

Choose Your Words (Multi TF, Body Alteration)

By FoxFaceStories

A Combined Story Tier Prompt from Rilby & TG Sorcerer

Abby finds herself the target of her jealous stepmother who hates how happy Abby is with her loving fiance Trent. When Abigail confronts her stepmother over her cruel comments, she finds herself cursed to 'regret her words, and the words of others.' Soon, Abigail finds that her body and behaviour is transforming on the basis of what other people nearby say about her. As she tries to take control of the curse, things spiral even more out of control, and Abigail is left wondering if she'll even be human by the time the curse has run its course.

Choose Your Words

Part 1: The Stepmother's Curse

Abigail tried to keep her smile plastered on her face as she got out of the car. Trent took her hand like the gentleman he was, giving her a reassuring smile.

"It won't be all that bad, Abby," he told her. "It's just a quick visit."

She chuckled. "You're acting like it's *your* evil stepmother we're seeing, and not mine."

"Well, it's your Dad you've come to see, and you still love him. Just remember that."

Abigail sighed, her lithe figure barely taking in air. She brushed some of her dark brunette hair behind her ear as she gathered her thoughts and collected herself.

"You're right. I'm here for Dad, not Clara. I just - I just wish he hadn't married such a horrible woman. She's so miserable, and she's clearly only with Dad for his money. She can barely stand to be in the same room with him: he deserves better!"

Trent put an arm around her shoulder. "Hey, it's okay. I'll be there with you. You won't be alone."

She looked up at her tall, attractive fiance. God, she couldn't wait to marry him. He was a successful lawyer with dark hair and classical good looks; literally tall, dark, and handsome. They had met several years ago at a party through shared acquaintances and hit it off immediately. Abby was an artist who loved colour and expression, while Trent preferred rules and research and printed lines. They shouldn't have gotten along, but instead they enhanced one another's interests. It didn't hurt that while he was very good looking, she was quite a beauty too: Abigail took great pride in her elven-like appearance. She was slim and

beautiful, with piercing blue eyes that people loved to compliment. Like Trent, she kept in shape, and that was something they bonded over as well.

"If this goes south, you're getting me out of here," she told him playfully. "Carry me if you must."

"That's a taunt. You know I love to carry you. Makes me feel all manly."

She went up on her tippy-toes and kissed him on the cheek. "You *are* manly," she said, before hitting the buzzer to the door.

The door opened, and fortunately it was her father on the other side. He was older, and not just in age. They'd crossed states to come visit, which was why she couldn't back out, but it was worth it all to see his crinkly smile.

"Abby! Oh, it's so good to see you! And Trent! How are you both!"

He wrapped them in a big bear hug before practically pulling them in.

"I'll just get Clara. She's been so looking forward to seeing you."

Abby and Trent exchanged a look that said 'no, she hasn't been,' but neither said anything out loud. Abby's father was too busy readying coffees and teas and food for them.

"You must be starving!" he exclaimed, "after such a long trip. How goes the wedding planning? Is it all coming together? Was the money I sent enough? I can send more?"

"Please don't Dad!" Abby said, sitting down on the couch in the living space. "You've done more than enough."

"That's right," came a cold female voice. "He truly has done more than he should have. I mean, really, a ten thousand dollar wedding? That's just appalling, Abby."

The eyes of the room fell to a thin, borderline skeletal woman. She had once been beautiful, back when Clint (Abby's father) had married her, but years of smoking and pent-up foulness had ruined her.

"Darling, it's what most weddings cost," Clint reminded her.

Abby's cruel stepmother simply stepped into the room, sighing as she sucked on her cigarette. She exhaled near Trent, who coughed, but didn't take the bait to respond.

"It's still going ahead then?" she said. "The wedding?"

"Why wouldn't it be?" Trent replied. "We're very much in love, and we're doing well, aren't we, darling?"

Abby smiled, putting on her brave face. Clara had never wanted her to succeed, and had always called her artistic focus in particular 'vacuous and stupid, unlikely to ever take off.' Now that she had her own art studio and a successful online business selling her work, she could finally rub the woman's nose in it.

"That's right, Clara," she said, nibbling down on a snack and the tea her father had made her. "Trent and I are only happier with each passing day."

The woman's eyebrow twitched. "Well, I suppose you'll have to subsist on love, given that you're still pursuing art. Really, Abby, I sometimes feel sorry for poor Trent here, having to support yo-"

"Actually, Abby's art business has really taken off," Trent said casually. "She makes more money than I do. And not to toot my own horn or anything, but lawyering doesn't pay too badly either. Which is why we cannot accept anything else, Clint. You've given us far more help than we deserve."

"Nonsense!" Abby's father said, sitting down with them. "You know we're all very happy for you, aren't we dear?"

"Of course, honey," Clara said, though her words weren't convincing to anyone but her husband in the slightest.

They continued to chat for some time, reminiscing about Abby's mother - a subject Clara hated - as well as Clint's health issues, his model ship collection, and when he was going to get grandkids - something which amused Abby and Trent since they certainly had no plans for them anytime soon, perhaps ever! But the whole time her stepmother continued to give them the stinkeye, and with every tale of how well they were doing, how happy they were, how far along they were in their hobbies, how young and healthy they worked to be, and so on, she only retreated further into fuming, festering rudeness. For every compliment Abby's father gave, Clara gave a backhanded one. For every excited piece of news, she found a way to undermine it.

Finally, it all became too much. Abby had never been the most forthright and confident person, but her father had taught her to stick her heels in the mud and hold her ground when necessary.

"For God's sake, Clara, will you stop being so damn negative about freaking everything!" she shouted.

The room fell silent.

"Abby," her father started, "I'm sure Clara didn't mean - you know she's a very particular-"

"No, she's not, she's just miserable, Dad."

Clara stood. "How dare you!"

"You are! Miserable and jealous. Every good piece of news about us makes you put on that ugly sourpuss face, like you're envious of how happy Trent and I are because you don't know how to be happy. Every time I see you you're worse than ever, Clara. I don't know what Dad here sees in you but I won't put up with it any longer. I'm sorry Dad, but I

have to go. Trent will be heading back home but I'll be in town a few more days. I'm happy to see you, but this *witch* can get out of my life and find herself a better one if she's so jealous of mine."

"I am not jealous, you little - you little -"

"Ha! For once, you're without words. Sorry Daddy, I didn't mean for it to go this way."

She kissed her stunned father on the head, then motioned for Trent to follow her. He mumbled awkward apologies to both of them as he retreated behind her and out the front.

"Wow, that was something else. I thought / was the one who was meant to get you out of there."

"I just hate her so much! I want you to drive, please."

"On it," he said, moving to the other side of the car.

But before Abby could get in, the front door opened. It was not, as she expected, her father that came out, but rather Clara. She was moving with purpose, hate in her eyes. Abby just rolled her own, folding her arms. She was shorter than Clara, but she refused to be intimidated.

"I don't care what you have to say or what you call me," she said before Clara had even shot off a single word. "It just doesn't matter to me, Clara."

Clara stopped just before her, and to Abby's surprise, she actually *smiled*. It was not a good or a kind smile. "Is that so? Well, given that you called me *witch* earlier, perhaps it's time I tried out an old family curse to make you regret your words, you rude little child. You think I'm jealous of your life? Soon I won't be. From now on, you better start caring what other people say about you, because it's going to make you change in a big way. We'll see how pretty and perfect your life is then, princess."

Abby was just about to crack up laughing at the absurdity of this threat when Clara suddenly uttered something strange and guttural. They weren't words, precisely, but they weren't random sounds either. She ended this little scene by *spitting* on Abby. The young woman was so aghast that she immediately *slapped* Clara across the face. The woman reeled, taking a few steps back, but she was still smiling.

"Too late, it's done. We'll see how daddy's perfect daughter turns out now. The magic will wear off in a month. I think it'll be one hell of a month for you. Best of luck having a wedding at the end of it!"

Abby was quaking. She got in the car and told Trent to drive.

"Um, are you okay? I was just about to step out and-"

"Please, just drive," she said.

"Are you sure? You look quite pale."

"Just drive!" she repeated.

Trent did so, taking them away from the awful woman and her loving but foolish father. She felt a strange flush over her skin though, from her face all the way over her form. She drew down the passenger mirror and took herself in. Trent was right, she really did look pale. Quite pale indeed. Unnaturally so, almost. She'd never been a deeply bronzed woman, but she enjoyed painting and exercising outside enough that she had a healthy tan to her skin. Now, after that confrontation, she looked like she'd seen a ghost. She looked like one of those porcelain-skinned girls who took pride in being as pale as possible.

"Ugh," she muttered to herself. "I *do* look pale."

What she didn't know was that she would remain so. Just as Clara had said, the words of others were now going to be causing some significant changes for her. Trent hadn't even intended the result, but he'd already kicked off a very strange journey to come.

And soon he would drop her off to her hotel, say his loving goodbyes, and leave her for the next few days. She would be at the mercy of a public of strangers . . .

"Always good to see a lovely girl who enjoys getting out and about!"

Abby smiled at the old man who'd given the compliment. It was the day after she'd been 'cursed,' and she was still rattled by Clara's strange actions. It was, she imagined, the reason she still looked so strangely pale. As such, she decided to give her Dad a miss for a day and give herself some public meditation and yoga time, using the city's local park. There were many people there, and it was a lovely spot, and she hoped to relax back to normality and even lose the paleness; the sun would surely help with that, right?"

"Thank you!" she called to the old man who was walking past. And he was right; she really did enjoy getting out and about. A strange heat washed over her, seeming familiar somehow. This time it wasn't focused on her skin, however, but seemed to nestle itself in her head, in her *mind*.

"He really *is* right," she said aloud to herself. "I can't stand being cooped up. I should make an effort to get out and be in public as often as I can. It's good for the soul, and good for my art!"

She'd even brought her miniature canvas for sketching, and found the time to do so for the next few hours. Normally she would have returned to the hotel by now, but the man's words had had their effect: from now on she'd be among other people far more often, which carried risks she did not yet understand.

Abigail continued sketching for a time, minding her own business. She wished that Trent was with her, but understood that he had to be back at work. Besides, the peace and

quiet was lovely, and it gave her mind some space from the strange, so-called 'curse' that Clara had placed upon her.

At least, that was what she'd thought.

"Looking sexy! I love a hot artist!"

Abigail rolled her eyes. No matter where a woman went in life, she could always be reasonably sure that there were men willing to catcall her at the earliest opportunity, forever ruining otherwise peaceful moments. She ignored the man, but he continued, calling out as he cycled past on his bike.

"I'm talking to you! The brunette! You look fucking hot! Wish you were a bit more stacked though! Have you got a nice ass though? Stand up so I can see!"

Abigail put down her drawing board and looked up. The man looked to be in his late twenties and was no good-looker himself. He had stopped the bike to harass her, cupping his hands to emphasise his voice, loud and clear and damn well *rude*.

"Just one peek! I bet you've got dump in that truck, babeeeee!!!"

"Fuck off!" she called back. "Get lost, you goddamn creep. I'm trying to enjoy my time here."

"I'd enjoy *my* time a lot more if you'd shake those tail feathers."

She threw him a two-fingered salute, and he finally took the message and got ready to pedal off again, though not before appraising her one last time.

"Yeah, I bet you've got a huge, tight, peachy ass, alright. Yum, yum, yum!"

With that, he dangled his tongue over his chin in a gross manner and rode off before she could fling a paintbrush in his direction, which she had at least tried to do.

"Fucking creep," she repeated to herself. She sighed, collected herself (and the paintbrush), and returned to her mindfulness - or at least attempted to. Poor Abigail was disrupted yet again, this time by a strange warmth that was building in her rear. She shuffled on her park bench seat, feeling strangely uncomfortable as a powerful series of pressures began to emerge there.

