

## **Alternative Ending - Choose Your Words: Happy Ending Edition (Multi TF, Body Alteration)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

*An alternative ending to Choose Your Words, in which Abigail manages to stay with Trent and end up with a stronger relationship than ever with her fiance, despite her freaky new form. Clara, meanwhile, ends up getting a karmic backlash as the one that started this all . . .*

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Abigail's milk squirted everywhere, and seemingly *from* everywhere as well: from her six gargantuan breasts, from the four teats of her udder. Her three fox tails brushed up against one another, raised and swaying with arousal. Trent was fucking her. He was fucking her hard and she *needed* it, dear God she *needed* it. It was hard not to view him as her master, especially since thoughts of breeding were running through her mind. She was barely human anymore, looking more like a strange and curvaceous series of animal bits, and the worst part was that her milk had drenched the spellbook Trent had worked hard to find, soaking the pages and ruining so many of them.

"Oh God! I can't b-be like this f-forever!" she groaned. "You've got to s-stop, Trent! I don't have the w-will! Ohhhh!"

"I'm s-sorry!" he cried, continuing to thrust into her and suck on her large, milk-filled breasts. "I can't s-stop myself! Something about that last exchange made it so that I'm so fucking hard for you Abby. I need to cum inside you!"

She wailed, her enormous chests and udder swaying and bobbing with her movements, pouring more milk onto the bed and down onto the floor.

"Ohhhh, then it's h-hopeless, because I n-need it too! I need you to m-mate meeeee!"

They were both so close to orgasm, she could feel it. So damn close to becoming his broodmare, his lusty freak of a fiancee, if he would even still have her. She looked up at him, and saw that within the arousal, love still abounded in his eyes. She took solace in that, reached over to grasp part of the bed frame as the orgasm came closer and closer . . . and found a page of a book.

Even as he thrust, the changes almost ready to lock in, she still had enough presence of mind and hope to look at the page.

"Wh-what is it?" Trent asked, still groping her breasts, lowering his hand over them and down to pull on her udder teats.

She grunted in delirious pleasure, but managed to make the spell out.

“It’s - ohhh - it’s a reversal spell. No, a bounce b-back spell! It s-says - mmh! - it says if I r-read this next part, I can *‘let the bestower of a curse experience the curse itself as well.’*”

“Nothing about ch-changing you back?”

She gasped as he sucked milk from her upper breasts, then resumed his thrusting. God, she was close. She wanted this man’s babies. She wanted to bear so many. A full litter, enough to be on all her teats at once. It was so wrong, yet so damn right.

“No! But - maybe r-revenge on Clara is all I c-can get! I have to read it before the ch-changes become p-permanent!”

Trent tried to slow down as much as he could, but it was clear that her new pheromones were making her irresistible to him. He stroked her furry flanks, sliding in and out of her while she managed her way through the curse reverse.

*“May the curse that afflict me come to afflict thee in th-thy turn! May - ahh! - may your cruel magicks turn upon ye, that ye may know mine suffering, and let no arcanery or master of magic reverse what y-ye have ultimately brought upon thineself!”*

She only just managed to make it to the end when Trent squeezed her middle left breast and thrust even more deeply into her. Her pussy hugged him, milking him as surely as he was literally milking her breasts and udder. It drove her into pleasure overload, and suddenly she cried out in utter ecstasy. It was beyond anything she could have imagined. Instead of bliss radiating from her pussy and breasts, it now also came from her hypersensitive ass, all *six* tits, and her prodigious udder, not to mention her furry tails. Pleasure *invaded* her, and she was helpless to it in all the best ways. It allowed her to forget, just briefly, her own alien body.

“Yessssss!” she cried. “B-breed meeeee!”

Trent came, his seed pouring into her in great jet streams. She held him close to her, closing her furry thighs around his body so that not one droplet of his issue could escape. It poured into her waiting womb, and it left her gasping in follow up orgasms, shifting and squirming in ecstasy. All her excessive mammaries leaked extra milk, all of them flopping about until Trent collapsed against her. The feeling of her many nipples and teats pressed against his skin was perfection.

“How are you?” he asked, lifting his head.

“Mhmmmm,” she moaned, her breathing slowing over time. “I know that I’m stuck like this. I can f-feel the magic locking in. It’s like . . . it’s like a ripple. Oh God, I’m stuck like this. I’m going to be a f-freak for life. Clara won, I’ve lost everything!”

Trent hushed her, pressing a finger against her lips. Her looked into her eyes, and slowly traced a hand over her left bovine horn.

“You haven’t lost this place,” he said. “And you haven’t lost me. And you haven’t lost this.”

Her fiance indicated to the engagement ring that was still on her finger.

“But - but look at me, Trent!”

“Hey, you’re still the most beautiful person I’ve ever known. Inside is what matters. And besides, the magic has made me very attracted to you.”

“But I’m a freak!”

