

A Witchy Cold (Multi TFTG, Anthro, AR/AP, Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Natalia is a powerful witch who unfortunately is still dealing with what cannot be cured: the common cold. As she tries to go about her day, she does not realise that every time she sneezes, she causes random transformations to the people around her. A wake of bewildered and greatly transformed people are left in her wake, all of whom must adjust to their new lives!

A Witchy Cold

Natalia was annoyed. Very annoyed. To most eyes, she was simply a short and busty goth girl with pale skin and sexy dark makeup, not to mention a black corset, skirt, and knee high boots that made her look hot as hell. The fishnet stockings and long black hair only added to her striking looks. But she was so much more than that: she was a witch, and a powerful one at that. She'd even recently been in the running to be part of the infamous Morgan the Witch's coven, alongside the much nicer Tila the Wandering Witch, who was equally well-known. But unfortunately for Natalia, she'd just happened to develop a common cold the day she was supposed to present her magical potency to the pair, and the damn thing had proven to be her Achilles heel, because she simply couldn't control her magic so long as she had a cold.

"Damn that Priya girl," she muttered to herself as she rubbed her sore nose. "And that luck-based magic of hers! I'm twice the witch she is!"

She sagged a little, then mumbled some apologies to the wind as she walked through the centre of town.

"You don't mean that, Natalia. I'm sure she's a great witch. You just got bad luck. And until this stupid incurable cold passes, I can't do a lick of magic! Ugh!"

A sneeze was coming. She could feel it building in her sinuses. The buxom goth girl kicked a rock on the sidewalk as she passed the local stripclub, only for a mid-thirties man in an expensive suit to give her a wolf whistle on approach.

"Me likey!" he joked to his friends, who were equally suited up.

"Hey, leave off!" she barked. "You're damn lucky I've got no magic right now, or I'd find a good punishment for you."

"You hear that, lads? She'd like to punish me! She has that dominatrix look, doesn't she, fellas?"

"Good one, Jarrod!" one of his friends said.

Natalia rolled her eyes and kept on walking. "Damn asshole. It's not like you'd really change him, Natalia. You know you don't do retribution. That's Morgan's deal. Far better to live and let - ACHOO!!"

The witch rubbed her nose in annoyance and kept on walking. She didn't notice that a dark purple spark appeared above the businessman's head. Jarrod halted before the strip club, and his friends stopped with him. To his surprise as much as theirs, he stepped inside.

"Jarrod, what are you doing?"

"I - I don't know! I can't stop myself! I'm - ohhhh!"

The purple spark expanded, and right before their eyes, Jarrod's body started to transform. His clothes started to shrink, and so did his stature. The man moaned, voice getting higher and higher until it was a sexy soprano, and at the same time his brown hair turned blonde and fell down his increasingly bare shoulders.

"S-something's h-happening! Help me!"

But his friends could only watch as his hips spread wider and his chest started to balloon. Jarrod gripped his breasts and tried to push them back in, all to no avail. They grew and grew until he had a magnificent pair of E-cups, each bouncing in a very revealing bra that he now possessed, his suit having shrunk away entirely. His trousers similarly disappeared, turning into a lacy thong that exposed his growing ass. His body hair burned away, and his shoes turned to sexy high heels that sparkled as red as the rest of his new clothing.

"What the fuck! My dick! Guys, help me!"

"Jarrod, you look like a stripper!"

"He's got tits!"

"Jesus, he's hot! Wait, where are you going?"

Jarrod had no idea, but his body was carrying him away as it finished its changes. The man staggered, then corrected his posture, thrusting out his generous bust. His face was warping and shifting, lips becoming a full pair of dick-sucking instruments, while his eyes gained a pair of fluttering eyelashes. His hips sashayed sexily, and the man grunted and whined as his balls and testes retreated back into him.

"That girl! She promised to p-punish me! She's done something! You have to stop her!"

"We can't stop following you, dude!" one of his friends said. "The magic is getting us, too!"

