breathe.

"Yes, Fred," Amelia said, still looking up at the ceiling, unbelieving what had happened.

"Did you just get me pregnant?"

"I rather think I did, Fred."

“Oh, good, I wasn’t imagining it then.”

Amelia snorted with laughter, not used to her new voice. “I guess it worked then. The vials. Just not in the way we thought.”

“Yeah. I always thought, you know . . .”

“I’d be the one with the boobs and the belly?”

“Yeah. And there’s the whole giving birth thing, too.”

“For what it’s worth, I never thought I’d be ‘planting that seed’ in your garden either Fred. Should I still call you Fred?”

“My mother was going to call me Ava if I was a girl.”

“Ava, not bad. I was going to be George.”

“I have a feeling we’re going to have to get used to those names from now on.”

“Yeah. But . . . I guess it still worked?”

“Yeah, that it did. Jesus, it did. I don’t know how I know it did, but it did.”

Amelia turned to him. “What makes you say that?”

Fred grinned. “Call it mother’s intuition.”

Amelia groaned.

A Tale of Ancient Myth:

“I don’t know if you are even capable of meeting the change I want,” Elias said.

The Wandering Witch looked at him with amusement.

“Oh, is that right? Try me.”

Elias scratched the back of his head nervously. He was a regular-looking university student with light olive skin and a shaved head, but otherwise of average height and build for a man his age.

“Well, I’m currently undertaking my PhD specialising in Ancient Greek Myth. I’ve always been fascinated by Greek mythology, ever since I discovered my heritage was Greek and I traced my ancestral tree all the way back to Crete. I guess the change I want is to somehow, however possible, become closer to Greek mythology. To not just study it afar but live and breathe it, somehow. The Bacchanalian feasts, the maze of the Minotaur, the affairs and scandals between Gods, monsters and mortals. Is that something you’re capable of?”

Tila beamed. She had not had a challenge like this in some time.

“Oh, I think I can do something, alright. You said your ancestry hails from Crete, right?”

The man nodded. “Yep. I’m actually studying the myth of Theseus and the Minotaur as part of my post-graduate thesis.”

The witch laughed, and it was a warm belly laugh that set her various beads and trinkets jangling. "Oh my Elias, I do believe I can do something for you indeed. But, I want to be very clear on this, are you sure you want to experience a slice of Greek myth up close? No harm will come to you, that I can assure, but it will indeed be quite a change, even likely a permanent one."

Elias was not sure if he even believed in magic, but he figured it was worth trying.

"Well, you make it sound so ominous, but I won't be hurt?"

"No, in fact, I dare say you'll be quite confident in many ways. But it will take some getting used to. I can't say for certain exactly how the change will come out, but you might well be a modern day Theseus."

He smiled at the thought. "Well, I like the sound of that. How much?"

"Six hundred dollars, and let's say five drops of your blood in a year's time. Creepy, I know, but it's important for my future magic. You can always refuse if you are unsatisfied with your results."

He shrugged. "A year is a long time."

She handed him a spool of silvery thread. "Take this," she said, "and unspool it in a location you find that reminds you most of a favoured Greek myth. As you do, wind the loose thread around your waist, and think deeply on the kind of change you would like to see. The last is most important; it will determine the kind of change you undertake."

Elias knew just the place.

It was late at night, and the South Hills Maze Madness was empty. Strictly speaking there was no security; who would waste their time getting lost in a maze late at night, let alone seven of them? Some of the mazes were simple, more for the little ones, but there were three elaborate ones; an extravagant hedge maze, a shifting wooden-panel maze, and an undercover stone maze. He chose the last; it reminded him most clearly of the myth of Theseus and the Minotaur. He journeyed his way to the centre, but to his embarrassment, it took a great deal of time, even with the internal lighting. He clearly wasn't used to navigating like this, and he hoped that wouldn't bode ill for what he was about to do. That was, if it worked at all. But he'd always hoped that magic was actually real, just like in all the old stories.

He unwound the spool of thread, marvelling at how it glittered even in the dark. As he began to thread it around his waist, he turned his mind to the epic Greek myths, trying to keep his mind on the stories he loved most. But there were so many . . .

Medusa in her cave.

Mighty Hercules against the great Cerberus.

The fall of Troy to the Aegaens.

But given his surroundings, one myth continued to dominate his thoughts; that of Theseus and the Minotaur. He imagined the strong Greek hero, stalking through the darkness, using the gifted thread to escape once the fell beast was killed. It was a wonderfully captivating image, and one that he would love to take on the role of. To see the mighty minotaur, its powerful muscles, its great strength, its tall presence, its cloven feet and bullish intelligence, would be something great to behold.

Even as he thought about this, Elias did not notice that his muscles were beginning to swell, or that his face was beginning to widen.