"Nghhh," she grunted. "What's happening to me? What's - ahh!"

And then the pressure gave way. Abigail shuddered, overwhelmed by the most alien feeling as her ass *literally* inflated. New flesh pulled into her previously rather pancake-flat backside, filling it out immensely. Her cheeks expanded by the second, inch by astonishing inch, and the extra padding was immediately obvious by how much softer the sensation of sitting down was. But she didn't sit down for long, as the oddity of what was happening and the tightness of her jeans made her leap to her feet, an act that made her new ass wobble tremendously.

"Oh my God!" she squeaked, trying not to alarm others further away in the park.

"What the hell!? What the fuck!? I can't have - oh my God, it looks enormous!"

She twisted around to look at herself, again trying to be subtle. The discomfort in her pants was already obvious, but the sight of it only confirmed in her eyes what had happened. She now had a large, rounded, perfectly peachy behind, the kind that guys went utterly gaga for. It stuck out from her figure looking utterly delectable, a derriere that belonged on a social media sensation or from a big butt lift procedure.

And now it was *her* ass, round and bubbly and stretching the material of her pants.

"This can't be real," Abigail moaned, her fingers sinking into the flesh of her rear before she realised what she was doing and stopped herself. "I can't be - I can't be cursed!"

Part 2: Bigger Changes

Abigail made her way back to the hotel she was staying at. She was in a panic; every step reminded her of how big her ass was. In truth, it really wasn't all that ridiculous, but it was certainly noticeable, with enough bounce to it that each step reminded her of the impossible change that had occurred. Her shaking hands fiddled with the keys to the hotel door, but she ended up dropping them. She went to bow down to grab them, only for the most humiliating thing to happen: her pants literally *split* at the back, ripping open to reveal her panties, which were straining to contain her larger rear.

"Oh my God!" she squeaked, standing back upright immediately and pressing her behind against the door.

She was just in time. At that very moment, a man walked into the hall to get to the adjacent hotel room door. He was in his forties or so, and gave her a kindly smile. "Are those yours?"

"Hmm?" she said, not knowing how to even form words in that moment.

"The keys?"

"Oh, um, yes!"

With a smirk, he bowed down and fetched them, passing them to her. "Always happy to help a beautiful woman in need!" he quipped. "Especially one with such startling blue eyes! Always liked blue eyes on a pretty lady. Especially bright ocean blue ones! Prefer them with blonde hair though. You ever think about making your hair blonde? It would look lovely on you, I'm sure. I'm Henry, by the way."

"And I have a boyfriend," she said, quickly getting the key into the lock and shoving herself inside, slamming and locking the door behind her. She didn't even care if he'd seen her torn pants.

“What a creep!” she said, still trembling a little. But then she started to tremble more, because his words repeated in her mind: *You ever think about making your hair blonde? It would look lovely on you . . .*

Her scalp started to itch, and her hair felt warm and strange, as if electricity were running through it.

“No! No, no no no, no way!”

Abigail moved quickly to the hotel bathroom, straight for the mirror above the sink, only to watch in horror as her gorgeous, raven-black hair suddenly shifted to a light, borderline platinum blonde. It grew out slightly longer as well, just a little. Enough, she realised, to match the tastes of Henry next door.

“Oh God, oh shit. I’ve been cursed. It’s an actual curse. Clara actually put a real magical curse on me. How did she do that? How is that possible? It can’t be real, but . . .”

But the evidence was right in front of her. Her hair had gone blonde in mere moments. She inspected it up close, and it only made the revelation deeper: her hair hadn’t been dyed blonde, it was now fully blonde, as if that had been her natural hair colour all along. Even the roots were blonde.

“And my ass! Jesus Christ, my ass!”

She removed her torn pants and inspected herself. She really did have a ‘wide load’ now. The kind of ass that some girls dreamed about, a big bubblebutt that men liked to grab. Certainly, Trent wouldn’t mind it, but she’d always loved her elven-like looks, her thin elegance. Now, her most noticeable feature was her rear. She could imagine the catcalls already.

“I’m calling her. I’m putting a stop to this.”

She got out her phone and dialled a number she never imagined she would use for anything except the most dire of emergencies. After just three rings, it picked up, and her stepmother’s mocking voice answered.

“Well, has someone been experiencing some changes?”

Clara couldn’t contain herself: “Fuck. You.”

“Oh, sweetie. That’s much too rude for your loving stepmother.”

“Loving? You freakin’ *cursed* me! All because you were jealous of my life and how much Trent loves me! How well I’m going in my life! You need to stop this right now, before I go to the police!”

The woman laughed on the other end of the line. *“Oh, the police? And tell them what, Abby? That your evil wicked stepmother delivered a curse on you? Is that really a good thing to admit?”*

“It can’t hurt to try.”

"That's where you're wrong. By now you would have noticed that the curse changes you based on what other people say about you. Now think deeply, since you're such a smart young woman, what would happen if a police officer hears this story and says the words, 'I think you're crazy'?"

Abigail was briefly silent as a chill ran down her spine. "Then . . . I would actually go crazy."

"Yes you would. Best keep this between us for now. Now, be honest, what changes have you gone through already?"

Humiliation burned through her. "My skin has gone all pale! My hair is now blonde! And thanks to a comment by a kind old man and some horrid ones from a group of teenage boys, I feel this urge to often go out in public, and my ass has gotten huge!"

The woman laughed again, wickedly. *"Well, it'll only get worse. Don't try to contact me or your father again Abigail, at least until I decide your punishment is over. If you do, I'll say all sorts of things to change you."*

"You wouldn't-"

"We both know I would. And whatever changes you do experience before I choose to end your curse - if I ever do choose to end your curse, that is - will be totally permanent, by the way. Forever. Well, that's not exactly true, but I'll let you find out that fun bit, ha! But if not, then I hope you like your big ass and blonde hair, because they're here to stay."

By this point, tears were welling up in the corners of Abigail's eyes. Her hand shook as she held the phone.

"Clara, please, you can't do this to me. I - I didn't mean those things I said. You can have Dad. Please, just leave my life alone."

"I am leaving it alone, from now on. What happens next is up to you . . . and the people around you, Abby. That's what you get for throwing your better life in my face. You should have just taken the comments I gave you."

"Please Clara, I'll do anything. I mean it. Just take the curse off. I'm begging you!"

Her stepmother sighed. *"You still don't get it, do you? I don't want to hear from you again, Abigail. Ever. Or for you to see my Clint again. And since this is the only way you can apparently learn that fact, here goes: I love that you have a little pig tail to match that big behind of yours."*

Something pushed out from the end of her spine, just above her big buttocks. It twisted about, gaining a slight feeling. She reached a hand back and felt a small pig's tail."

"WHAT!? You bitch! You can't!"

"Oh, bitch am I? Well, in that case, I also love that you have a pair of dog ears instead of human ones; right on top of your head in fact. Furry and foxy!"

Abby hung up the phone and threw it away, just in case she heard any words or Clara used some kind of magic to keep the line going. But it was too late: her ears burned, pushing upwards and literally moving to the top of her head.

“Ngnhhhhh,” she whined, clutching her head from the discomfort and strangeness. “N-nooooo! Ahhhh! You can’t - ahhh!”

They changed shape, flattening and turning triangular in shape. True to Clara’s words, they gained a red and white fox-like colouring. Fox ears. They were several inches tall and perked up of their own volition. Suddenly, Abigail’s hearing was greatly improved. A train passing in the distance several blocks away caught her auditory attention, and her ears literally swivelled a little towards the direction of that sound.

“Oh God, I’m a f-fucking freak!” she whined. She put her hands up and felt the fur of her ears. It was so soft and oddly relaxing to massage. The material of her ears was thin too, but the hearing so much better. She looked like one of the girls from one of Trent’s animes or mangas; the kitsune with the fox ears. She was just missing some sharp canines and a fox tail.

“Instead, I’ve got a goddamn pig’s tail,” she muttered. “And it’s permanent. Fuck. FUCK! I can’t have these be permanent! I just - I just can’t! I’ll be a freak! I won’t even be able to show up at my own art galleries if I take off, I’ll be a recluse!”

She cried. She let it all out. It took a long time. She sat on the bed, trying to ignore the soft sensation of her own pillowy behind cushioning her, and just let the emotions run from her. It took a long hour before she was ready to try and put some new clothes on. That urge to get outside, to get moving in public, was coming over her again. She tried to fight it, but it was incredibly powerful, and now apparently would always be part of her.

“Need to find a way to beat her,” she said. “Need to find a way to undo the curse. If magic is real, then there must be anti-magic, or something, right? Or another spellcaster? Trent can be a bit of a nerd, he’d know these things.”

She didn’t want him to see her like this, but there was no other choice. She needed to get out of this town anyway. It was big, but there was no telling if she’d run into Clara. She grabbed her phone and sent a long, sad message to her father, telling him that she had an emergency and she had to go home. It wasn’t a lie, though it made her hate Clara all the more. Then she got dressed, using a skirt to conceal her bigger behind as much as possible, and tape to keep her pigtail flat against her lower back. The fox ears were more difficult, so she opted for one of her autumn hats. The weather was too warm for it, but she’d packed it anyway, and now it would help her. Thankfully, her ears didn’t mind being compressed a little.

“Right,” she said, wiping away the last of the tears. “Get back home, talk to Trent, undo my current changes somehow. That’s the plan. You can do this, Abby. There’ll be no more changes.”

But she couldn’t have been more wrong. There were plenty of changes to come, and they would be far more extreme than any she’d yet had.

Abigail was nervous as hell. She had fled back to her hometown and needed to see Trent. Her fiance would know what to do; he’d always been supportive, and was good in a time of crisis. Usually. Well, sometimes he freaked out. But he loved her, and she loved him. He deserved to know about this, and he could help her. She stood outside their shared apartment, trying not to fidget with her backside. Her ridiculous pig’s tail was itchy, taped as it was to her lower back. It was just big enough to leave a small lump, but at least was easier to cover than her ears. Those too were bothering her, and the fact that her hair hung over where her normal human ears would have been.

“You can do this, Abby. Just come clean to him.”

She inserted her key into the lock and opened the door, and was immediately relieved to hear that the shower was going in the bathroom.

“Thank God,” she said, closing the door. It felt a bit odd to be inside. Not uncomfortable, but she was aware that she needed to get back in public at some point, all because of an unintentional side effect of a kind old man’s comments.

She took off her hat, freeing her furry orange fox ears with their white tips. She sighed with relief, stroking them. Their softness was actually kind of nice, and she had a brief image in her mind of Trent stroking the soft fur of them, only to recoil from that thought. With another sigh, she lowered the waistband of her skirt and took off the tape, freeing her pig’s tail. She stretched it out a little, massaging it enough to make it more comfortable.

“Stupid pig’s ass,” she muttered. “God, how to even tell him?”

She would need to soon, because suddenly Trent called out over the sounds of the shower: “Abby? Honey, is that you?”

Abigail gulped. “Yes, it’s me, sweetie!”

“I thought you weren’t coming back for a couple of days?”

“I . . . had to come home. I couldn’t put up with Clara. And I needed to see you, badly. Really, really badly, Trent.”

There was a chuckle from the bathroom. The door was half open, and she caught a glimpse of his naked body as he turned off the shower and began to towel himself.

“Hmmm, so it’s that kind of evening for us to look forward to, huh? Sounds saucy.”

“Oh, I - I didn’t mean it like that, Trent. Um.”

But she knew Trent: when he was in the mood, he was in the mood, and his thoughts were clearly trapped there as he continued to talk from the bathroom.

“Well, even if you didn’t, we can always take what happened off your mind with a little fun. I won’t lie honey, I’ve been missing touching those big, beautiful breasts of yours.”