“Then I’ll just have to be in love with a freak, because I’m not leaving you, no matter what.”

Tears pooled in her eyes. Her tails swished a little between her legs, brushing against his and making him chuckle.

“You really mean it?”

“I really do.”

She managed to avoid sobbing openly, though it was a near thing. Instead, she pulled Trent in for a loving kiss, her longer tongue snaking inside his mouth.

“I love you,” she said.

“I love you too.”

They held each other for some time, until Abigail needed to get up.

“Everything okay?” he asked.

She blushed beneath her fur. “Um, this is super embarrassing, but I need to clean up. I’m a furry gal now, and I don’t want your semen getting stuck in my thigh fur.”

“Oh, of course!”

“And . . . I’m still carrying a lot of milk. I might need you to help me out with that too.”

This time Trent smiled. “Now *that* I can do. It tastes goddamn fantastic.”

She chuckled, hands on her wide hips. “I’m glad someone likes it. God, I’m going to be making so much milk for life now. Ugh, lucky me. Wait, I wonder if the magic worked on Clara.”

“Did you feel something?”

She shook her head. “Nothing. God, I hope it worked, but it probably didn’t. If anyone deserves being made a freak too, it’s that crazy bitch of a step mom.”

Trent rose and caressed her fur. It was very calming.

“Let’s not focus on her. Let’s just focus on us.”

It was good advice, and she followed it as they both went for a long, loving shower. She had plenty of milk to express, and one very willing and romantic partner to help her out with that problem.

It didn’t take long for fresh gasps of pleasure to erupt from the bathroom.

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Abigail sighed a little as numerous members of the crowd stared her way. She knew she presented quite the bizarre figure, even covered in her rather stylish and custom made light blue summer dress. It did a great job of hugging her individual breasts so that they didn't just look like a lot of frump at the front of her, and also had a wonderful support band for her heavy udder, preventing it from slapping her thighs. It was also a maternity dress, allowing her to unbutton a number of sections to let one of her babies access her breasts. The slit at the back allowed her three fox tails free. Her summer hate even had holes for her horns to go through. All in all, it was a very comfortable outfit, one that she knew her husband loved to see her in (especially given that it showed off cleavage in three separate spots thanks to cuts in the cloth), and that she could actually feel *pretty* in, despite her strange body.

But it didn't stop people looking her way.

She couldn't really blame them. Abigail's strange condition had been known to the public for a while now. She was featured on news sites and reports, was the subject of multiple websites, including more than a few fetish ones (she wished she didn't know *that*, though at least she was still good looking to some, at least?), and quite often the subject of photographs taken by curious onlookers. She used to bark at people who did that, but now she just asked that they treat her like a human being. It was sort of like being a permanent cosplayer; she was okay with curious kids and interested people taking photos of and even *with* her, so long as they respected her and did not, repeat, *did not* take photos of her children or treat them as commodities or freaks.

"Hey everyone!" she called as she made her way through the crowd. "Sorry now! Big family coming through!"

"If you could just give my wife and I some space, thanks very much," Trent added.

It was an understandable request, given that they were each pushing baby carriages made for holding three children each. Yes, Abigail had indeed gotten pregnant with a litter, and had swelled up with six children in the following months. It was a damn lot to come to terms with, especially since her tits and udder somehow blew up even *bigger*, and her belly was so enormous that it was only due to some hidden bovine/canine strength that she could get around by the end. The endless movement of an entire litter within her was astounding, and it was a hell of a thing to come to terms with. Thankfully, once her celebrity status died down a little, and she reforged her relationship with her father and her friends, she was able to prepare for the upcoming mega-birth. Trent was by her side, helping her every step of the way, and she knew she couldn't have done it without him, especially that birth part. And while the pheromones and breeding instinct were still strong since that day, they had been a lot more careful with birth control. She still dreamed of making more litters, but had to be sensible about it. Even government funding and public interest donations could only go so

far, so she was thinking only one more litter . . . once all her current babies were potty-trained at the very least.

For now, she was simply focused on getting out and about, becoming more comfortable in her post-partum body, which had at least recovered very well. That need to be in public often hadn't gone away, but it was sort of a good thing: it got her out of her comfort zone, made her confront the world, and now it meant she could let her babies have some of their first social interactions. They were much more human than her, but still had some animal parts; a fox tail here, a set of bovine horns there, furry skin here, etcetera, etcetera. She and Trent - now married - loved each and all of them: little Jane, Pete, Marigold, David, Timothy, and tiny, sleeping Indigo. Well, she was sleeping, up until she had called out. Then her last to arrive into the world woke up, crying and reaching for her mother, and Abby could only sigh as her udder and breasts tensed and leaked a little in anticipation. A good thing her maternity pads were so absorbent, but she still needed to replace them several times a day. She was used to it by now, at least.

Trent grabbed Indigo. "Which one?"