Jarrod realised to his - now *her* - horror, that she was advancing to the backstage area, all while his friends took their seats. Suddenly she was before a woman in a suit, who raised an eyebrow.

“You’re late, Jasmine. Hurry up and get out there. Remember, you’ve got three regulars out there who always want a lap dance and something special afterwards. I know you like to use your lips, so make sure to get some extra cash from them by promising to swallow. But only *after* the dance, alright? We want lots of notes in that lacy thong of yours.”

Jasmine, now renamed and reborn as a buxom stripper gal, had no idea what to say. The woman disappeared, and then the curtains opened.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, presenting your favourite erotic dancer! Jasmine Joy, here to bring you her namesake! Come on out, Jasmine!”

The former businessman tried to fight her compulsions, but all to no avail. She found her body moving on autopilot, striding out on stage and swaying her hips sensually, all while she thrust out her chest. She jiggled it despite her inner reluctance, and before her, all three of her friends were compelled to watch, their eyes wide and their pants positively *tenting*. Jasmine felt a warmth in her new sex organs, and her nipples turned hard. She tried to keep her words in, but they flowed out from her.

“Enjoy the show, fellas! And afterwards, there’s a little aftershow with me in the backrooms!”

She grabbed the stripper pole and started to dance, the audience of men clapping and cheering and whistling. Jasmine had no power to stop it; all because of a witch’s sneeze, she was going to be stuck dancing and getting bills thrust into her cleavage for good now. All while her friends were forced to watch.

She just hoped that *someone* could find that strange goth girl before the ‘after-party’ began, because Jasmine was already licking her lips as she stared at her friend’s crotches.

“Who’s up for a lapdance?”

Natalia moved through the mall. She needed to stock up on some items from her pantry, and to get some new dresses as well; she had never been good at conjuring magic. The area around her was bustling with people, and more than a few looked at her with curiosity and interest. She didn’t mind that so much; it was more outright rudeness. She hoped that Jarrod the nasty businessman would learn his lesson one day; she was only twenty three years old, after all. What kind of guy in his late thirties cracked onto a woman over a decade younger than him? Creep.

“Ugh, my damn headache,” she said, rubbing her temples. “I need to get past this cold, stat. Hmmm, maybe that fruit smoothie stand will be of help to me?”

She bought a raspberry smoothie from the nice girl behind the counter of *Fairy Smoothies* and was on her way, but before she could drink it, she suddenly felt a sneeze coming on.

“Aw, damn it. ACHOOOO!!!”

Again, there was a release of magic that she did not see. It erupted invisibly from her in a random direction, and poor Helena Leonard, the girl behind the smoothie bar counter, was the one in the firing line this time. She was a thin, waifish girl with strawberry blonde hair who was only twenty years old, but she was not the only one hit; a large beefy man with dark skin named Brandon was purchasing a blueberry smoothie from her, one with the logo of the *Fairy Smoothies* pixie upon it, and he too jolted as he felt a strange spark hit him. He often came here to see Helena, and she always looked forward to their interactions.

“Woah, did you feel that?” Brandon asked.

“Yeah!” the sweet girl exclaimed, pushing a hair behind her ear. “I guess . . . it was sparks, huh?”

The man chuckled. “I’d say so. Hey, I don’t usually do this, but I’ve been coming here a lot, Helena, and I’ll admit it’s mainly to see you. You’re pretty cute, and if you’re single . . .”

Helena giggled. Despite being a waifish girl, she really liked the idea of dating a guy who was big and muscly, and Brandon only looked to be a few years older than her.

“I am,” she said. “Very single, actually. But if you’d like to ask me out, Brandon . . .”

The man grinned. “Helena, would you like to go out on a date with me? Say, tonight?”

“I’d love to!”

“Awesome. I can come pick you up and - hey, you’re looking a bit blue.”

“Just the opposite! I’m feeling sunny!”

But Brandon’s expression was turning serious. “No, I mean it. You’re turning blue. Seriously, it’s spreading really quick!”