Abigail’s eyes went wide. Trent always enjoyed a bit of hyperbole when it came to dirty talk, and that included the way he acted as if her body parts were more curvaceous than they were. She felt a pressure grow within her chest, subtle but certain.

She stuttered: “They’re n-not that big, Trent. Only little. I like them that way!”

“Nonsense! They’re lovely and big from my perspective. They’ve got that bounce. And I know they’re super, *super* sensitive, right? They make you moan just from a little touch, right?”

The pressure spiked. Abigail bit her lip, trying to suppress a moan and failing.

“That’s right, sexy,” he said, opening the bathroom door and stepping into the main room with just a towel around his waist. “You know I love your big, hot, sensitive - woah! I love the blonde hair! Goes well with how pale your skin is lately, no offence. It’s a great look. Is this the surprise? Uh, but what’s up with your ears?”

Abigail’s hands flung up to her pointy fox ears. She had been ready to tell him, but now that he had said those words she had forgotten all about her ears! She groaned, feeling the pressure expand in her chest; the flesh there rose, plumpening up. Her nipples stood on end, as if incredibly aroused.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned, stepping back. “Don’t say anything, p-please! You can’t talk about my b-body!”

Trent grinned. “Is this some sort of game, love? You know I love a hot kitsune. Aww, you’re dressing up for me! And you look hot too. I can’t quite tell how, but something about you is changed.”

He stepped closer, and she halted. She exhaled, her arousal heightening as her breasts throbbed and grew. They were so flat before, but now they surged forth, pushing out against her shirt to become modest B’s, then full C’s, and then what had to be easily larger D-cups or even DD-cups. They were rounded, heavier, and wobbling, straining uncomfortably against her bra. Worse of all, her nipples pressed against the cups, sliding against the inside as her mammaries expanded, and it brought her feelings of horniness she couldn’t have imagined. She realised Trent’s words had cursed her with a secondary effect; her boobs were now *massively* sensitive.

“Ohhhhhh,” she moaned, gripping her chest and rubbing it. “It’s - they’re b-bigger!”

“What’s bigger?” Trent asked, starting to get confused. “Abby, you’re acting a bit funny. Is this a sex thing or not?”

She trembled as her breasts grew a little just one last time. It made her moan, and the moan was deeply sensual as well. And then, needing to show home what was happening, she pulled at her shirt, taking it and her bra off and tossing them aside. Her boobs were massive from her own view, though they were probably 'merely' just *large* now. They wobbled, freed from their confinement, and hung a little bit lower, though they were incredibly pert, really. Trent's eyes went wide.

"S-something's happening to m-me, Trent!" she whined, cupping her bigger breasts and fondling her nipples. The sensitivity was *insane*, and it made her pussy become as wet as a river in mere moments.

"Holy shit. Are those real? There's no way you'd ever get a boob job, or that it could happen that fast."

"It's m-magic! A curse! The fox ears, too! I need your help, honey. P-please!"

She looked down, and for all of his genuine concern, Abigail could also see that his pants were tenting in a big way. He hadn't seen her pig's tail yet, but he'd likely noted her larger ass by this point. She really did look like one of his manga characters, the ones that were always drawn quite . . . voluptuously. It made her libido strengthen further, and her brain switched priorities.

"How can I help?" Trent asked. "Jesus, what do we do?"

She practically *launched* herself at him, making him drop the towel so she could feel his manhood against her stomach, and then somewhere else. She pressed her full chest upon his skin, and the sensations were worthy of miniature orgasms alone.

"First, I need you to f-fuck me," she begged. "I can't help it. I *need* it."

"But how did your tits?"

She grabbed his hands and placed them on her chest forcefully. She looked up at her handsome, wonderful fiance, who could be so astute and yet so absurdly clueless sometimes.

"I'll explain everything, my love. But first, I need you to squeeze these new big tits of mine and fuck my brains out. NOW!"

From the look on his face, she knew he would oblige.

Part 3: Foxy Lady

Abigail panted heavily in the aftermath of their lovemaking. She had been *ravenous*, and had climaxed far more than once. In fact, she had lost count of her own orgasms, many of which

had come purely from Trent just playing with her breasts. She had been on her back, her legs wrapped around him, as he fucked her senseless, just like she had asked. Abby had never been a particularly loud partner in bed (Trent often joked that she squeaked like a mouse as climax approached), but this time she was wailing with the best of them. It had turned Trent on: he had played with her tits, driving her over the edge multiple times, and it was clear from how he'd spent several minutes with his face buried in her new well-endowed 'assets' that he was in heaven.

But he was also very confused, and understandably so. Especially when he reached around to grope her ass and feel her lower back. She was nestled comfortable against him on her side by this stage, and while he had complimented her fox ears during the act, she doubted he realised they were real; he hadn't paid attention to her lack of actual human ears. But then his hands felt over her pig tail, and she realised she'd forgotten about it again.

"Huh? What the hell? What's this?"

He shifted while she froze. There was a long pause.

"That can't be real."

Abby swallowed, fighting back the tears. "It . . . is. It's real, Trent. It's what I came back into town early to show you. To tell you."

"You're kidding."

But then he fell silent again as he played with the tail, inspecting it. He shifted, playing with her ears, checking for any seams. He parted her hair on the side, inspecting the blonde roots.

"Blonde all the way down . . . and holy fuck, Abby! You're missing your ears!"

This time, tears *did* well in her eyes. She held him even as he inspected her further.

"I know," she whimpered. "I know. I told you I had to come back to you. I need help, honey. I'm in real big trouble."

Trent pulled back. The look that he gave her was one of serious alarm, but also of comforting love. "Abigail, sweetie. Honey. I need you to tell me everything."

The story lasted a long time, longer than she would have thought. Trent kept interrupting for more details, and in between they showered (separately for once, she didn't want him seeing her pig's tail or staring at her huge ass. Even the fox ears were getting too much attention from him) and readied some tea. It was getting late, and she was feeling extremely awkward, and more than a little scared, but after the whole story was told, Trent clearly believed her.

“It’s just so insane,” he said, mind-boggled, still looking at her fox ears and pig tail, and certainly her larger breasts and bigger behind.

“Trust me, no one feels crazier than me. I feel like I’m going to break down, Trent. I mean it. I can’t approach Clara, and she says she won’t fix me. I don’t know what to even do!”

He comforted her. “Look, it’s late. Maybe if we get some sleep, we can think better in the morning, okay?”

She sniffled, allowing him to cradle her. It wasn’t the worst idea.

“Okay,” she said.

The pair of them retired to bed, though because of the nature of her new body, the inevitable occurred. Often the two of them would spoon lovingly, but now that Trent had his crotch pressed against her much bigger ass, there was clearly an additional turn on for him. And because the two of them slept naked, his hand was placed over her sensitive left breasts, caressing it lightly. Normally it would just be a matter of light playfulness and comfort, but this time it made him all the more aroused, and his penis hardened between her cheeks. Worse, the overwhelming sensitivity in her new tits made her nipples throb with need. Soon she was moaning as he played with her pink areolas, and her body could only take so much teasing before she needed to be filled.

“Ohhhhh, Trent. S-stop t-teasing me. I need you to fuck me again. Now!”

This time, he had no hesitations whatsoever. He even stroked her head as he thrust into her, gripping her ass with his other hand. The sensation of his fingers running over her fox ears was strangely alluring. She came even harder this time.

After another morning fuck, spurred on once more by her fiancé touching her incredible tits, the two of them managed to drag themselves out of bed. Once more, Abigail was reminded of how pendulous her new double-D breasts were, as well as how bouncy her new ass was. Trent’s eyes were magnetised, but it only made her self-conscious.

“Sorry,” he said. “I’ll make us some pancakes.”

“Please do,” she said, cheeks burning.

“And then we’ll talk more about this curse. I promise you, honey, we’ll find a way to deal with it.”

They showered, dressed (not much fit her, especially around her bust, so her shirts were unreasonably tight there), and ate. Afterwards, Trent spent a further half-hour asking questions, trying to figure out the rules of the curse.

“So, it’s just words about you that change you?”

“As far as I can tell,” Abigail said. “I can’t affect it. Trust me, I’ve tried. And she says changes are permanent. Well, she hinted that they might not be, but I think there’s a catch of some kind, given how she laughed when she mentioned it, and seemed to look forward to me discovering it.”

“Well, evidently *I* can adjust it,” Trent said. He paced around the living room while she sat. She was still getting used to the new weight on her chest; none of her bras fit anymore, and she muttered about it once more under her breath.

Trent snapped his fingers. “Let me try something.” He coughed, clearly his throat. “I love the way you wear sexy lingerie that fits those perfect breasts.”

Abby stood, her large breasts wobbling in her top. “Trent, what the actual fuck?”

“Just wait. I’m seeing how far the power of this curse goes.”

Sure enough, a tingle of magic began. Immediately, her breasts were cupped by something that materialised around them, lifting them up considerably and forcing them together. Her shirt, already too tight against her enlarged chest, now displayed a slight v-neck as a result. The edges of a sexy black push-up bra could be seen, as well as a tantalising look at her now-impressive cleavage.

Abigail jumped back a little, falling back into her seat by accident. Her breasts still wobbled a little, but were much better contained within her new bra. She felt another material change below, and sure enough she now had a matching set of lingerie panties that actually moulded well to her rear (though given they were the ‘sexy’ kind, it wasn’t like that covered a great deal of either cheek anyway).

“You absolute dog!” she said, aghast that he would do this.

Trent put up his hands apologetically. “It’s okay, it’s okay. I just wanted to test if it could affect things other than your body and mind. I’ll change it to something better. *I love the way you wear bras and panties that you want to wear, and fit you comfortably and well.*”

They both waited. Nothing happened.

Abigail, naturally, *seethed*. She hit him on the shoulder. “You idiot! Now I’m stuck wearing the kind of underthings I’d only wear for a sexy Friday night date! For good! I told you it was permanent! Ugh!”

Trent was visibly upset. “I’m sorry, love! I didn’t think-”

“No, you didn’t!”

“But that doesn’t mean we should stop trying. Um. How about this? *I love how you, Abigail, don’t have a tail.*”

Again, nothing happened.

“Why are you even trying this?”

“Well, it’s not like we should actually believe Clara, right? You told me she always lies and manipulates! And she said there was a twist, right? When it comes to how some things

are permanent. I thought that maybe a change could be permanent, like growing a tail, but the actual *type* of change might, er, change. Does that make sense?"

Abigail paused. "No!" she cried, extending her hands out.

"Well, here's an example. You got a pig tail, right?"

"Don't remind me!"

"But if I were to, say, mention that you've got such a *foxy* tail to match those ears, then maybe it would-"

She held up a hand to make him stop, *immediately*. The base of her spine had a sudden pressure, and something was pushing out. Eyes wide and heart pounding, she dropped her skirt a little, new black lingerie underwear as well. Her pig tail was suddenly thickening, expanding. She grunted, breathing heavily as new tissue and bone formed, as well as more hair. A lot more hair.

"Nnghhhh," she groaned. "You f-fucking moron! Trent, look what you've d-done to m-me!"

She doubled over forward as her new, *new* tail shot out. It extended, long and increasingly fluffy, and itchy feeling leaving her to scratch its long length even as bright orange fur erupted from it. She shook her large ass, whimpering as it continued to slide out of her. Finally, it stopped at a bit over three feet in length. It trailed near her ankles, flicking from left to right, matching her frustrated and angry mood. It was incredibly bushy, with a surprisingly gorgeous white tip. It was also no longer capable of being hidden.

Abigail *raged*. Her tail stood up straight, rigid to match her focus.

"Look what you've done! I'll never hide this now!"

But Trent was surprisingly ecstatic. "Holy moly! I won't lie: you look incredibly fucking cute, honey. A real kitsune fox girl now! But don't worry, now that we know the trick, we can give you a tail that is basically easy to hide. Think like a little bunny rabbit tail, or a pig one again, or something even more appropriate. Listen: *I love that you have a tiny little rabbit tail that is almost impossible to see, but weirdly sensitive.*"

"Hey!"