To stand before such a mighty beast, and cross sword to axe with it, he considered, would be an astonishing thing. To have its powerful breath upon him, and know that danger was so close, and survival no sure thing.

His toes began to merge, becoming powerful hooves. Dark fur began to spread over his body, pushing through his skin even as his torso became ever larger. Two horns began to work their way out from his scalp, but still Elias was fixed by his magical thoughts.

“Wow, that would be something,” he said, not noticing his deepening voice or the fact that he had easily grown several feet in height already. “To fight the minotaur in his maze, and see such a beast in all its magnificence and power.”

His changes accelerated; the fur spread up his chest, and his stomach developed a powerful six-pack of muscles. A large ropey tail extending from the end of his spine, pushing out over the top of his trousers and swaying powerfully behind him. He sucked in a breath, still imagining the scene before him, but when he breathed out again, his nostrils remained enlarged, and continued to widen as his entire face pushed out, becoming a powerful bull's snout.

“Yes, that is the change I want,” he whispered, even as his jaw cracked wider, his horns hutting ever further from his head, becoming proud and mighty.

“YES!” he roared, his bullish lungs bellowing as he flexed his incredible muscles. His clothes literally burst from his skin, shredding apart as his minotaur body could no longer be contained by the raw power of his form.

“YEESSSSS!”

He grew several more feet, more muscles growing to dominate his upper half. His powerful thighs rippled with them also; leading down to strong hooves that clacked upon the stone floor. Every breath shot vents of hot air, and his horns were so long they nearly scraped upon the ceiling at his full height. He was now over seven feet tall, and his dark brown fur matted him all over, though atop his head he now had a glorious mane of hair instead of the baldness that was once there. Large bovine ears flopped from either side of his head, and powerful flat teeth dominated his extended jaw.

“I . . . AM A MINOTAUR?” the mythical beasts said, regarding his own flesh now that the dream of the silver thread was ended. It was as if he had snapped from a dream, and now stood in another. “I WAS MEANT TO BE THESEUS, NOT HIS MONSTER.”

And yet, despite the shock, Elias felt the raw power and strength that flowed from his new form. He was tall, he was immense, and, it had to be said, he was incredibly well-hung, with a massive member that would gain the eye of any interested mate. He took a step forward on his cloven hooves, shocked at the sensation of alpha-male superiority he felt. His dark eyes turned down the mysterious tunnels, and it became an easy thing to discern the exit; unlike the minotaur of legend, he knew the way out, and could stalk the passages perfectly at his leisure. A gift, he decided, from the Wandering Witch’s magic.

“MHMHM . . . NOT EXACTLY WHAT I IMAGINED,” he said, deep brass voice echoing, “BUT I CAN’T SAY IT ISN’T WHAT I ASKED FOR.”

He ran his six cloven fingers down his form, appreciating the network of muscle and manly power. He could understand more now that sheer draw of the minotaur; the sensual power of the bull, the symbolic beast whose unfettered masculinity was glorious and true, its musk powerful, its very presence the opposition of female, to the extreme. He was, in almost every way, the purest alpha male. Just the thought of it excited him with possibility. Not just for finishing his thesis, now that he had a personal perspective as a mythological monster, but also for certain . . . other attractions his new body would have.

“I’LL HAVE TO WORK OUT A DEAL WITH THE OWNERS OF THE MAZE,” he muttered, as he began to stalk ‘his’ maze. “AND SEE IF I CAN ALTER MY PhD FOCUS. AND CHANGE MY TINDER PROFILE.”

He chuckled, a deep bellowing guffaw, at the last comment.

“I HAVE A FEELING THERE WILL BE MORE THAN ENOUGH WOMEN INTO THIS. AND I FEEL THE URGE TO TAKE A MATE ALREADY.”

The real-life minotaur continued through the maze, growing use to his form, and amusing himself with all the possibilities it brought. Sure, it would be hard at first, and there would be those who would want to cage him or put him away, but who would actually try? He was a goddamn minotaur, and unless Theseus appeared on the horizon, Elias was pretty sure no one would mess with him, not even the university professors. Which prompted another thought;

“GODDAMN IT. IT’S GOING TO BE SO HARD TO FIT INTO THOSE LECTURE THEATRE CHAIRS NOW.”

A Tale of Culture Shock:

“I want to understand Chinese better,” Evelyn said, “the culture, the language, the expectations, all that.”

Evelyn Bynard was a woman of light skin, with blonde hair and blue eyes, in her late twenties. She was relatively fit, though a little plain, but her eyes beamed with desire as she spoke.

“I’ve always been interested in Chinese culture and language; I’m trying to learn Mandarin *and* Cantonese, but I feel like I’ve hit a wall with the pronunciation and lettering. If there’s one thing I wish I could change, it’s to understand it better.”