The woman looked at herself in the reflection of the stainless steel surface behind her and gasped. Sure enough, her skin was turning blue, and it was spreading all over. Worse, a strange pressure was bubbling up inside of her, chiefly in her belly but also in her breasts and rear as well.

“I - I don’t know what that - euugh! Just one m-moment! I think I’m coming down with something or - NGHH!”

To Brandon’s shock, the cute thin girl he had a crush on suddenly expanded visibly before his eyes, her clothes stretching as she plumpened up. Even her cheeks grew, and her breasts, formerly small, started to strain against her uniform.

“I’ll - I’ll *get help!*” he cried, only to grasp his throat, because his voice had suddenly gotten very high-pitched. “I must be a little sick too, because - ohhhhh!”

The purple sparks zapped around both of them, and suddenly Brandon's concern shifted to himself. The world was growing around him. No, that wasn't right; *he* was *shrinking!* The expanding, moaning figure of Helena looked at him with shock, having to peer over the counter as he shrank and shrank and shrank. Thinking quickly, he clutched to the counter and dragged himself on top of it, but still his body shrank. As it did so, his hair started to grow from his head, long and curly and black, becoming a gorgeous mane of hair down his back. His clothes did not shrink with him, causing Brandon to have to climb out of them utterly naked, much to his horror. He was smaller than a baby, but still proportionately human.

"Help me!" he squeaked, his voice fairy-like to match the decor of the smoothie bar. "Helena, I'm shrinking!"

"Oh G-God! And I'm g-growing! Ohhhh, it f-feels like I'm getting f-filled up with something! With liquid! MHMM!"

The poor girl was now entirely blue, including her hair, which was just a slightly darker shade of the same. She clenched her eyes shut, barely able to believe what was happening to her. She was now obese, but it didn't feel like she was fat, rather that she was full of something. Jelly, or liquid. She could smell herself, and she was emanating a lovely sweet scent, like that of a blueberry.

"NO!" she cried, gaining the attention of others in the mall finally. "I - I'm turning into a blueberry! Help me, B-Brandon! Eugh! S-so much, j-juice!"

It filled her, making her increasingly spherical and then utterly wrecking the equipment around her. Soon she was stuck, her vastness almost spherical, her cheeks round, her breasts colossal; easily the size of a mini-fridge each. She moaned as syrupy rivers of blueberry juice spurted from her enlarged nipples, her clothes having broken into tatters by this point.

"Ewww! Don't drown me!" Brandon cried in his high pixie-like voice. "I've got my own troubles here! I'll help you as soon as I can, Helena, just give me a moment!"

But she couldn't even see the shrinking man, who was now only two inches tall. The world had transformed into something alien and massive around him, but the changes weren't stopping there. He leapt to the side to avoid another ejaculation of blueberry juice from Helena, whose hands and legs were now being swallowed up completely, literally disintegrating so that more of her could become a round blueberry. But even as he dodged it, a new change hit him; knots burst from his shoulders, and a pair of vibrant pink butterfly wings that sparkled magnificently now spread out, keeping him aloft as they fluttered.

"That can't be possible!" he whined. "This is just a dream!"

But no pinching woke him. Instead, it just seemed to hurry up further changes; his limbs thinned, and his body hair disappeared. The man screamed in a whiny little voice as

his genitals pulled up inside of his body, replaced by sensitive female genitalia. Breasts bloomed from his chest, lovely and full and large; at least in comparison to his tiny fairy body. They were then pushed up by a new dress, one made of leaves that wrapped around her body and covered it, though it left her lovely brown shoulders bare and her brown legs as well, and displayed a hint of deep cleavage.

“I’m a fairy! I’ve turned into a freaking *pixie!*?” the new woman squealed.

She looked up at Helena, who she had once considered such a beautiful girl, one she was so keen to date. Now the poor thing was a bloated round ball, her hands and feet barely visible, the rest of her limbs gone, and her body full of blueberry juice that literally squelched and sloshed within her as she tipped a little to one side. Her breasts oozed the liquid, forcing Brandon to fly into the air before the girl’s blue face.

“What do we do!?” Brandon asked.