"Sorry, I thought the last bit could be fun, at least?"

There was another sensation of magic flowing through her, centred on her tail. But to both their collective disappointment, the fox tail didn't go away.

"That should have worked," he said. He reached around and stroked her bushy tail, and it immediately elicited a soft groan from Abigail.

"Ohhhhhhhh . . . ohhhh, it's s-sensitive! Like my tits! Stop it!"

He pulled his hand back and placed it on his chin. "Okay, only one part of that worked. Maybe instead if I say-"

But at that, Abigail put her fingers on his mouth. "Not. Another. Word."

“But what if-”

“Not. Another. Fucking. Word. Trent. I love you, but you have royally screwed this up. God! You’ve given me huge tits and permanent lingerie and a fox tail! We’re meant to be getting married and you couldn’t listen to me? What, is this some kind of power trip?”

“Of course not! But . . . what if we focus the magic in another way?”

She raised an eyebrow. Her soft fox tail swayed behind her, still annoyed but indicating possible interest. “What do you mean?”

“Well, I gave you bigger breasts. I’m sure you’re not *that* upset about that.”

“I am.”

“Okay, sorry. But what if we just change as much as we can about you, but only in small ways? Like, talk about your face, freckles, legs, waist, and so on. That way we can ‘lock in’ your changes, and you can only get variations on *that*, right? We can always get the tail removed the old fashion way - surgically, I mean. Ears are a different matter since you want to hear, but we haven’t altered them at all yet. Maybe you just get *one* alteration of an existing change. Basically, we can game the system.”

Abigail took a deep breath. “That’s . . . not the worst idea. But only as a last resort. I’m not comfortable with that yet. I’m a freak already, and if we do it wrong, I’ll end up more of a freak. And if we do it right, I’ll still not really be *me* on the outside, anymore, even if we’re subtle. Look, I’m really scared right now, Trent. I came here hoping for comfort and support but this . . . didn’t go how I wanted it to. I need to go get some air; I have this stupid mental compulsion to go out in public.”

“But you’re tail-”

“I know!” she said, flickering it. It was really, really weird to have an extra appendage, especially one that was only *half* under your control. She was constantly being reminded of it, just like her ears, which liked to turn in the direction of noticeable sounds. “I’ll just pretend I’m a damn cosplayer or something. Or stuff it under a coat. If that’s even possible.”

Trent approached her. “I’m really sorry, Abby. You know I didn’t mean this.”

“I know,” she said, allowing him to hug her. Immediately, the sensation of her big breasts pressing against his chest, even through the material of her shirt and bra, made her almost salivate. It made her *lust*.

She pulled away. Her tail had automatically lifted, as if trying to give access to her man. It repulsed her, to be so swayed by these new feelings.

“But I just need some air. I’ll be back, okay? Keep in contact and try to research about this for me. Find out if *anyone* or *anything* can help us break the curse, before it’s too late and Clara wins.

Poor Abigail was incredibly conscious as she walked through town. Heads turned her way, observing the strange woman who was trying to keep covered up. It was a failing task though; it was an immensely windy day, which caused her coat to flap everywhere, and her big fox tail to be exposed. She had a hat, but it flung away as she made it to the train station. She wanted to travel to the park, and something about taking the public route rather than a car was appealing despite her condition; once again, the kind old man's words had doomed her in this regard.

"Stupid wind," she muttered, covering her ears with her hands before ultimately giving up. "Stupid ears. Stupid fox tail. Stupid big boobs and butt. I can't believe all of this!"

Many people looked their way to the fox girl. A few teenage boys moving in the opposite direction stopped and stared, and she heard their whispers.

"What the hell, does she have a tail?"

"It's a costume, moron."

"But it looks so real!"

"Dude, she's one of those weird cosplayers. You know, dressing up as a fox girl."

"Isn't that a furry?"

"If that's a furry, then count me in. Woof woof! Just needs a big pair of tits and she's perfect!"

She snapped her head around, unable to contain her anger. "I *have* a big pair of tits already, thank you very much!"

Their leading figure just laughed. "I meant even bigger! You'd look better with even bigger tits!"

Of course, her coat was covering her new double-D's, concealing them from view. She was about to snap off a reply when a familiar pressure returned in her chest. She growled, not unlike a fox, and quickly stormed away from the group.

"Great, just – nnggh! – great! Now they're getting even – eeugh! – bigger!"

They expanded, cascading over the top of her bra cups, becoming what had to be E-cups in size. Bigger, heavier, and a whole lot jigglier. Even against the coat they now gave some profile. She grit her teeth in frustration, and the only thing that subsided it – just a little – was that her bra then expanded to fit them, cupping them upwards and displaying more cleavage out the top of her coat.

"Great, yay for the only part of my fiance's comments that helped!" she complained.

She made her way into the subway, still attracting attention, still moving quick enough to avoid as much comment as she could. A few children saw her and pointed, causing her to shift aside. Who knew what a child could say? Jesus, what if they mentioned how cool it would be if she had tentacles or something?

“Just need to get to the train, then the park,” she said. “Get some fresh air. Privacy. Get my fill of the public space and then retreat back to Trent.”

Unfortunately, she had to barge past someone when she got on the train. A young woman in her late teens or early twenties was on her phone, holding onto the handhold above, and basically blocking access to the seat Abigail wanted to occupy.

“Excuse me,” she said, but in her impatience and annoyance she clocked the woman on the shoulder more heavily than she wanted to.

“Excuse yourself, you fucking freak! Next time wait for someone to move!”

Abigail sighed. “I just wanted a seat. Don’t block the way next time.”

The young woman rolled her eyes and huffed. “Whatever, weirdo. You dress like a fox, but if you ask me, I’d say you’re way more of a cow. Next time don’t swing your udders around like you’re hot shit, freak.”

She turned away from Abigail, which was a good thing, because all of a sudden the magic concentrated around the pale-skinned fox girl. It centred just above her crotch, where a powerful pressure developed, and four points began to bulge forth, growing like . . . like *teats*.

“Oh God,” Abigail whimpered, realising what was about to happen in front of a trainload of people. “Oh God, no!”

Part 4: Animal Parts

Abigail *groaned*. The sensations were utterly unnatural, but there was no way to stop them. A woman had commented on her body, called her a ‘cow’ and made a comment about ‘swinging your udders’, and now a real-life udder was literally manifesting between her thighs. The poor transforming woman tried to keep her voice under control, but there was so much going on. Her long foxy tail swished from side to side in agitation, and her furry ears picked up everything that people were saying:

“What is wrong with that woman?”

“Those ears can’t be real!”

“I think she’s growing some kind of mass between her legs.”

“Nonsense, there’s no way that - my God, it looks like an udder!”

“A big one!”

“A really big one. Jesus Christ above, will it make milk, do you think?”

By this point the development was indeed obvious: Abby was spreading her legs wide on the seat she’d managed to secure, and the mass above her crotch was rapidly

gaining in size and weight, the four protruding teats pressing painfully against the material of her clothing. She grunted and groaned as it swelled yet larger, encouraged by the words of those around her. At the word 'milk' from an older man across from her, it ballooned even more rapidly, a warm sensation flooding the new organ, a new pressure causing it to become strained.

"Nghh! S-stop! Stop talking, everyone! Y-you're m-making it wooorse! OHhhhh G-God! Ahhhh - OHHHH G-GOD!!!"

The front of her pants *exploded*, ripping open to allow the large pink mass to continue its growth. The crowd gasped in horror, and none more so than the woman who had called her a cow in the first place. Abigail burned red with humiliation and shame, but she was helpless but to give the udder more space to grow. The large bulging teats were so damn sensitive, and it made her realise with a horror that they may be bound to the same rules as her breasts given their similarity; if so, then would they be ludicrously sensitive forever? She found the answer immediately; the soreness of her new udder's expansion caused her to massage the mass automatically, and doing so elicited long groans of near-ecstasy from her.

"Mmhmmm, ohhhhh, s-so f-freakin' s-sensitive! Ahhhhh, God! It has to s-stop! No one s-say anything! P-please!"

It seemed to work, because nobody did. The entire train carriage was in stunned silence as her pulsating udder finally reached its greatest extent. It was easily the size of a basketball, if not larger. The pressure within it was surprisingly intense, and it was only thanks to her big, peachy ass that she felt she had enough cushioning to support it while sitting down. Still, it spilled onto her lap horrifically, gurgling slightly, looking just like a cow's udder, only one sized a bit more reasonably for a human; if she was still human.

The pale woman panted. She needed to get off the train and cover herself. Get out of the public view, even as her step mother's magic compelled her to remain around others, all thanks to that older man's comment in the park. She brushed her blonde hair behind her ears, got a hold of her manic breathing, and lifted herself up.

She regretted it instantly, as her udder squashed unexpectedly against the railing of the seat in front of her.

"Mmhmm!" she groaned. The sensitivity and pain mingled together, causing her nipples in her now-huge E-cup breasts to bulge also. Why was everything so damn sensitive? What had she done to deserve this?

"Out of m-my way!" she managed, clutching her udder. She pushed past a man - the one who had commented about 'milk' - and tried to make space for herself. But between her rotund backside, her enormous tits, and her even larger udder, something had to give. Her new teats pressed against his pants leg, and the pressure became all too much.

There was an intense feeling of release, and suddenly a long white spurt of milk shot out of two of her teats, milk spilling all down the man's leg.

"What the fuck?" the man gasped as she momentarily paused, gasping at the sight of milk - *her* cow's milk - releasing. She grunted like an animal in response to it, and the worst part was how nice it actually felt, like finally peeing after needing to go for so long. "Is that milk? This isn't some performance trick? Get away from me, you freak!"

She did so, moving as quickly as she could, breasts bobbing and now udder too. It had so little support and was so heavy that she had to clutch it manually, and when the train pulled to a stop she was the first one off. But not before, unfortunately, many of the train's other passengers had pulled out their phones and started filming her.

"Please! J-just leave me alone! And don't s-say anything!"

She ran from the station, uncaring who could see her, only that she could outpace them before her foxy ears could pick anything up. She immediately reached the bathroom and examined her body. She didn't want to look at her ridiculous udder, but she needed to cover it up and get some support. Luckily, she had a scarf, brought just in case she needed to cover her face. Thinking quickly - and out of the necessity borne from the discomfort of her new hanging organ - she tied it around her waist and used it as an improvised band beneath her udder. It wasn't much, but it was enough to provide some support to mitigate the ache and prevent it from slapping so much against her thighs.

"This can't be happening," she groaned to herself, pawing over the udder. "A fucking udder. A goddamn fucking udder. It isn't fair! This is all *her* goddamn fault. There *has* to be a way to change back."

She pulled her coat more tightly around herself, hiding her tail as well as she could back within its folds. She buttoned it up and nestled her tail as comfortably as she could, but that brought its own discomfort. She was already so freakish, she was terrified others would comment on her, causing yet further changes. But with so many bulges, something had to give; her cleavage was very much on display from her pert E-cups, the corners of her sexy, lacy bra easily visible as it cupped them full.

"Damn you, Trent," she muttered under her breath. He was usually such a kind, considerate man. It was why she wanted to marry him. Only now in his haste to help he'd ended up making her changes all the more alarming, and attention-gaining!

Abigail took a deep breath. She'd have to go home. She'd have to.

"Have to get back to him. Have to beat this damn compulsion."

But it was too strong. Thanks to that unaware older man in the park, she was continually compelled to be out and about. She sighed heavily, and was greeted with the odd sensation of not only her larger breasts rising and falling, but her udder swelling against her

pants. She'd done all she could; thank God she had a belt, but the front had to be torn further open to allow it some 'breathing room.'