Tila was fascinating. She looked down from her carriage’s window at Evelyn, measuring exactly what could be done. Language wasn’t her exact specialty.

“Hmm, this is a fascinating challenge indeed, young woman. Why the urgency, though?”

Evelyn blushed, a little embarrassed at admitting her troubles. “Well, I’d like to teach it to others, one day. It’s meant to be quite a lucrative field, and working as a translator and professional teacher would be a dream come true. And to have it happen sooner than later would just be wonderful, if such a thing is even possible.”

“Oh, I believe it is! I can develop a potion that could indeed aid you, though we shall have to do it right.”

Evelyn grinned, excited at even the prospect that such a thing may be real. “A potion? Like an ancient remedy? Like traditional Chinese medicine?”

Tila just chuckled. “I suppose so, in a way. I’ve known more than a few wonderful witches from China with their own immeasurable talents. They certainly inspired me at times, and this potion is actually crafted from a number of ingredients given to me by them.”

“How much will it cost?”

“A pretty penny, I’m afraid. Twenty thousand.”

“Twenty thousand! That’s much too much!”

“Yuan. Twenty thousand yuan. The payment must be in the currency appropriate to the change, if it can be arranged.”

Evelyn pondered. “That’s still around three thousand bucks, but that’s a lot more manageable.” She stood upright, almost bouncing. “To hell with it! I’m choosing to believe you, lady, so please don’t let me down! I’ll need a day to get it organised.”

Tila smiled. “I’ll be here for two more.”

Evelyn practically raced back to her apartment, and began reorganising her funds to get the cash. It would take some travelling, and some exchanging in the next city over, but she was certain she could get it. The entire time she imagined what the change the Wandering Witch had talked about would be like. Would the language just come to her far

more easily now? Or would she instantly become fluent, able to speak in Mandarin and Cantonese with flawless ease? Would she also gain knowledge of cultural expectations and all the social graces that she might not have known about? The thought of any of these excited her, and she worked quickly to secure her funds, imagining the future Evelyn Bynard, well-renowned Chinese interpreter, translator, and instructor.

The next day, she had arrived before Tila had even finished cooking her eggs and bacon. The witch managed to stuff her mouth and wash the food down quickly as she saw her approach.

“My, my Evelyn, you are enthusiastic, aren’t you?”

Evelyn chuckled nervously, hauling the small case that contained the exchanged currency. Tila took it thankfully, and placed it on the ground. She took out several incense burners and herbs, and organised them around her as she began to knead several of the herbs and roots together in the ensuing sweet-smelling smoke. Evelyn watched, fascinated, recognising some traditional techniques, but others that were obviously from the Wandering Witch’s own people’s culture. When Tila was finished, she crushed the remaining mix into a fine paste, poured it into a pre-prepared potion, and ripped a small corner of a yuan, placing it in as well. She shook the mix thoroughly.

“There,” she said, handing the bottle over. “Now, when you drink this, be careful, you must ensure that you only - oh my stars! Shit!”

Tila’s jaw dropped in astonishment as Evelyn downed the entire potion in one go, eagerly desiring the change she was promised. The Wandering Witch was rarely flabbergasted, but now almost coughed in her effort to scramble her words together.

“Evelyn! Evelyn, what did you just do?”

The blonde-haired woman’s eyes went wide. “Um, did I do something wrong?”

“I was just trying to explain that you need to consider how deep you wish the change to be. The more drops, the stronger the effect.”

Evelyn began to feel nervous, even as a strange itchiness settled over her skin.

“What does just a few drops do?”

“It would help you pick up the language easier, and give you some knowledge you could expand upon.”

Evelyn moaned a little as the strange feelings intensified. She felt a pressure on her head, and she fell in height by several inches. Her hair began to dark at the roots, and already her skin was starting to look a little off-colour.

“And, say, a mouthful?”

Tila put her palm over her forehead. “That would give you instance knowledge and skill in what you wanted, though you may find your own grasp of English a little less capable.”

Evelyn's skin continued to change. Her eyes were still wide, but less wide than before, as her eyes took on the almond shape of a woman with Asian heritage. Her skin continued to dark, and her features rearranged as her face became more rounded.

"Um, I drank all of it," she said, and it almost sounded like a slight accent was creeping into her voice. "How much might that change me?"

Tila stammered. "I've - I've no idea! I guess we're about to find out! I really expected you to go home and try this!"

"I was just eager!" Evelyn replied, and gasped at how her voice had changed, possessing a softer lilt and strong accent that would have been almost comical, if not for her changing body. "Oh wow, I think I'm actually becoming Chinese!"