Helena could only open her mouth and spit out some blueberry juice, along with numerous seeds.

“Brandon, I have n-no idea! Ohhh, I’m s-so full! I won’t be able to make our d-date tonight! Not unless you can juuuuuuuice meeeeeee!”

Natalia wasn’t feeling any better. The damn cold was plaguing her. She had sneezed several more times as she walked through the mall, and by this point she’d taken a shopping complex trolley, having decided to improve the air in her house by buying some plants. She hadn’t even noticed that poor Maria Tubbard, a lonely girl with a pudgy appearance and thick glasses, had suddenly jolted as one of the sneeze’s magical effects hit her. Maria was a lover of gardens and nature and all things green. She was purchasing some more seeds and flowers and bushes for her backyard, having recently received an unexpected inheritance of land. The shy young woman was keen to be close to nature again, but now she was getting a lot closer than she’d ever expected.

“M-Miss!” she announced, her voice thin and mouse-like as she tried and failed to get Natalia’s attention. “M-miss! I think that sn-sneeze did something w-weird to me! Nghh!”

The witch had already left the plant section, unfortunately, so once more she missed that her sneezes were causing magical effects. Maria found herself standing in a large potted plant filled with soil, and she could only sigh with a strange delight as her feet spread, becoming roots that began absorbing the nutrients within. Her skin shifted, turning brown at the legs as they became smooth bark, only for her upper half to turn a lovely forest green. She raised her hands up into the sky, feeling the kiss of the sun upon her through the glass ceiling.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned. “I’m b-becoming a plant! I’m a plantgirl! Mhmm! Why does it f-feel sooooo goood!?”

Her face froze in a moment of pure ecstasy, her arms outstretched slightly upwards, branches and leaves growing from her fingers. Her figure was now sculpted and beautiful, no longer tubby but that of a gorgeous forest dryad of ancient Greek legend, with impressive hips and a healthy bust topped by what appeared to be carefully carved nipples. Her face was now wooden and unexpressive and she could not move at all.

How do I get out of this? she thought. M-maybe it’s temporary. If so, perhaps I can just enjoy the sun and this cool mistwater upon me? Ahhhh . . . that feels so wonderful . . .

Natalia sneezed again. Something honked in the background, which surprised her; were there geese for sale in the mall? The witch shook her head and moved on, intent on her grocery shopping. She was keen on some lemon and ginger tea for her sore throat, and perhaps some chocolate ice cream as a consolation for her failure to be part of the coven that morning. As she walked, she passed by a man and a woman arguing.

“Hey lady, I had my eyes on that milk first, okay? I deserve it.”

“And I grabbed it first, she replied!”

They were both in their thirties, it appeared, and Natalia could only roll her eyes. Why bother arguing about milk? There was plenty of other brands to go around.

“ACHOOO!” she erupted, sneezing into her arm before continuing around the corner to the ice cream section. Once again, Natalia missed that her magical sneezes were causing transformative chaos.

“Listen here, *Karen*,” Brent Woodward said, looming over the shorter woman. “That milk is my favoured brand. I am *not* leaving without it. I can’t exactly *make it* now, can I?”

Karen Lean, whose name actually *was* Karen, placed her hands on her hips. She was a black woman who wore prescription glasses and had a slightly pear-shaped figure.

“And I need it for my twin boys! They’re not even a year old and I couldn’t breastfeed, and formula makes them sick, so give it here!”

“Like I said, I had it first!” the brown-haired taller man said, snatching it from her. “And I - ow!”

“Ow!”

They both made the shocked exclamation at the same time, a series of purple crackles of magic occurring around the two of them. Connecting them. *Binding* them. Karen gasped as suddenly Brent rocketed forth, lodging his face right into her chest.

“What are you doing!? Pervert! You pervert!”

"Ith noth meee! I'm noth doin' thith! I can't thtop ith!"