"No more milk," she grunted, touching it lightly. It caused her four teats to stir, hardening slightly, and she nearly retched a little. "No, no more touching that. But definitely no more milk! I can get through this. Goddamnit, I can get through this!"

She left the bathroom, moving slowly and awkwardly and trying to keep out of people's way. Thankfully, the wind had died down enough that she could cover her ears once more. As far as anyone was concerned, she was perhaps just recovering from an illness or something.

She decided to stay out as long as her compulsions required her, and not a moment longer. The park was the safest place; it was large and dispersed and a place people went to for privacy. She purchased some art supplies at a nearby store and a small canvas and board. Not only would doing some more art help soothe her, but it would also be a sign to everyone to leave her alone, hopefully.

It worked, for a time. In fact, despite the horrid changes to her body, the compression of her tail and the growing warmth and pressure in her udder, she was even able to attain some measure of peace. There was no way she was going to be stuck like this, right? Clara couldn't possibly be right when she said the changes would be permanent. And if they were . . . maybe like with her tail, they could adjust her udder. Make it just some barely noticeably nipples below her belly button that only Trent would ever know about. That wouldn't be so bad, all things considered. And perhaps Clara was just making a bluff, perhaps the tail *could* be surgically removed. The ears would have to stay unless she wanted to go deaf, but there were ways of dealing with it.

These were the thoughts that spilled through her mind as she painted. It was a meditative act, one that allowed her to refocus her mind and dim the awareness of her udder. It still lurked in her thoughts - it was certainly weighing a few pounds on her, and she adjusted her sitting position regularly because she was unused to it - but the trance-like state of painting the duck pond before her at least kept her from full-blown panic. Even the growing warmth in her new bovine organ wasn't too bad and could be put off for a time. That was, until someone made a comment.

"Spilled some paint," someone said as they moved past.

She looked up, despite her pledge not to interact with others, to see a middle-aged woman stepping past. "I'm sorry?"

The woman gestured down to Abigail's lap, where the billowing coat was just barely managing to conceal her increasingly bloated lower mammary.

"You spilled some milk. See!"

Abby looked down to her lap, and realised immediately what the woman was talking about. To her utter shame, there was a large damp patch spreading right over there, with droplets of white that could only be her milk. The woman thought it was paint, but the strange, almost blissful release that Abby had been experiencing had seemingly not *just* been from painting, but from her milk finally expressing itself in her overly full udder.

"Ughhh," she grunted, the full weight of the pressure coming over her. How had she not realised how engorged it would become? That's what udders were for!

"It's no worry dear, I just thought you should know," the woman said.

Abigail managed to force an extraordinarily reluctant smile her way.

"Th-thank you," she managed, trying not to squirm and make the shape of her bovine mass all the more obvious. "I didn't realise."

The woman smiled. "Not a worry at all, dear! I'm happy to help a pretty young lady like yourself."

Abby couldn't help but wince at the woman's words. She meant nice enough, but Abby felt the farthest thing from 'pretty' at that moment. The bulge at her abdomen was bad enough, but there was also the tail, the fox ears, the huge boobs, the pale skin, even the hair that - while nice and cute - wasn't hers at all. It was the last feature that was about to change again, however. Some people just couldn't help but pry.

"It'd be a shame to get paint in that pretty blonde hair of yours, after all!" the woman continued. A sense of dread hit Abby, as if something suggestive was about to be said.

"Oh, um, thank you. I actually have to go . . . clean up."

"Of course dear. You should definitely grow your hair out longer, though. Take it from a woman of an age where it's not as acceptable, a young lady like yourself should definitely take advantage of your age! A gorgeous cat needs a good coat of hair, as my mother always said!"

The rippling of magic followed, that eerie warbling sensation that forewarned of further changes yet to come.

"Th-thank you," Abby muttered again, moving as fast as she could, awkwardly clutching her udder before releasing it to hang in her scarf-sling. "But I n-need to really go! Sorry!"

"Of course dear! Oh, what about your lovely painting?"

"You k-keep it! It's - ughhhh - a g-gift!"

Her skin was itching terribly. She pawed at it, scratching at the surface even as she moved. She needed to get out of the pair. She needed to get home, as soon as possible.

“Euugh, what on earth is f-fucking happening n-now!?”

She made it to the edge of the park, her overly-developed chest jiggling in her bra, her udder pulling at her scarf-sling, leaking milk everywhere, her fox tail threatening to escape. Several onlookers were observing the panicking woman, asking if she needed help.

“I just need to g-get home! Nghh! Just n-need to g-get home. Leave me alone and s-say nothing, you f-fucking morons!”

“Cow!” one said.

“Bitch,” said another. “Watch your tongue around children!”

She gasped at the exit, clutching the rail of the gate as two small pinpricks pushed at her temples, bursting slowly from the skin. At the same time her tongue lengthened, becoming canine in size, panting at the edge of her lips.

“N-nooo,” she groaned, moving with haste. She began dialling for a taxi. Public transport could go lick itself, she needed Trent. “No, not a taxi. Trent himself. He can get me. I know he w-will.”

She dialled him instead.

And that’s when she noticed the blonde cat’s fur with little patches of fox-like ginger creeping along her wrist, sprouting from her skin.

Part 5: Fur-ther Troubles

“Fur? I’m growing *fucking fur!*?”

She didn’t mean to speak so loudly, but the horrifying revelation terrified her nonetheless. That woman hadn’t even *intended* to make a comment like that. She’d just suggest that longer hair -”

Abigail paused as several people exiting the park nearby gasped. She reached a hand up - a hand that was still largely bereft of fur - and felt her head where her scalp was experiencing a strange ‘pushing’ sensation through it. Sure enough, her new platinum blonde routes were surging through the thin layer of skin, growing at a rapid pace. Like noodles through the holes of a strainer, they extended unnaturally, lengthening second by agonising second and causing her to grunt. She shook her whole body, and that set all her curves and animal parts wobbling as well; her udder, her tail, her breasts and even her larger butt.

“What’s wrong with her, mummy?” a young girl asked.

“I - I don’t know, dear.”

Abigail did her best to ignore them, hoping that the muffle of the hat's interior would shield her fox ears from hearing what they were saying.

"C'mon Trent, pick up, damn it!"

At this point, the fur was spreading even more rapidly, just like the hair on top of her head. It was coating over her back, spreading over her legs. The twin points in her forehead were likewise pushing further outwards. She felt at them beneath her hat, only to dart her hands away in horror. They were bone-like, and sharp at that.

"Horns," she muttered, "from the cow comments. Euughh!"

"Do you need help miss?" a man asked, approaching.

"NO!" she screamed, and with that, the entire apparatus of her coat became overstretched and untenable. As her long hair cascaded down her back, and fur grew down her sides and hips, and her horns pushed out yet further, the rest of her was put on display as well: her hat came free and was whisked away by a gust of wind, her scarf came loose and coat opened to reveal her bulging udder, and her tail sprung finally free, its aching confinement too much for it to handle.

"Good God!" the man said. "You look -"

"Don't say a f-fucking word!" she screamed, before racing off across the street. Several cars halted as they nearly collided with her, their horns screeching in anger and shock.

"Watch it, freak!" an irate driver called out. "Try getting rid of the costume and focus on obeying the rules, huh!?"

Another tension, another magical release. Tears pooled in Abigail's eyes as she continued to run down the block. Her heavy udder slapped against her thighs, releasing full spurts of milk onto the pavement with each thudding step. It was deeply uncomfortable, and needed release, but she needed to get away. She dialed Trent again, hoping against hope he would answer. Her breasts, even cupped as well as they were in her large bra, still bounced painfully on her chest, pulling at her shoulders. More fur spread, and soon it was all the way down her legs and around her udder. Even her damn *tits* were growing fur everywhere except around the nipple. It was beginning to spread to her face, and by some panicking instinct her longer canine tongue licked at her lips and lapped at the cat hair growing around them. Her bushy tail caught the sight of everyone even if her udder didn't, but her horns were also making people pause and look. Abby continued to grunt and groan as they extended outwards, pushing from her skull until they were over four inches long and curved like an actual cow's horns, made of solid bone springing from her skull.

"Pick up Trent! Pick up, goddamn you!"

She went to run across another road; there was no traffic to worry about this time. Except she found that she physically couldn't. The words of the driver were starting to affect her now, the magic seeping in.

'Focus on obeying the rules, huh?'

The words echoed through her mind, and they became a steadfast directive for her mind. Despite the fact that the road was clear, she had to wait for the green walking man to give her the go ahead.

"I can't even f-fucking jaywalk," she groaned, scratching her skin and trying to hold her udder up a little and get it re-scarfed. But then she started doing the strangest thing without intending to; she began to take her clothing *off*.

"What? What am I doing? Why the hell am I doing this? Stop it! What the fu-oh no!"

It hit her like a ton of bricks. The irate driver had told her to rid herself of the costume, never knowing that her various animal parts and overdeveloped body features *weren't* a costume, but instead actual aspects of her now. Which meant that the only thing that could be considered a costume was . . .

"My clothing," she said, taking her coat off. She tried to resist the compulsion of the magic, but Clara had been right, it was too strong to fully resist. Instead, she was forced to continue moving, dialling Trent again even as she left articles of clothing in her wake. The coat went, leaving her udder and tail bare to the world to see. Her shirt went next, as did her trousers, until all that was left was her stylish lingerie; her panties tight against her impressively round backside, their front hidden behind the overhang of her huge, dribbling udder, and her large E-cup bra holding up her bouncing breasts.

"What the actual fuck?" someone muttered as she ran passed, tail almost hitting him in the face.

"I'm sorry!" she called, before continuing. Her tongue flapped out the side of her mouth as she ran, as if she truly were a dog in a passenger seat. But far from canine was the growth of her cat fur. It was silky and beautiful, except it should never have been on her. It was spreading over her face by that point, even around her eyes and over her nose, though at least it was thinner there.

"I'm a freak. I'm a freak. I don't deserve this! I just wanted to marry Trent and have a good life!"

"Watch out, horny animal coming this way! Awooooga!"

She finally cracked. The homeless man who had made the comment, half-drunk and pointing in her direction, received a wallop of a punch to the face from her. She didn't care that the motion made her udder slap painfully against her right thigh, or that her breasts almost escaped from their cups, or that her tail brushed against his unwashed figure, leaving it partly coated in his filth. All she cared about was venting some of her anger.

He went down like a sack of potatoes.

But not before his words carried a further effect, and she began to feel a strange arousal come over her. Again, there was that rippling of magic, that rustling of wind that signalled further change within her. The freakish woman staggered away from the homeless man, dialling out to Trent again and again and again, pausing for breath, tongue panting like a dog's.

"C'mon, Trent! Pick up!"

Just the thought of him was agony thanks to the strong arousal sweeping through her. Her loins were getting wet, her nipples hard, and even her teats were becoming stiff as well, aching for her fiance to milk them free of the pressure.

"Ohhhhh, why d-does that s-sound so f-fucking hoooot."

It did. God it sounded hot. The notion of him stroking her fur, caressing her tail. Taking her from behind like the *animal* she now was. The homeless man's words had that additional effect, and it was a powerful one at that. She *was* an animal. Fox and cat and dog and cow and God knows what else by the time this transformation was over and 'locked in.' No one could look at her and think she were human, and if they did, it would be because she was in a costume from their perspective.

"No!" she said to herself. "I'm not . . . I'm human. I am human! I'm . . . an animal. I'm a b-beast. I'm a b-big-titted beast. And I'm s-so fucking breedable, ohhhhhhh . . ."

Her mind receded further into that bestial category. She *was* an animal, there was no other way to put it. Thanks to that ridiculous homeless man, her mind now occupied that space. She could still talk, walk, act like a human, but deep down she was a creature, something inhuman, made to *serve* humans. Made to *breed* like one.