Tila observed the way the woman's skin became a supple golden-brown, how her hair became jet-black and straight, how her stature shortened, and her body became subtly curvier. Even her clothing changed; her simple t-shirt and short denim pants bubbled and joined together, turning to a bright red traditional qipao. As if by magic, Evelyn's hair rose up and wound itself into a traditional Chinese bun, complete with an adorned blue flower and several large fazan pins, golden and emerald in colour. Her lips were adorned with ruby red makeup, and she squealed in shock as invisible fingers seemed to prune her eyebrows into dark, perfect lines, and apply a light scarlet foundation to her cheeks.

As finishing touches, a pair of traditional slippers formed on her dainty new feet, and several heirloom rings manifested on her fingers, and an ancient necklace with red gems around her neck.

She stood there, utterly astonished.

"搞什么鬼?" she said, Her eyes went wide. "我会说语言!"

She said it excitedly, her face beaming at the strange success the change had given her.

"How - how do you feel, Evelyn?" Tila asked. In response, the woman looked at her strangely. "I said, *how do you feel?*"

"我无法理解你," she said, shaking her head slightly. *I can't understand you.* Evelyn quickly realised that downing the whole potion had come with even larger consequences than just a change in her race. She tried to conjure English words into memory, and could come up with only rudimentary pronunciations. Even some of the letters were difficult to say, and she realised quickly that she was even *thinking* in Mandarin now. The beautiful Chinese woman, formerly a plain white girl, turned to the Wandering Witch.

"现在我该怎么做?"

Tila didn't need a translator to know what the changed woman was trying to say: '*What do I do now?*' was just as easily expressed in the universal language of frantic gesticulation.

“Oh dear, Evelyn, though I supposed that won’t be your name any longer! I guess you’ll have to stay with me for a bit, until I can help you.”

The Chinese woman looked confused, not able to understand the witch’s comment. Tila simply sighed.

“Hang on, let me get Googletranslate up. I can already tell this is going to be difficult.”

The other woman simply sighed. It certainly would be.

A Tale of Changing Passion

The last change in South Hill was one that was not meant to occur. Sometimes, the universe threw even the Wandering Witch for a loop. Normally, those who found her were only those who met the vague criteria she set, but people were resourceful, and foolish, and brilliant, and chaotic, and so some always slipped the net.

“I’d like a change,” Kaleb whispered to himself, as he approached Tila’s character under the veil of night. “And I’d like it to be free, thank you very much.”

The young man had been intrigued by the witch’s posters, though he wasn’t a believer in magic, he was certainly interested in seeing what he could take from her, and maybe perusing her fake wares. And so it was that he crept up to her wagon, ensuring not to wake the horses. Using his lockpicking skills, he managed to open the rear door, and slipped quietly inside.

The Wandering Witch was fast asleep in a fold-out bed in the large carriage. It was bigger than he expected on the inside, and perhaps he should have considered that more carefully. But Kaleb Reese was interested in what he could take, and carefully he slipped open her cupboards and looked through her various potions and coins and trinkets. Each was labelled.

Perfect Permanent Perfume.

Switcheroo - Day, Month, Year samples.

Cowgirl Powder (not for sale until reason for Jessica debacle sorted)

Fertility Idol.

Lotion of Desire.

The last of these caught his attention, and he picked it up. It appeared to be an ordinary bottle of lotion with a yellow label. He read the instructions:

Apply this lotion to instantly become the sexual dream of the person closest to you.

Kaleb chuckled. People actually fell for this shit? He uncapped the lotion, and poured some of the mixture onto his hand. It smelled nice, like pineapples, and just for an experiment, he applied it to his temples, his face, and over his arms. He waited, curious if anything at all would happen. After a minute, during which he continued to search for something valuable, he simply scoffed.

“I knew it.”

It was at that time that he heard another figure in the carriage, stirring and mumbling in some strange language that certainly wasn't English. He'd had no idea there was a second person here: some sort of Chinese woman mumbling in her foreign language. As quietly as he could, he put the lotion back, slipped from the carriage, closed the door, and made his way into the night.

“那是什么?”

“Oh, nobody dear,” Tila said reassuringly, placating the woman more with her gestures than the words she still could not understand. “Just a miscreant who doesn't know that you should never steal from witches. An item is always cursed up until the point it's sold, as he is about to find out.”

Tila smiled. She preferred to be the kind witch. The one who gave people what they truly wanted, even if there was an element of chaos or the unexpected in the proceedings. But just occasionally, it was nice to feel like her distant cousin Morgan, and dole out a dose of disproportionate retribution.

“Enjoy the fruits of passion, young man,” she said to herself.

By that point Kaleb had made his way back into town, annoyed that he hadn't retrieved anything. He was a slightly-scrawny individual with brown hair and thick freckles, shorter than he'd like, leaving him to develop a bit of an inferiority complex. And so it was to his complete surprise when a group of girls heading to a dance club walked past him, each looking dolled up and pretty, and his own body began to shift and change instantly. He groaned little, not understanding what was happening, as his skin colour darkened, his spine lengthened, and his muscles enlarged.