He tried to pull his head back, and she started whacking him on the head, but then the most remarkable and horrifying thing occurred: Brent's head started to absorb *into* her breast. He was literally melting into Karen, and the poor woman shrieked, only for her voice to die out as Brent Woodward's form slid further into her. It was like her breasts had become mighty vacuums, pulling in the struggling man. Even with his head missing, his shoulders continued to contract, his body becoming like a fleshy slurry that spilled forth from his emptying clothing.

"Oh God!" she gasped, her voice cracking. "Oh God! What's h-h-happening!? S-someone!"

But her voice was barely audible. No one was present to witness this, and the magic had shorted out any nearby cameras. Karen could only press her back against the refrigerated shelves behind her and moan. Brent's body was literally lifting up and melting into her chest, and a weight was growing significantly there. Already this was a level of insanity that was borderline traumatising, but then she looked down and realised that her breasts were *growing*. Brent's flesh merged with her breasts, which were now more than twice as big as they had been. She had been only meagre chested her entire life, and even giving birth to twins had done disappointingly little for her boobs, which had failed to produce any milk almost immediately. Now, however, they were growing immensely, to the point where they were approaching the size of her own head. Her buttons pinged off one by one from her shirt, and in moments a mammoth amount of dark brown cleavage was exposed.

"Oh my! Ohhhhhh, my! This is t-too much! Please sir, if you c-can hear me, please get out of meeee!"

Instead, his legs - still kicking - rose up as they were absorbed into her boobs, causing them to erupt even larger. Her shirt ripped open at the front, to the point where her breasts nearly flopped completely out in a major wardrobe malfunction. Her new udders were each larger than her own head, weighty and massive, and unbearably tight and warm. The tightness, the pressure, it only grew, and while Brent was now completely gone, it was almost impossible to even think about the poor man because the pressure was so tight.

"Ahhhhh - what's happening! N-need to find a hospital! Need to-"

"What happened? Where am I? Why is my vision all funny!?"

Karen gasped. She could hear a voice in her head; a female one, snappish and rude.

"Who are you!? Who's s-saying this? Ohhhh, these things are h-heavy. So tight!"

"I know you! You're the r-rude woman who tried to t-take my milk! What have you d-done to me!? Why am I f-feeling s-so full. Fuck, I f-feel so full of something. I need to get it out. Why can't I move? What's happening, damn it!?"

Even in her horrified shock at gaining a massive pair of cow tits, her nipples darker and massively expanded, particularly with the size of her areolas, Karen Lean was able to put two and two together. Her beautiful brown breasts were wobbling of their own accord, jiggling like there was something living inside of them. Something *sentient*. Or they *were* sentient. The now overwhelmingly buxom black woman cupped her massive bosom, her tits easily overflowing her hands.

“Hey, stop that! What are you doing to me!? Why can’t I feel my face!? Answer me, you Karen!”

“Oh my, oh no oh my oh no! Can you hear me?”

“Of course I can hear you! What’s happened? Was there an accident?”

Karen Lean looked about. A couple of newcomers in the aisle were looking at the woman, who was currently cupping her massively oversized breasts which barely fit into her top. She appeared to be talking to her own breasts, and only she knew why.

“I’m sorry we had that argument, but something has happened. What’s your name?”

“Why do you need to know? That milk was mine! F-fuck, why am I - nghh - so full! I need release! What’s going on!?”

“Just tell me your n-name!” she managed, clutching her chest and struggling with the pressure herself.

“It’s Brent! Brent Woodward! Now - ahhh - tell me what’s going on!? Why do I feel like I’m in two parts? Why am I so . . . fleshy? And why in God’s n-name do I have two s-sensitive points that really need release?”

Karen gulped. She had no idea how this had happened or why, but she could only look down at her new breasts, knowing that the man she was arguing with had not only somehow become them, but massively expanded their size as a result. She tried to avoid salivating from their sheer sensitivity.

“Brent, I have something to tell you. You’re not going to l-like it, but - ahhh - I have a f-feeling milk won’t be a problem for you anymore.”

“Why is that? Fuck, the pressure! Tell me!”