Trent finally picked up.

'I'm sorry babe, I was searching through everything to find a cure to the curse! I may have found something! A tome I've got out from the library might be able to help. It's seriously a tome too, babe. But if we can get it to Clara and maybe try a spell then it could possibly-'

"Good, great, excellent Trent, now shut up! I n-need you to come pick me up! I'm on the corner of Maddison and Hartley's. You n-need to be - ahhhh - quick!"

'What's happened? Is everything okay?'

More tears formed, and she became a blubbing mess. She'd never felt more ridiculous or shameful or foreign to her own body before, and it was made worse by her fur completing its invasion across her skin. She now had blonde and ginger cat's fur all along her, and platinum blonde hair to complement it that fell all the way down to her waist, leaving space for her bulbous backside to be very obvious. She was almost completely naked, just like an animal, and it caused her to grab her left horn in frustration.

“Nothing’s okay, my love! Nothing at all! Please, get here as soon as you can! I can’t stop ch-changing! I’ve b-become a freak!”

“You’re not a freak. I love you no matter what, okay? I’ll be with you soon. I’ll speed there if I have to!”

“P-please don’t break any rules,” she cried, her new ultra-law abiding streak coming over her. “J-just come get me. I n-need my master.”

The last word had slipped out, and led to a small gap in the conversation. She could *feel* the awkwardness from his end of the line.

‘I’ll be there straight away, Abby. I love you. Clara won’t win.’

He hung up, and she sagged, sitting down on the pavement and being as grateful as she could be that there wasn’t much foot traffic or regular traffic in the apartment-filled street she’d found her way to. She retreated a little from the corner just to increase her chances, though the unconscious homeless man remained in view.

“Pig,” she said, wishing she could influence changes on someone else. But instead he just gurgles happily, mumbling incoherence that not even her fox ears could take in. She brushed her fur, looking up at the slowly darkening sky and hoping that it wouldn’t rain. That would just be the pits at this stage.

She waited like that for some time, silent, her body only growing more unbearably aroused and in need of servicing.

“Where did it all go wrong?” she asked herself, patting down her fur. It was surprisingly silky and comfortable, and even gave her the notion that she wasn’t entirely naked so long as she had this covering. But the pressure in her udder could not be ignored any longer. Of all her new parts, she hated this one the most. It gurgled loudly, its pink mass getting rounded and tauter as it filled, the teats straining to release her milky produce. With a grunt, the new animal-woman gave in and shuffled her big butt forward near a drainage gutter. She looked around one more time, saw that no one was looking or at least taking images, and proceeded to milk herself.

“Mhmmmm . . . ohhhhh . . . ahhhhh . . . that’s the s-stuff. A cow n-needs to b-be milked.”

The phrase was oddly comforting. She *was* an animal, after all. This was what animals needed; to have their produce expressed. Just a shame it had to go to waste. She brushed her thighs against one another as she did so, relishing the pleasure of the feeling. It wasn’t the same as being fucked or bred - she really, really fucking needed that thanks to the hobo’s comments - but it was the closest thing she could get. She clutched her tits, rubbing her nipples as the pleasure rose, as more and more seeps of milk became full on rivers.

“Ahhhhhh, I n-need you Trent, my m-master! I need youuuuuu!”

It was almost a moo. Her tongue wagged as she reached down to pleasure herself. She could imagine her fiance, her *master*, taking her from behind. *Mounting* her.

“Yesssss, oohhhhh, make me your b-breedable girl! Your g-good girl! F-fuck meeee!”

She climaxed. It shuddered over her powerfully, setting her whole body alight with pleasure. Her enormous breasts jiggled, her udder released full torrents of milk, and her fur almost stood on end for some brief moments. Even her tail went ramrod straight as the ecstasy hit her.

“Ohhhhhhh, f-fuck yesssssss.”

A camera click sounded, then a shutter from another, and the clicking of mobile phones taking images. Abby looked up from her self-pleasure. Her eyes went wide at the horrid image of a dozen young teenagers all snapping photos of her.

“Check out the half-human freak!”

“Is that an udder? With milk?”

“Woah, she’s a ‘foxy’ lady, get it?”

“This is so going on my socials!”

Abby stood, only showing off more of her naked, voluptuous, and utterly alien body.

“Oh God, no! Please don’t take photos! P-please!”

But they just laughed and kept on snapping, until one of them said something she most certainly didn’t want to hear.

“Check out her tits! They’re huge!”

“Do you think they’re full of milk like her udder?”

“They totally are. She’s a real animal. I’m surprised she doesn’t have a second pair of tits beneath those ones.”

“She probably does! You just can’t see them! Let’s get closer and video her!”

Abby groaned, succumbing to a new set of changes. Was there no end to it? She was practically resigned to them now, as two points beneath her large breasts began to push outwards, becoming rapidly sensitive. Her breasts suddenly experienced the same warmth as her udder, and they too surged larger.

“N-not more t-tits, please! Not m-more m-milk!”

But it was too late; milky droplets were already pushing out of her nipples, her breasts rapidly engorged, all while two more boobs began to slowly grow beneath them.

“Noooooo!” she cried, even as the teenagers drew closer, taking images and videos.

She was only saved by the sudden arrival of Trent’s car. He screeched up beside her, pushed the passenger side door open, and gaped up at her.

“Abby, holy God!”

But she was already pushing her overdeveloped animalistic body into the car.

“Don’t s-say a word! Drive us home! I need you to g-get me home and f-fuck me!”

Trent took one last moment to look at her chest, where a new set of breasts were rising up, expanding to push her 'upper' ones yet higher.

"Abby, you're growing-"

"Now, master, please! Take me home and *m-mount* me! I need it!"

He hit the accelerator, confusion and shock on his face. Abigail just continued to groan. The changes were not yet done.

Abigail's breasts - all four of them now - continued to expand, all filling with milk. Her udder leaked onto the car floor. Her tail pressed uncomfortably against the backseat, and her horns scraped the car ceiling. She rubbed her fur, moaning with desire, needing to touch every part of herself so long as Trent couldn't. He reached a hand out and placed it on her thigh as he drove, and even that tiny touch of intimacy was enough to make her moan aloud, her tongue slipping out the side of her mouth.

She needed to be bred. Her mind could think of nothing else. Only after that was taken care of could she devote energy to what Trent had found, and undoing the curse. Thanks to the hobo, breeding like an animal was what she needed most.

Part 6: Breeding Time

By the time they began to arrive back at their apartment, Abby's lust had only grown. She was voracious, and several times she had placed her hands over her fiance's lab and rubbed his manhood. Despite his panic and shock at her radical transformation, he still became hard quite quickly. It made her salivate, her slightly too-long tongue sticking out the side of her mouth as she squirmed in her seat.

"You've g-got to stop that, Abby! You've got to fight it!" he proclaimed, looking over her furry, many-breasted form.

But she was too far gone by this point. She pawed at her breasts, urging them to grow more, to fill with even *more* milk. The sensation was all wrong, her situation seemingly hopeless, but she was lost in lust and *needed* to be taken care of. The car pulled to a stop and she unbuckled the seat belt, shifting to grab Trent and pull herself against him. There was no room though, and it only resulted in her squeezing her udder between her thighs, leaving it to squirt milk all over the floor.

"Ohhhhh!" she moaned, almost cow-like. She bucked back up, and her horns scraped along the ceiling of the car, leaving two parallel marks.

Trent used this time to take his jacket off and put it around her. It wouldn't conceal everything, nor stop the flow of milk, but it would have to be enough.

"Just - just follow me, okay? Once we get inside we'll sort it all out!"

She followed him eagerly. He was her *mate* after all. Thanks to the comments about her incredibly transformed and animalistic body, she couldn't help but see Trent as something like a master. A figure to *mount* her. She tried to rail against the thoughts, but her pussy was soaked in her juices, demanding to be thrust into by a virile male. She groaned as they reached the door to their apartment, and she began to squeeze her lower breasts. They were smaller than the upper ones, and she needed them to grow bigger so they weren't so squished. Trent marvelled at the sight of her double-cleavage, her form entirely furry now. Her fox tail swished behind her, revealing her excitement.

"Abby, this is a lot to take in."

"H-how do you think I f-feel!?" she moaned as he inserted the key. "I'm g-goddamn f-freak! I'm - ahhh - so f-fucking horny, even though I've got all this f-fur and four milk-filled tits and this h-heavy udder and the tail and the horns and *will you just open the door already!?*"

Her tongue flicked some saliva aside as she panted in desperation. Trent managed to finally get it open. She *pushed* him inside, shoving him with her furry hands, her enormous pair of breasts wobbling, still expanding with milk. Her udder slapped against her thighs audibly, and she had to stop, grunting as more produce spurt from her teats in long streams.

"Eurughh," she whimpered. She slammed the door shut with a practised flick of her tail, leaving just herself and her fiance in the room with her. "You can u-undo some of this - or ch-change it, like b-before."

"What, like . . . oh, um. It's amazing to me how not dog-like your tongue is?"

The weave of magic came over her, that thrumming of energy that foreboded more change. She stumbled for a moment, catching herself as her tongue changed yet further. But to her disappointment, it didn't become human again - the changes couldn't revert according to the rules, only take on a different aspect before 'locking in' as such. And so it was that her tongue did indeed become less dog-like, instead becoming that of a lizard's or some kind of sea creature. It had a prehensile quality, longer and slipperier, able to be retracted right back into her mouth but also spooling outwards much further. In her almost lunatic-state of arousal the first thought that occurred to her - other than total shock - was that it was now the *perfect* kind of tongue for coiling around and around a mate's penis and sucking it off in ways a man had never been sucked off before.

"Mhmmm, n-nevermind!" she said, voice blurred a little as she tried to get control of her tongue. "Just f-fuck me!"

She pushed Trent back on the bed, and she herself pulled off her strange double-pair bra and her clothing to reveal her full nakedness, though perhaps fur provided her with a little coverage, in a sense. Her breasts were huge, her nipples bereft of fur and seeping milk. Her udder was large and bovine, gurgling slightly between her thighs. Her ass was still huge,

her hips made for breathing, her hair blonde and long, and a pair of cow horns protruding from her scalp to finish the effect.

“N-need you,” she said, crawling on top of him, milk spilling onto his calf. She began to furiously work at his belt, trying to undo it, but Trent stopped her.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m - I’m sorry, Abby. I love you. I want to heal you. And the book I found might help. But-”

“But I need you in meeee, first! You have no idea how much I need to be bred! I need you to f-fucking mount meeee!!”

Trent cringed, and she realised why when she freed his cock. It was soft and small again. As busty and breedable as she was, she was no longer human, and had more than enough animal parts to freak him out. Her fox ears twitched, hearing his nervous breathing and fast-beating heart.

“Oh God,” she said, momentarily coming back to reality. “Oh God, you don’t even find me attractive anymore! I’m a monster!”

“You’re not a monster, Abby! But this hex from Clara has gotten hold of you and you’re not thinking straight! If I were like this and you were in my position, you wouldn’t want to make love either. I still love you, I promise, but you’ll need to take care of yourself.”

She squirmed on him. God, her udder was full. She needed him to empty it. She needed *him*. “It’s not the same,” she said, eyes clenched as she exhaled. She cupped her lower pair of breasts then her upper ones. “I n-need to be mated. It’s what the homeless m-man said. And now I n-need it. I know! You n-need to change! Say something about being attracted to me!”

Trent shook his head. “It won’t work. It only changed *you*, remember?”

She trembled, collapsing to one side against Trent. She continued to play with his cock, but it was doing nothing. Even the sight of her four breasts was doing nothing.

“Then ch-change me. M-make me more attractive to you, or something!”

“Abby, I can’t -”

“Do it! Please! I’m desperate!”

Trent sighed, looking over her incredibly curvaceous, busty, and furry animalistic form. He was still clearly shocked at the sight of it all.