Kaleb looked to the mirror in shock, seeing a dark-skinned African man with impressive muscles and a handsome face staring back at him. Even his clothing had changed; he was in a tight-fitting shirt that revealed his muscular arms, and a set of casual jeans that were ripped at the knees.

“What the - the fuck!?”

Even his voice had changed. Deeper. A smooth baritone bass.

“The lotion - it worked. That must mean - those girls!”

He moved quickly, always one to take advantage of even the most surprising opportunity. The three women turned as he approached, and he could see the surprise and lust in each of their faces. It was like he was their perfect man; or some amalgam of them.

“Hey ladies, heading to the dance? I'm . . . Buddy.”

“Hi Buddy,” they giggled, taking in his muscular form.

“I'm Olive.”

“I'm Hannah.””

"I'm Jenny."

"Such lovely names. I'm new here. Would you mind if I accompanied you?"

They giggled again, and it was clear they each found him devastatingly sexy. Kaleb was over the moon; however long the lotion would last, he was going to take advantage of it. They advanced to the nightclub, and things were going well. His bald head, he learned, was because of Jenny, who loved bald guys, while the other two loved them dark-skinned. He didn't mind. He spent his time dancing with them, letting them compete over him now that he had become their sexual dream. Better yet, he found his own body was matching their desires, keen to pleasure each of them in turn. Perhaps they were up for a foursome?

After some dancing, the increasingly ambitious young male decided to grab a drink at the bar. There was a small group of guys present, but he was confident he could muscle his way through them in his new body. However, the closer he got, the stranger he felt. His body shifted, and his height fell away. A trickling down his scalp followed, and his vision was obscured by bright blonde hair. He parted it, and squeaked as he saw two large globes of flesh sticking out from his chest, precariously contained within a tight red cocktail dress.

"What the -" he said, and clutched his throat. His voice had taken on a sultry feminine tone that was dripping with sex. "What's happened to me?"

Two of the men turned to the feminised Kaleb, looking at her appreciatively, drinking in the sight of her. "Hey there, can I buy you a drink?" one said.

Kaleb nodded, unsure what was happened as the man ordered a sweet Sex on the Beach for her. She was a woman, and the distinct absence between her legs was utterly obvious. Worse, she could feel her nipples stiffen in response to the man's presence. He was intoxicating, and it was impossible not to find him attractive. He passed her his drink, and gave his name as Bernard. Kaleb gave his as Krystal, and down the drink quickly, hoping to get away. But the man's presence was too overpowering, and she was breathing deeply in his presence, her bosom rising and falling heavily. And so they continued their idle chit chat.

"Would you like to get out of here?" Bernard said after some talk.

Kaleb knew he had to say no. But it was almost impossible to. He was just so turned on. The thought of this man's penis inside her was too much.

"Why don't we find somewhere private?" he asked, meekly.

The man grinned.

Not long after, Kaleb stumbled out from a locked bathroom, utterly astonished at what had happened. He had actually let a man fuck him. More than that, his penis had actually been inside of him! In his new vagina!

"Why is this happening - ah!"

Kaleb stumbled in front of a crowd of Indian students, and found himself even shorter, his skin a rich brown, his nose prominent, his figure slim. He was adorned in a modern red club sari, and the men couldn't believe what they were seeing.

He managed to escape, having only given a few kisses, a couple of dances, and one long tonguing session. But even as he moved out of the building, his body continued to warp. He became a tall surfer dude in the presence of a blonde fit chick, then a busty German lass next to an exchange student, and his body became the very image of a famous male British celebrity to the shock and awe of a group of girls.

He fled from the club, terrified at what was happening to him.

"It's making me the sexual dream of everyone!" he cried, even as he became a silver-haired fox in the presence of a lady cougar on the prow. He was helpless to her advances, and before he knew it, he was in her car, ploughing her on the backseat, a woman twice his age! He managed to escape after a few gasping thank yous, only to change again as he crossed the street. A quiet man was walking his dog, and in his presence, Kaleb felt his belly balloon outwards, and a large set of jugs grow once more from his chest. He appeared - and felt - eight months pregnant, and the man could not stop staring as Kaleb barely managed the willpower to simply give the man his number and move on before anything else happened.