Abby frowned. "Hmm, middle left is feeling more full than the others. I'll put her on there, then the udder if she's still hungry."

They got that sorted out, and Abigail sighed in relief as her most pressurised breast was drained. People looked, but others who had seen her before simply waved or smiled her way. Most mothers seemed to understand, at least, and certainly sympathised. One pair of engorged breasts was enough trouble for most new mothers, let alone three pairs and an udder!

Still, they continued on, looking at the exhibits, enjoying the sight of the animals. It was a wonderful zoo, and the renovations were just finished. A few commented in the background that 'perhaps she needs to be in a cage,' but she promptly ignored them. She had tougher skin beneath her fur now. Besides, she was here to feel very, *very* good about something.

"Is she near here?" Trent asked.

"Just around the corner, I think," Abigail replied, steering the stroller with one hand as she helped Indigo feed from her. "Ah, this is it. We can finally see her."

The crowd there was quite large, blocking the view, but evidently enough people had heard of Abigail's story that they parted for her and her husband. The 'official' story was that Clara had stolen some genetic mutagens or something, and then injected them into Abigail. She had later accidentally ingested or injected the stuff into herself. Anything was easier to believe than magic, it seemed. Regardless, Abigail and Trent knew the truth, and so did Clara too: the reverse curse spell *had* worked.

And the evidence was right before them, in the shape of the female freak occupying the large exhibit that had been specially constructed for her. Abigail had no idea about the series of comments - the 'chosen words', to put it ironically - that had affected Clara. She doubted Clara would ever tell her anyway, and sometimes the mystery was more than enough anyway. Whatever had been said, the effects had been quite . . . significant.

Clara was unrecognisable, except for in the face. Abigail's former stepmother was now enormous, her body like that of a centaur's: with an upper human-like half and a lower creature half. Like Abigail, she also had many breasts - eight basketball-sized mounds on her torso, in fact. They were leaking what looked to be green milk down her front, which became a kind of smog in the water. It was, after all, an *aquarium* exhibit. Soft, eel-like antennae protruded from her scalp, flickering and adjusting in response to unseen stimuli. Eight human arms extended from her sides, and she was using these to milk herself, spraying her produce into the grass for relief. Weirdly, Abigail was a little jealous of the extra limbs; life would be much easier if she could hold several children at once to breastfeed them on the go, rather than having to do only two at a time and then lower herself to the ground when more than that needed feeding.

But still, she wouldn't wish that degree of change upon herself, especially not Clara's lower half. It was like that of a gigantic eel's mixed with a dragon's. It had shiny blue scales, and her four legs ended in powerful fins. But her body was serpentine and rubbery, ending in a large tail fin. Her lower stomach was a large bulge, full of eggs. Even as they watched, Clara grunted and groaned in a mix of pain, pressure, and clear *pleasure*. An egg slowly emerged from the tip of her ovipositor, and she positioned it closer to the pile of eggs that already existed at the bottom of her tank.

"Ohhhhhhh," she grunted. "Whyyyyyy!?! Whhhhyyyy!?"

Well, she *mouthed*, at least. The words echoed slightly, as Clara could clearly - and apparently *only* - breathe in water now.

"Wow, that's kind of hard to watch," Trent said. "It says here she's self-impregnating."

Abigail tried to feel bad, but simply couldn't, especially when looking at her own changes.

A woman beside her, blonde and pretty and completely normal, hesitantly spoke.

"Hey, um, you're Abigail, right? The one from the news?"

Abigail nodded, preparing for some sort of nasty comment. "Yep, that's me. What gave it away?"

The woman blushed. "Sorry. I'm Gisele. It's just . . . isn't this the woman that did that to you?"

"That's her indeed. My *former* stepmother."

"Wow. That's so crazy. I can't believe she did that."

“She never liked me. Never liked my happiness.”

“You look happy now, if I can say so.”

Abigail beamed, thrusting her heavy chest(s) out. “You know what? I am. I really am.”

“Then it looks like you won, and she got what she deserved, I guess.”

Abigail looked back at the strange, enormous aquatic broodmare that her former stepmother and enemy had become. She didn’t look happy, and when she spotted Abigail in the crowd, she positively *seethed*.

“Y-yyou!” she mouthed, but then became lost in her next birthing effort.

Abigail couldn’t share Trent’s horror. She smirked.

“Yeah, that’s what I call a happy ending,” the woman remarked. “C’mon, Trent. Let’s go have some lunch. The best revenge is living well. Would you like to join us, Gisele? I’m always looking for new friends.”

To judge from Gisele’s responding expression, Abigail had a lot to be hopeful about. Not everyone saw her as a freak. She was still a person. And as far as she was concerned, the only real freak was back there in that exhibit, where people could finally see her as the monster she had always been.

She and her husband pushed their strollers away, and she started happily chatting to Gisele. The day was looking up.

**The End**