“I - what do you want me to say?”

“Just th-think of something! Quickly! Before I g-goddamn die from *freaking arousal!* I’m so h-horny it huuuurts!”

Trent clenched his eyes shut even as she began rubbing herself against him, her udder brushing his bare thigh and getting it wet with her produce.

“I love how much you can’t help but turn me on!” he stammered.

Abby was briefly about to curse him out and remind him that the changes needed to be about *her*, when suddenly she felt the ripple of the curse's magic course its way through her form. Something was happening within her bloated body, organs were being slightly shifted aside as two new sacs were generated, each one located at her midsection under her ribs. They warmed her, immediately working overtime to produce something new. Not milk, but a kind of secretion. She gasped as she felt it escape from her pores, mingling in her fur and then transferring easily to Trent not just by touch, but also by the very breathable air they were sharing. Trent opened his eyes again, and they briefly dilated as if he were suddenly peering through midnight. The chemical her body was producing entered his system, and in just a few moments his heart was beating faster.

"Oh, oh God," he said. "I'm suddenly - holy shit, Abby, you're so fucking hot to me right now!"

"I - I am?"

He nodded, his cock going rock hard almost instantaneously.

"I think you just . . . exuded something. Like a drug. Like an aphrodisiac. Fuck, I love that you have four big milky tits. I w-wish you had more! You'd look better with six, all the same size and busting with m-milk!"

She groaned as another cascade of magic occurred. Sure enough, another set of furry breasts began to expand, these ones equidistant to her navel and not too far above her udder. She gasped and whimpered, half angry that he had done this, half aroused at how he was making her even more perfect as mate.

"Mhmmm, s-so m-muuuuch! Milk me! Drink from m-mee! Then m-mount meeee!!"

Trent was just as horny as her now, and just as spellbound. He adjusted, shifting her mammary-laden form so that he was now on top of her. His cock brushed against her udder and sensitive teats as he tucks on her nipples. What felt like *gallons* of milk left her breasts, and it only served to make the pair of them more aroused. She pulled her udder up, giving him access to her womanhood beneath.

"It's a squishy u-udder!" she managed as he helped empty her middle row of breasts and caressed her lowest ones. "Don't b-be afraid to be f-forceful! I need you to b-breed me!"

"Gotta breed you," Trent muttered. "Gotta breed you! Mount you like an animal!"

His eyes were wild and it was wonderful. All concern Abigail had over her own form was practically extinguished by her passion for what was happening. He sucked another stream of milk from her left breast, then pressed his member against her entrance. She whimpered in pleasure as he entered her, parting her walls magnificently. She was so damn wet and tight, and she knew instantly that he wasn't going to stop until he came, which was just fine by her.

"Fuuuuck, that f-feels perfect! Mhmmm! Yessss!!"

She continued to mumble and moan and even make more animalistic noises as her fiance thrust into her. Every part of her seemed to jiggle and move: her fox ears twitched, her tail wagged between her legs, brushing against his ass, her breasts and udder jostled and jiggled, and even her ass bounced with each thrust, despite her being on her back. She extended her tongue far into his mouth, then licked down his chest with its incredible length. It only made Trent harder inside of her, his thrusts more intense, his pleasure heightened.

“Oh God, you’re f-fucking hot!” he exclaimed. “S-so perfect, Abby! How did I not - ngh! - see it? You’re so changed and I can’t stand it! You n-need to stay this way!”

She opened her eyes.

“N-no! Just sex, no more ch-changes!”

He grunted, thrusting into her. So much of her was leaking now. She lapped at her own delicious milk with her tongue, even wrapping it round one of her own nipples to tug it, unleashing another stream.

“You’re right!” her delirious fiance exclaimed. “No changing b-back! Imagine if you h-had two tails! Oh, you’d look hot with th-three, like some mythical kitsune! Mhmm! And pawed feet! Ahhh!”

She tried to rally against the changes but they came over her regardless. Her feet became those of a fox-woman’s to match her ears and tail, the latter of which gained two new twins. She squirmed as the new appendages formed, just as bushy and bright orange and white as her ‘original’ tail, and already swaying about in excitement.

“N-nooooo!” she moaned, but with another thrust she was lost in pleasure. “Yesss! Yessss! Oh God, I shouldn’t w-want this, but yesssss!!!”

Trent fucked her harder, nearing his climax.

“Breed me!”

“I will! Get you pregnant. Want you so f-fucking pregnant, Abby! Pregnant with full litters!”

She salivated licking his chest and her own with her prehensile tongue. Her tails swayed in anticipation, her womb seeming to churn with desire.

“Yessss, fill me with l-litters! Enough little babies f-for each breast! For each teat!”

“You’d look so f-fucking hot filled with s-so many little hybrid babies.”

She squirmed, her paw-like toes curling as she lay on the cusp of purest ecstasy.

“Yes, I need that! I need that - wait, noo! Don’t! I don’t want - I don’t want - OHHHHH!!!”

But it was too late, for either of them. She spread her furry legs wider as Trent came into her, and came hard. In fact, it was obviously the biggest orgasm he’d ever had in his life courtesy of her new pheromone glands heightening his production, because stream after stream, torrent after torrent of his cum poured into her. It was warm and sticky and perfect,

flooding all the way into her waiting womb. She gasped, trembling with terrific orgasm, and some of the pig must have remained with her from her first tail transformation, because the orgasms literally lasted *minutes*. She cried out, shaking every part of her jiggling, fertile animal body. The two of them fell out of bed, knocking over the bedside shelf that Trent had placed the book he'd found about hexes. It fell to the ground and she rolled near it, her milk pouring all over it, drenching the pages. But the pleasure didn't stop, nor did Trent stop drinking from her, still thrusting as he poured load after load into her.

"Stay like this," he managed. "Stay as a fertile, horny animal girl. Stay like - ahhh!!!"

He managed to cum a second time, a miracle for a man, before ejaculating one final load into her. She felt full of his seed, and it dripped into the underside of her udder. The book beneath her form was shredded and pulled apart, but she was barely conscious to the milky, wet, torn pages. All that mattered was that she had finally been bred.

And that the magic was coalescing again, this time around her womb.

Like the spell had truly ended - and perhaps it had, or would in a few moments - the effects of her agonising arousal and Trent's pheromone-induced state. Her fiance staggered back, sliding out of her with a sharp exhale.

"Oh God," he said. "We just - something happened. I didn't mean-"

"MHMM!! NGNH!!!"

Abby was incapable of using words. Her feet had changed, she had grown two extra tails and a second extra pair of breasts, but now another dramatic change was taking place. She held her stomach as a terrific pressure hit it, expanding it outwards. Sweat poured across her fur as the unfortunate woman's belly rose. She clutched it, pawing at it, her breasts separating a little to give rise to a huge swollen stomach. Her womb strained to contain the rapidly developing hybrid babies within her. They squirmed and kicked as her belly reached the four month mark.

"NNGH! No! It c-can't! Ohhhhhhhh Gooood! What's h-happenign to m-me! I can't be p-preggnat! Too m-much pressssssuuurrrre!!!"

More expansion, more gain, more agonising surges. Her skin was drum tight, her breasts even larger, refilling with milk again already. Her hunger surged, her need to feed her many children - and God, there was so many to judge from all the kicks and movements within. And still her stomach grew, expanding outwards until she looked overdue not with twins or even triplets but *sextuplets, or more*. The growth finally halted, leaving her without breath and barely able to move, full of milk and discomfort and yet a little aroused all over again.

"T-Trent!" she cried, trying to hold her belly in her arms and not nearly having the limb-length to do so. Her belly jostled violently with life, leaving her groaning. Just as Trent's

words had ensured, she was now pregnant with a whole litter of life just like her. “Nngh . . . euugh . . . mhmmm . . . Trent!”

But Trent was already staggering back, buckling up his trousers and not bothering with his shirt. He looked at her with something like horror, the effects of her glands now dissipated entirely. The paper from the book that might have saved her were all over the floor, falling apart due to all the milk spillage. They might not even have been helpful, but now all hope was dashed.

“Trennnnnnt,” she groaned, reaching out for him while her udder and belly and breasts all gurgled.

“I’m - I’m sorry!” he said. “I can’t do this!”

And then, to her despair, he opened the door and rushed from the room, leaving her stuck on the floor, overflowing with breasts and animal parts and full of babies. Something like a final ray of magic hit Abigail, accompanied by the small, tinny sound of Clara’s laugh. She knew then that her changes were permanent.

It was just after that revelation that her waters broke.

Part 7: Lively Exhibition

Abigail moaned with pleasure as she was fucked. Numerous people took photos and videos of the act as it occurred, but as usual she was too lost in the pleasure to really care about that. Her body demanded breeding, and given that her pregnancies only lasted about three months before labor began, she needed breeding often. It didn’t hurt that her body was pretty much ready to be re-impregnated just a week or so after birthing an entire damn litter, or that her libido was so powerful that her body also demanded it. It also didn’t hurt that the act was so fucking glorious.

“M-maaate me!” she moaned, thrusting backwards in time with her mate’s own hip movements.

This one’s name was Matt, and had apparently come all the way from Texas. That was how it went these days: the zoological display she was housed in got a lot of funding courtesy of rich men who wanted to fuck the weirdo animal woman with six breasts and the big old udder. Others just loved her kitsune/fox lady aspect. Others still just got off on getting her full with litters. One man named Jacob was a repeat customer, and had gotten her knocked up four times in the five years since her transformation had solidified. But this one, this ‘Matt,’ he sure did smell virile. She could always tell, thanks to the pheromones in the air from her strange glands, and how utterly aroused it made the men that mated her.

“G-give me m-more litters!” she moaned. “Need m-more! Ohhhh God! I need to be p-pregnant again!”

“That’s a good girl,” Matt said, thrusting into her from behind. He gripped her rounded ass with one hand, fingers sinking into the flesh in such a way to make her three fox tails glide across him. With the other hand, he pulled at one of her hanging udder teats, sending a warm stream of milk to pour from the full sac. The ecstasy of it made her wail animalistically.

“Y-yesss, I’m a g-good girl for you!”

“You’re so fucking hot. I can’t believe I’m into something like this, but I am. And those tits. God, all that titflesh!”

He reached forward as he fucked her, fondling several of her tits on her left ‘column.’ They too seeped milk, her nipples dark and huge. She ground her horns into the earth, digging small trenches from the sheer bliss.

“Say that you’re my mate! My creature!”

“I’m y-your mate! I’m your creature!”

“You’re to do with as I please. To get knocked up with those little freak babies, all huge and pregnant.

“I am! I am! So long as you g-get me full with a big litter! Mhmmm! I want to b-birth your babies! OHhhhhh YESSS!!!”

He came. They always did. And they always came prodigiously, a side effect of her powerful pheromones. Abigail’s animalistic body shook as her body accepted his seed hungrily, devouring it into her womb so that she could make more babies like herself. She mumbled happily in the aftermath, collapsing to one side and fondling her naked breasts. Matt looked down at her, a smile across his features.

“Hot as hell,” he said. “Look at you, already feeling yourself.”

“You c-could milk me?” she suggested, still out of breath. “Drink m-my milk?”

Matt obliged, leaving her moaning. It would do until her latest litter woke and needed to feed from her. As the man drank from the lowest tier of breasts and yanked her udder teats, spilling more of her produce. Even among the animal bliss of it, there was still shame. She needed to be pregnant. She needed to make more animal-human young. She needed to bask in the public attention that the spectacle brought, as part of her mental changes.

But deep down, even as the orgasm came and she howled in unbelievable joy, she knew that this was not what her life was meant to be. She was supposed to be a lithe, little human woman, an attractive artist with a handsome and loving fiance. Instead, she was now a freak of nature, on display before millions and bred constantly, her very births made public due to the sensation of them.