More changes followed. He became a sexy centaur in the presence of a strange girl in the park, and a purple-skinned alien space babe when he passed two science fiction nerds debating the hottest girl in their nerd setting. He became a basketball player lookalike, followed by a sexy secretary, and finally was back in the body of a busty club girl - a short brunette with huge tits this time. Somehow, Kaleb had run into Hugo Watkins, *the* star footballer in town. He was helpless before the adonis body the popular star possessed, and was moaning in pleasure as he fucked her in an alley, the two moaning as his alpha male body pounded hers into submissiveness. It was only after the act that Kaleb developed enough intelligence to make a run for it. He passed a group of young people in their twenties, chatting up a pretty girl who looked like she'd jumped out of the 1950s. In her presence, he took on a greaser's look, but again he managed an escape.

Even the suburbs were not free. He tried to sneak his way through several backyards, keeping distance from anyone. But the second he heard a couple going at it, passionately declaring their desire to make a baby, he once more felt his belly balloon, even as he developed a large cock between his legs; a freakish combination of both roles of the act in one. He left, even as the woman cried out something odd:

"Oooohhhh, Amelia!"

Further out, he finally found his salvation.

"The maze! Maze Madness! No one will think of following me there!"

Kaleb ran into the maze, his boobs jiggling and wobbling heavily on his top-heavy form. This was a nightmare, but he just had to wait for the lotion to wear off, even if that meant venturing into a creepy stone maze. Even as he went deeper, he could feel the feminine form melt away to his true self, bit by bit.

“Thank God, that was a nightmare. I let a guy - oh Jesus - and that middle-aged lady! And that freak who was into pregnant chicks! Just gotta stay here until the lotion’s effects end. That’s all.”

But even as he stepped further in, becoming somewhat lost in the chaos of his mind, he began to smell something. A powerful musk, deeply masculine, and certainly not emanating from himself. Something was shifting again in his body, even more powerful and strange than before.

“What the - there’s something *here!*?”

He stepped backwards, and pressed against a wall that was not a wall; it was far too furry. Leaping back, Kaleb was horrified to see a real-life minotaur in the flesh. It was seven feet tall at least, had more muscles than Arnie in his prime, and was utterly naked, its large cock swinging between its legs even as a ropey tail swung from its backside.

“What the FUCK!?”

But the changes were already upon him. Fur sprouted from his skin, his entire body grew to over six feet tall, and his feet developed cloven hooves. Small horns jutted from his scalp, and his head took on bovine proportions. Two enormous breasts pushed from his chest, even bigger than the ones when he had briefly looked pregnant, and filled with even more milk. Worse, a pressure on his lower stomach quickly manifested as a grey, rubbery udder that hung between his thighs, becoming pressurised with milky contents.

“MATE,” the great beast said, its immense penis already rising with lust. “MY MATE.”

Kaleb was horrified, but his new bovine body was just so utterly turned on. He needed to have that immense bull dick inside of him. His large mammaries were in dire need of milking also, and already the minotaur was beginning to fondle his udder and breasts. Kaleb could feel his new minotaur pussy begin to dampen, anticipating that cock.

“OOHHh . . . SSOOO UNFAIR . . . THAT DAMN LOTION!”

But then he was lost in ecstasy as the minotaur came upon him, and began to thrust its girth deep within his waiting entrance. Kaleb could only enjoy the moment, and hope that the lotion would wear off soon.

He would be waiting a long time.

A long, *long* time.

Tales of One Year Later . . .

“Hugo! Hugo!”

Hugo smiled as his adoring fans begged for his attention. Thought it was not the stadium this time, but rather a collection of the hottest babes on campus. Still the star of the South Hills Hawks, it had taken him some time to become totally used to his new position as the most popular person in town. He hadn't imagined it would come with also becoming an alpha male sports heads, but in the end, even if it wasn't exactly as he'd imagined it, he wouldn't have it any other way now.

He lifted his arm off of Fen's shoulder, the sexy animal studies major with Asian heritage who gave the most amazing blowjobs, and turned to Abigail and Gina, who were wearing midriff-baring shirts that clung tightly around their chests.

“Hey girls,” he said, “there's enough of me to go around. Is that okay, babe?”

He turned to Betty Saunders, his main squeeze and loyal girlfriend, and she tousled her blonde hair, sizing them up and down. She knew she was hotter than any of them, and no one had yet managed to rival her amazing rack.

“Of course, you hunk, so long as you come back and show me who your favourite is tonight. I'll wear that thing you like. I'll even let Fen join in so you can have us both at the same time. I know you like that.”

Hugo smiled, already feeling hard. People just couldn't resist him. He clicked his fingers, and one of his teammates brought him his water. He needed a lot of hydration these days. Around Hugo, people just couldn't help but give him what they wanted. It made them all very happy. He got up and made his way to the adoring women.

“This is the life” he said, as he grabbed them both around their waists. “Popularity sure has its perks.”

“Looking hot, Bee,” Isaac said, as he took his date by the arm.

“You're not looking so bad yourself, mister,” she replied, grinning fiercely.