But Karen could hold it back no longer. The pressure was too great. And so, without intending to, she arched her back, thrusting out her chest and causing it to rip open her shirt entirely. Brent could finally see again, his viewpoints now directly out their shared nipples. But suddenly twin fountains of milk erupted from Karen’s breasts - from Brent himself - and the pair moaned in ecstasy, bewilderment, and pure release as their new milkers unleashed their produce across the aisle.

“Fuck no! I can’t be! I can’t be a pair of tits!”

But Brent already was, and neither even knew how this had happened, or who to approach to undo it. They were now stuck together for life.

Natalia couldn't understand boys these days. Stupid young men, just barely in their twenties, and acting like total fools while she tried on some new black dresses and cute fishnet styles that worked with her whole goth aesthetic. There were at least four boys outside of her cubicle, and she could hear their entire conversation, knowing it was chiefly about her.

"Fucking hell, did you see that goth chick? Talk about stacked, huh David?"

"Totally. I'd fuck her in a hot second."

"Nah Sam, everyone knows you go for blondes with big tits. Me? I've always liked the alt-girls. I'd be sucking on those mommy tits the first chance I got."

"It's the corset. It pushes 'em up. Don't believe the size."

"Hey, I'll believe the ass! I bet she gives great head, don't you think, Harry?"

The conversation went on, and then they started to veer on to other women. Natalia didn't like using curse magic, but as she tried on dresses and skirts she almost started to wish she didn't have a damn cold, because then she could teach them some manners; scare them away by appearing to be one of their moms or something. Nothing horrible, but enough to teach them responsibilities.

"Fuck yeah, check out that blonde chick? Total MILF type, amirite?"

"I don't blame the guy who knocked her up, meow!"

"I'd get her knocked up again. Do her raw."

Natalia sighed as she put on a black lacy bra. It really did make her boobs look bigger, and they were already nicely sized. "Absolute infants," she said to herself, rubbing her sore nose again and wishing this headache and sinus pain would end. "Those misogynistic boys deserve a better motherly influence in their lives. If only - ACHOOO!!!"

She groaned as another invisible lash of lightning discharged. Outside, the boys fell silent, though some of them began to make strange panicking noises. Not long after, a woman started to groan.

"Assholes," she said to herself as she exited the stall. "Hope they get what's coming to them one day. Oops, sorry miss!"

She nearly bumped into a very, very pregnant woman, one who appeared faintly familiar to her, like she was a fraternal twin sister to one of the boys who had been checking her out earlier. The woman was like a deer in headlights, wearing a tight maternity dress that emphasised her massive bump, within which was an utter commotion of movement.

"Congratulations," Natalia said, continuing on. "The stall is all yours now! You look glowing!"

She continued on her way, not even noticing the way the woman was seemingly horrified at her own body, and the three friends who had just been sucked up inside of it as her squirming, fighting babies. Instead, she continued onwards and purchased her clothing. She sneezed again at the counter after noticing the sales clerk's pig-themed mug, perhaps a gift from her child given its resemblance to a cartoon.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll take the whole lot."

Natalia paid by card and then looked up at the woman, whose name badge marked her as Sara. "Are you okay? No offence, but you look a little pink."

The woman's eyes widened. "I do?"

"You probably just need to cool down. Is the transaction done? Thanks again.

ACHOO!"

She continued onwards, exiting the clothing store. She had to pinch her nose and blow her ears out several times to get her full hearing back; her head just felt so damn gunky! But by then it was too late to hear the commotion inside the store, where a very pregnant mother of triplets was panicking, while Sara the sales clerk was struggling to understand why her nose was turning into a snout, her ears were turning floppy, and her body was becoming thick and pink. And that wasn't even getting into the *six* larger breasts that were pushing out and threatening to tear apart her clothing.