“Not how . . . this was supposed . . . to be,” she panted, shuddering in one final orgasm. But of course, she was already pregnant, she knew. Her body was fertile like that.

After Trent had left and she had gone into labor, it hadn't taken long for inquiring neighbours to enter the room and see an incredible pregnant woman with numerous animal parts and far too many breasts in the midst of giving birth. Poor Abigail had to struggle through several hours of labor, her breasts and udder practically *pouring* milk everywhere in preparation for her litter, all while numerous frantic calls were made for an ambulance, for the police, even for damn *animal control*. No one knew quite what to do with the freakish woman, and even as her neighbours attended to her, and later the paramedics, it was far too difficult to shift her from her position on the floor. She was far too bloated and heavy with her litter, and some of them were repulsed by her three tails or cow horns or furry skin or a dozen other strange things.

In the end, the urge to push had come over her. She had strained and bore down, tears and sweat and milk settling over patches of her fur, and finally the first of her litter had arrived into the hands of an astonished paramedic.

"NGHHH! OH G-GOD! IT'S COMING! I CAN F-FEEL IT! HRRARGGHH!!"

Something alive had slid out from her, already crying like a newborn babe. But when the paramedic lifted it far above her huge dome of a belly, she was shocked to see that the child, while roughly in the shape of one, had a wet coating of light blonde ginger fur, three little fox tails, furry fox ears, three rows of nipples, and a small set of indentations below her belly button. She was a girl, obviously, and seemed to have much the same characteristics as her mother. The paramedic quickly worked to sever the umbilical cord, but the crying continued. Abigail winced as her breasts and udder tensed.

"P-please," she managed. "She n-needs to f-feed. I need her to f-feed."

The paramedic placed her into Abigail's arms. By this point they had stuffed numerous pillows under her head and shoulders to allow her a bit more of a slight sitting position, though a pure sitting position was impossible due to her impossibly overstuffed womb. She placed her baby at her upper left breast and it latched almost instantly, suckling away and finally giving some release to all the pent up milk there.

"Ahhh, that's better, that's - NNGHH! Oh God, not again! AARGHH!!"

And then labour continued, and it was time to push, push, push some more, all while more professionals and scientists and even reporters arrived, astonished at what they were seeing.

In the end, Abby lay sweating, her belly immensely deflated, her body covered in newborn babies drinking up her endless supply of milk. Her three tails swished gently, fanning her slightly in the aftermath. She had somehow managed to birth nine children. *Nine*.

She had only one nipple or teat to spare, and a small part of her wished she had pushed out ten just so the milk from her udder could be extracted at a faster rate; thanks to the words that had changed her, it was seemingly forever too full.

“Can’t believe it, some kind of genetic experiment?”

“I don’t know man, I’ve never seen anything like her. This can’t be a disease, right?”

“We’re in contact with her fiance now. He says it’s some kind of magic but he’s pretty frantic. Sounds like he has no idea either.”

“Just got a call from her stepmother, a woman named Clara. Said that Abigail here was messing around with some stuff she found at the junkyard for an art project. Bunch of syringes from a genetics lab or something.”

“That’s - that’s a lie,” Abigail breathed, trying to get her words across to the reporters and examiners looking at her freakish form.

But it didn’t matter. They weren’t listening to her. And it wouldn’t help her anyway. She was stuck like this for good and now had nine little hybrid babies to take care of. Clara had won. And the worst part? Thanks to that old man in the park, part of her was relishing the attention, needing to have her bloated, milk-filled, animal hybrid body displayed to the world.

Little did she know at the time, but that’s exactly what she would get.

Abigail was examined, tested, made the subject of numerous scientific journals and news reports. The attention was humiliating, and even worse because Trent was repeatedly interviewed despite his clear desire to get away from it all. Abigail couldn’t stand seeing him on television, claiming that their engagement was off and that he was “taking time to come to terms with it all.”

“Like / don’t have more to come to terms with!” she exclaimed, naked on her side, her custom six-part bra off so that she could feel her huge litter. They were basically attached to her most of the time, guzzling up her produce while she waited for her ‘new home’ to be built. “I’m the one who became a damn freak you traitor! You coward! You haven’t even met your damn kids!”

She gently helped one of her babies - God, she adored them, despite how freakish the whole situation was - back up onto her middle right breast. She chuckled darkly to herself.

“He’s a freakin’ deadbeat dad!” she said with a laugh. “Leaving me at home with the kids, ha!”

Sometimes laughter was all she had. That, and her babies. And milk. And a growing need for something else that was stirring in her loins. A need, she would soon realise, to breed.

It was after another set of interviews with her - she couldn't resist them, even though she had given up on the magic story and accepted the official 'playing with gene-laden needles one - that her new home was finally ready. Abigail was to be housed in a large exotic display in a custom-made zoo area. She would have luxurious surroundings, access to television and the internet and all that, and plenty of clothing as she desired it. Of course, she only needed sexy lingerie bras for her six boobs, and a custom set of sexy panties with built in support for her udder. Those always mysteriously appeared thanks to the magic, which the 'zookeepers' attributed to anonymous donations.

The home was rather lovely, though she was humiliated at her need to be so openly displayed. But she had personally begged the creators to do so, her need to be in public and be seen too great. People came from everywhere to marvel at the strange woman with her six enormous breasts and udder, her three fox tails and set of fox ears, her bovine horns and cat-like fur. The fact that she wore sexy lingerie that cupped her many mammaries was just the cherry on top. And, of course, there was the other thing that Abigail soon came to realise.

That instinct to mate? To breed? To make a big litter of hybrid babies? It didn't go away.

In fact, her pheromones returned a few months after her placement in the facility, and one of her minders, when he brought her food, was suddenly intoxicated by her. They fucked like rabbits, him savouring her milk and stroking her fur and generally enjoying her body immensely as he got her pregnant. This one, at least, was a more regular pregnancy, at least for her freakish body. The poor man - Jacob was his name - got a severe reprimand until Abigail explained what was going on, and she began to bloat up over the next three months until she literally couldn't shift herself. She gave birth to ten babies that time, straining and pushing and bearing down once more as she literally doubled the amount of life she had already brought into existence.

This time, the whole world watched live.

"Ughhh . . . I just kn-know she's w-watching," Abigail said in the aftermath, a whole team of babies fighting for space as they breast or udder-fed from her.

From that day, it only took a week for her breeding instincts to re-emerge. And given the amount of funding necessary to keep her facility not only afloat, but expanding to have a nursery, daycare, and even educational institutes for her strange children, then something more had to give. In the end, it had been Abigail's idea to advertise the 'right' to impregnate her, and even fuck her when she was simply horny. Her body was animalistic, and it needed

a good rutting. She consented to it all, wanting it, desiring it. At first, she imagined it was Trent coming back to her, but after a time she came to enjoy the experience of different men getting her knocked up with big litters, even if they were often very fetishistic about it, exoticising her as some kind of pet. So long as she had her litters, her humiliated body could be satisfied.

It was after two years of this that she finally came face to face with the woman who had done this. Her father often called her and even visited her a few times. He found it awkward and so did she, but it was good that he still cared, and he often sent gifts and books and, best of all, art supplies, one of the few hobbies she could still maintain quite easily. In fact, a number of her paintings had sold well. But she had never seen Clara, despite desiring to for the first time in her life. It was only when she was feeling the first pressures of what could be labor again that she was suddenly there, in her exhibit, apparently having paid for the privilege of seeing her up close.

Abigail glared, furious even as she clutched her overly full belly. Twelve babies this time. She almost wished she had another pair of breasts just to avoid sorting them around.

“My, my, it’s been a long time, Abigail.”

“You . . . I hate you.”

Clara just smirked. “Oh, I’m sure you do. But I did once tell you that you should choose your words carefully. It seems that other people weren’t so careful in choosing their words for you though, I’m afraid!”

“What d-do you w-want? Are you going to ch-change me back?”

Clara knelt down and patted Abigail’s fur, even feeling two of her three bushy tails. Abigail was too tired, and too frightened, to try to stop her. She even moaned a little as the woman’s hands traced over her stomach, brushing some of her bloated breasts.

“Such a big litter, though I assume you’ll have bigger ones. However do you do it?”

“D-don’t have a choice. You know that. Can’t s-stop breeding. Unless you ch-change me back?”

Clara just ‘tsk tsk’ed. “Abigail, I was serious when I said this was permanent. Nothing can undo it. Nothing. Not even high magic. This is you for good now, but don’t worry. You’re still young. I’m told that Trent has found someone else now, but you’re much better without him. You’ve got a string of lovers practically everyday, and more babydaddies than you can shake a stick at already. Of course, your father still insists on loving you, but at least I don’t have to put up with you anymore. Now you can enjoy being the rude animal you always were, and just focus on popping out little babies for the rest of your life.”

“Why are you h-here?” Abigail groaned. She clenched her eyes a little, her stomach was tensing. Yep, it was definitely another birth. She wasn’t a fan of how full-on they were, and this was the biggest yet. Though apparently bigger were on the way.

“Oh, like I said, I just wanted to drop in and say that this is the last time we’ll see each other. Think of this as a bit of closure, for me and for you. Now you don’t have to wonder about ever going back to being human again, and I don’t have to wonder about if you fully understand your fate. Enjoy the rest of your life, Abigail. I’m sure it will be most . . . productive.”

And with that, she left. Abigail tried to call something, but in the worst possible timing of all, her waters suddenly broke, and she began to gasp and groan as the birth process started. Clara just smirked back at her, then she was gone for good.

Now it had been five years. Abigail was still young. She knew she still had dozens and dozens of pregnancies left to go, and literally hundreds of hybrid babies to birth. She knew that she would have her strange body with its tails and horns and extra mammaries and fur and all that for life. She would feel the need to show off her big, peachy ass and even use her long, prehensile tongue to please men when they desired it. She would birth again and again, growing litter after litter in her body. She had, on some embarrassed level, accepted that.

But she had other goals in mind.

“D-did you g-get it?” she asked Matt, her current lover, in the aftermath.

“That depends? Are you pregnant, sexy?”

She rolled her eyes and smirked at the man who had paid to mate with her. “Oh, yeah, the next batch is yours. Give it two and a half months and I’ll be struggling to walk with how many babies you’ve put in me.”

He brushed her fox tails as she sat on his lap sideways. He pressed his face into her breasts and then switched to stroking her udder and fur. It felt quite soothing. She’d have to have Matt over again, she decided.

“Then I got it,” he replied. “In exchange for future services and a discount.”

“If it’s authentic,” she said.

He retrieved the book from a satchel and showed it to her. True enough, it was an old tome, looking much like the one that Trent had described and that Clara apparently possessed a copy of. A tome of hexes and curses, including the one she had been ‘blessed’ with.

“Is this it?”

Abigail marvelled, eyes wide. She scratched her horns as was her habit these days, then quickly checked she wasn’t leaking milk from her many mammaries as she took it.

“Oh yes, this is it, alright.”

“Bit of light reading?”

“Let’s just say I’ve got a lot of time to learn,” she replied.

She checked a number of the pages, and found the one she was looking for. The language was old-timey and difficult to make out. No matter, she had plenty of time, and she knew her target. When Clara had visited, a few stray hairs had stayed behind. Abigail doubted she’d noticed, but Clara had already begun her investigation of magic, and she had kept those hairs safe. The same was true of a glass from her apartment that still had Trent’s thumbprint. Those were all she needed to get the magic started. It wouldn’t be easy, of course. It might take weeks, months, or even a year to get the spell right. But she would do it, between the mating, the breastfeeding, the birthing, and the exhibiting. Between the interviews and videos, the time with her beloved little ones and her own artistic pursuits. She would manage it. And then, perhaps, there might be a need for two more facilities to house a couple more freaks.

And they had better watch how they chose their words.

The End