Isaac had never known a woman like Beatrice. She was so knowledgeable, so wise, and yet so utterly full of energy, as if she didn't want to waste a single moment of the life she'd been given. She was hot, of course, with her ample breasts and impressive 'tush' as she called it, but she preferred an old-fashioned style: her ginger hair was often in an

elaborate bun, and she liked to wear dresses that accentuated her figure nicely, but looked to be from the 1950s.

Still, everyone loved Beatrice, Isaac most of all. She had a great sense of humour, and the language she used was borderline whimsical. It was like she'd dropped out of an entirely different decade. But that was her charm, and her zest for life had made her passionate enough that he and several other men had enjoyed making love to her in the backseats of cars, until she finally settled back on the first man she'd met.

"Why are we heading up on the hill anyway?" she asked, as they strutted up the grass beneath the starry night. It was the edge of town, and she had no idea why the 'youngster,' as she still liked to call him, had brought her up here.

"I just thought the stars would look nice in your eyes," he said with a grin, and she slapped him playfully on the shoulder.

"And you call me old-fashioned."

"Well, maybe you're rubbing off on me."

The night sky was indeed beautiful, and so was she. Beatrice admired them. As always, she looked at the wonder of the world as if it was new and old at the same time, seeing in them something new always, but peering as if it were a familiar sight.

"Gee whiz," she said, "this sure is a pretty picture."

"Sure is," Isaac replied, taking in her gorgeousness. While she was distracted, he took a small box from his left pocket, checked the ring was still there, and got down on one knee. A classic woman deserved a classic proposal, and what better way than beneath the stars.

When she turned around, her jaw practically fell over. She squealed in delight, leaping into his arms so suddenly he almost didn't catch her.

"Oh Isaac, to be married, you have *no idea* how much this means to me!"

"So that's a yes?"

She peppered him with kisses.

"I'll take that as a yes."

"Isn't she just amazing?" Ava said as she cradled little Anthony. The sweet little boy sighed in her arms as she carefully lowered him into the bassinet. He'd just finished feeding from his mother's milk, and was utterly content in his swaddle.

"More than anything," George said, looking adoringly at his son. He turned the baby monitor on, and the two left the room, the door mostly shut.

"I can't believe he's three months old already," Ava said as she did up her top.

“Hell, I can’t believe my husband was the one that gave birth to him,” George said with a grin. Or that I was the one holding his hand as he screamed and cursed me.”

Ava laughed. “I wasn’t *that* bad. Besides, you’re the one that got me knocked up! I had the right to it. It’s not every day a born man has to go into labour when he’s only been female for nine months. I didn’t even get a month to get used to being a woman before I was throwing up my breakfast.”

George embraced her. “Still, you did damn well, love. You may not have been born a woman, but when it comes to motherhood, you’re a real pro.”

Ava looked to her husband with love. “You know, the morning after that first night, I was in a real panic. I felt like my manhood was stolen away. But as our darling little boy grew inside me, and I began to feel his little kicks, I never felt more wonderful.”

“I felt the same way, being able to help you through it dear.”

Ava kissed her husband.

“It was still really weird though.”

“I have no doubt.”

“All those hormones.”

“I remember.”

“But . . .”

“But?”

“I think I could do it again.”

George cradled his wife, the wonderful mother of his child who had only been a woman for a year, and yet now he couldn’t imagine any other way.

“Well,” he said, “why don’t we go practice while bub is sleeping, huh?”

Elias bellowed in pleasure as the woman bucked beneath him. Life in his labyrinth was good, and it helped that a number of ‘muses’ from the nearby college and surrounding suburbs had taken an interest in the well-endowed minotaur of the maze. The woman beneath him now was named Evie, and she was a delectable treat. She ‘loved his musk’ apparently, finding it hyper-virile.

It was a nice life, and made him feel close to his various fields of study. He was close to finishing his PhD now; there had been a slight delay as he had to explain his condition to the university board and also adjust to his life as a real-life mythological being. And then there were his urges . . .

He roared as he came inside the morning, what felt like gallons of semen erupting into her. She cried out, taking it all, before collapsing against the bed. Elias breathed through his wide bovine nostrils, satisfied. For now.

His custom watch buzzed.

“Mmhm, that was nice babe,” Evie moaned, “but isn’t that the reminder for your thesis presentation?”

Elias’ dark eyes went wide. “FUCK.”

He quickly washed his hairy parts down, and quickly fit his hooves into his custom shorts, the ones that allowed his tail to sway behind him. He didn’t wear shirts anymore; he’d been given special approval to remain topless. Somehow, it was important to him, and he didn’t hear many of the women complaining about his ripped abs.

He had twenty minutes to get where he needed to go. He charged through the maze, knowing exactly where to find the exit, passing a couple more muses as he left.