Natalia took her trolley out to the carpark. She continued to sneeze, leaving behind a wake of chaos behind her. A man suddenly found himself as a trusty canine companion to his own girlfriend, and with another sneeze she was none the wiser, leaving him with an altogether new canine life, and a very different kind of girlfriend to look out for. A woman heading to her car from the nearby gym, angry at her inability to push past her limits, was utterly amazed and joyous to find her body swelling to amazonian proportions, her muscles powerful, and her figure like that of a divine goddess. Her best friend was less enthused, however, to go from a gym buddy to a tall and very muscular *man*, one who was absolutely packing between the legs and was now viewing *his* amazonian bestie in a new light. An old man was affected by a sneeze, the purple rays of magic jolting through his form and reverting him to the age of a ten year old. He took off, excited and youthful once more, thanking whatever strange force had blessed him.

Natalia drove out of the park. When she sneezed again, she looked up and wondered why on earth the woman in front of her was failing to hit the gas. It was only when she slowly overtook her that she saw a large fishtail flopping about, and the shocked upper half of the woman wearing a seashell bra. She was madly scrolling the window down.

"Help! I've been turned into a mermaid! I can't use the pedals!"

"Yeah, yeah," Natalia said. "The FantasyCon is that way."

She continued to drive, dealing with her damn headache and cold, and wondering why the traffic got more delayed and confused after each sneeze. It only cleared when, to her shock, an actual horse and carriage finally veered out of the lane and took off in the other direction. The two horses looked quite startled, as did the strangely Victorian-themed couple in the seat who looked like they were having a cosplay date or something.

“Weird,” she said. It was strange, she’d just been observing the poster for an upcoming Victorian-themed romance film, complete with a stagecoach containing the attractive couple on it. “I guess sometimes life is stranger than fiction,” Natalia said.

She thought about heading straight home, but none of the items in her grocery bags were perishable, and in truth the day was turning out quite sunny and warm. The beautiful goth made a turn at the last second, heading towards the city’s central park. It was too nice to be cooped up indoors; a bit of warm air would do her sinuses good, she decided, and especially because the best soothing teas were available at a stall near the park.

The goth witch found a park and emerged out into the sunlight, which practically reflected off of her pale alabaster skin. She strode into the park after getting a lovely chamomile tea for her throat, and smirked a little as an older man with silver hair literally tripped over a rock as he stared at her, drinking in the sight of her milk-coloured breasts which were pushed up by her corset.

“Like, what is wrong with you?” barked the woman beside him, a rather pregnant Asian woman wearing an expensive and stylish maternity dress, her features done up in the latest style of Instagram-appeal makeup.

“Sorry honey, I was just distracted.”

“You were, like, looking at that hot girl! You promised to only have eyes for me!”

Natalia chuckled and continued on through the park, though to her annoyance her damn cold rose up again and: “ACHOO!!!”

The witch cursed under her breath, and prayed that the sun and the tea in her hand would make her feel better soon. She had no idea that once more she was leaving chaos behind her. The jolt of magic erupted from her sneeze enveloped Abigail Harper, formerly Abigail Song, a twenty two year old buxom beauty. It also extended to Peter Harper, her sugar daddy husband who was nearing fifty years old and had been through a veritable string of trophy wives, always ditching them whenever they got too old (that was, merely twenty five) and moving onto a younger model. He was already fascinated with the idea of taking on a woman much like that young goth girl he’d seen: she was quite buxom and striking, and the idea of breaking her in and turning her into a traditional wife was deeply enticing. Of course, Kaley would be a problem, but as a very, very rich CEO in the marketing industry, it was nothing that a little payment and some child support for a kid he’d never see again couldn’t deal with.

"I was just window shopping, dear," he said. "A man has his needs."

Abigail placed her hand on her round dome of a stomach, which had just hit the twenty three week mark. "Is it because I'm, like, preggers? Am I not attractive to you anymore?"

"Well, you're not exactly *thin* right now, are you? Don't blame a man for having wandering eyes, Abigail."

"You said I was the one for you! I do everything for you! I gave up my job and stuff for you! Why do you, like, treat me this way?"

The man shrugged with a smile. "Please, you knew who you were marrying."

"You told me you, like, totes loved me."