“STAY HERE!” he bellowed, “I SHALL BE BACK TO CLAIM YOU!”

It was the sort of thing they expected to say. They loved it, and were disappointed when he wasn’t alpha 100% of the time. It was honestly tiring. Elias got into his open-top jeep and revved the engine, stepping his hooves carefully on the clutch and accelerator.

“MAYBE I NEED A CHANGE OF PACE,” he bellowed to himself, as close to a murmur as possible.

It was then that he heard the news on the radio. Apparently, just a state over, a young woman was making headwaves for being accidentally transformed into a busty bovine lass. Elias remembered that night, when the strange figure had turned into a minotaur woman before him. He’d never had better than that night.

“Thesis first,” he managed to whisper, just barely, “and then . . . maybe I’ll take a little trip interstate . . .”

Xiu carefully put her hair up in a traditional style. She couldn’t *not*. Same as her inability to wear anything but a classically beautiful qipao or other traditional wear. She observed her beauty in the mirror and, satisfied with her appearance, stepped out for another morning on the road.

“How are you this morning, Xiu?” Tila the Wandering Witch asked.

“I am . . . well,” she said, smiling, “I think I am getting . . . better at English. Less difficult.”

“And your intonation is improving too!” the witch beamed, giving her a side hug.

It was true, Xiu was making progress. Ever since she'd been a little too enthusiastic, she'd been making the reverse journey back to her original culture. She was immersed in China; she had a near-encyclopaedic knowledge of its history, people, traditions, social expectations, and she could speak its languages and many dialects flawlessly. More than that, she *felt* Chinese. She couldn't help but exist as the perfect image of the traditional Chinese woman; demure and intelligent, resourceful yet kind, authoritative in her space but gentle and elegant in public. It was honestly a little shocking to suddenly be another race, and belong to another culture.

Which was why she was there right now. After all, Tila's Mandarin was a little rusty, and right now the woman was her best shot at slowly regaining her English.

"Okay, so do you remember what we are selling today?" Tila said, as she prepared the wagon to travel across the Chinese farmland.

"Oats to grow good soil . . . charms to make many families . . . and herbs for making men happy for their wives after a long day."

"Very good! We'll have you back in the West in no time. But for now, are you happy to translate?"

Xiu bowed, readying herself as the farming town drew near. It wasn't everything she expected, but the truth was she was experiencing the world she loved up close, and she was still being an important translator, after all. Give it a few years, and she'd be back in South Hills, this time as Zhang Xiu.

Her friends were going to freak out when she told them who she really was.

Kaleb sighed as once again he became the Sexy Secretary. It was seriously overrated, but that was the perils of an office job. In truth, he'd only been hired for his 'special talents'; that was, his very existence boosted office morale. When needed, he was a powerful man who could make the front desk ladies' hearts flutter, and if the IT boys were overworked, there she was a busty anime-inspired girl with huge boobs and a short skirt. The marketing guys loved it when Kaleb was the blonde secretary though, and it didn't help that the pencil skirt hugged her ass so tightly, or that her chest was practically bursting at the remaining buttons on his top.

"Looking good, Kaley," Mark said. Mark from Marketing, they called him, though in private he liked her to call him 'Sir.' He said it turned him on.

And Kaleb knew a thing or two about turning people on. She couldn't turn it *off*.

“Hey boys,” she said in a singsong voice, leaning in close so that her impressive cleavage was on display for all the men in front, and her ass outlined for those behind her. “I hear you need some cheering up. What can I do to help?”

She said it in a voice that was dripping sex, and one of the office boys was already closing the door behind her, and another disrobing.

“Oh, so it’s that kind of party,” she said, her nipples already poking through her top in anticipation. “Well, you better be quick boys, because I hear the guys and gals in accounts want me to visit, and they love me like they like their coffees; black and hot.”

It was an office joke they all liked to make about her: ‘I like Kaley/Kaleb like I like my coffee; X and Y.’ At this point, she simply leaned into it.

As the first of the men began to pound into her, Kaley groaning in delight, she couldn’t help but resign herself to ecstasy. It wasn’t like the lotion was ever going to come off, at least that’s what she had started to suspect. She or he or they were going to be the perfect sexual dream of whoever was nearest for the rest of she or he or they’d life.

And at a certain point in life, you’ve just got to roll with the pleasures.

A Tale of Sequel Bait

It was four years later that Tila the Wandering Witch’s carriage rolled back into South Hills Valley. Once more, the posters advertising her services were magically all over town, only this time she was a legend of the town, forged from stories ranging from the local minotaur to the gender-swapped couple, to the man who was a walking sexual fantasy. And so once more, the denizens of South Hills hunted her out, hundreds more seeking to make a change to their lives.

But that is a story for another day.