"I loved your body. I loved the red dress you wore. I loved how eager you were in bed. How could I know that you'd get pregnant so quickly? You're meant to be my trophy wife, Abigail, nothing more, nothing less. Now, don't ruin this walk. You know I don't get a lot of time to spend with you. And besides, you'll have my eye again when you work hard to regain your figure."

Tears appeared in her eyes. Abigail had truly believed, despite the large age gap, that she and Peter were soulmates, but lately his real feelings had come out. She was starting to suspect he was cheating on her with a slew of mistresses, no longer finding her attractive because she was pregnant. The young, rather ditzy woman was about to actually *apologise* to her husband, since she was always cowed into submissiveness by his comments. But then . . .

"Ow!"

"Ahh!"

Purple lights flickered around them, and they heard an echo of something that sounded like a woman sneezing.

"Did you just feel that?" Abigail asked.

"A jolt in the air? I did. Perhaps it was just - ughh!"

Abigail reached out to steady her much older husband, only to suddenly grit her teeth as well. Something strange was happening to the pair of them, as if a great magnet was tugging at them. It was the most bizarre sensation that either had ever felt, because it wasn't like their bodies were being pulled upwards, but their very essences.

"Peter!" Abigail cried, clutching her husband and pressing her round belly against him. "I f-feel, like, super strange and stuff!"

"Stop talking!" he snapped, trying to get ahold of himself. "I'm trying to figure out what's g-going on here."

"I'm, like, totes scared!"

"I said shut it! It's probably just -"

And then suddenly, the strange suction increased, and the two were quite literally *yanked* out of their bodies, which remained standing and still, frozen in their current poses. Abigail had no words to describe what she then experienced, though she was not exactly a woman of great elocution anyway. It was like she was reduced to an intangible, ethereal floating ball of light. Her very essence sparkled, bright and hopeful - not too intelligent, mind, but she knew that already - but certainly well meaning and kind. Peter's essence, on the other hand, was like a storm cloud. It churned with self-interest and ravenous pursuit of pleasure, and the pair could see one another.

Dear God, Peter thought, trapped as a floating soul. She's . . . beautiful. How did I never see it?

Meanwhile, Abigail was shocked to see Peter in his most distilled essence. *He's, like, the total worst! I never want to be, like, trapped as his wife! He deserves to know how he's been treating me and stuff!*

And perhaps it was the magic sneeze, or perhaps it was partly Abigail's own willpower, but she found her essence being drawn to Peter's body. Likewise, he was shocked to find his essence pulling towards hers.

Wait! he thought. Stop! I promise to be a better husband!

You were, like, a terrible husband! Are you even excited for our baby?

I promise I will be! Don't put me in your body! Let me have mine back, okay? I'll give you anything!

Yeah, you'll give me total respect now! It's time for you to, like, get your just desert! It's just desserts, you stupid bimbo trophy wi-aghhh!

And then it was done. The two bodies were animated again, suffused with new essences. Peter groaned and clutched his head, only to find long and silky black hair trailing down from his scalp. His centre of gravity was all wrong, and his chest was heavy, his belly bloated and wrong. Even thinking was difficult; he suddenly felt so . . . *ditsy*. Like his mind was more spontaneous, wide as an ocean but as deep as a puddle.

"Like, this can't be happening," he said, but his voice sounded soft and feminine, exactly like Abigail Song's. He held up his hands and was shocked to see that his skin was a mid-tone olive, and protruding from his chest were large and beautiful breasts, and beneath them a rounded belly. As if to emphasise what had just happened, he felt his child - the one *he* was meant to be the father of, made with *his* sperm - kick about inside of him.

"Ohhh," he moaned. "Like, no way! Abigail, you have to give me my body back! I can't be some dumb preggo trophy wife and stuff!"

Even his words were sounding utterly bimbo-like. His intelligence was clearly reduced, and it was making him all emotional as well. Tears formed in his lovely new almond-shaped eyes, and his baby kicked again, causing him to gasp.

The real Abigail, on the other hand, was marvelling at the change. She was older. She was smarter. She had *strength*. Yes, she'd probably just lost like twenty years of her life, but her mind had always been a trap to her. She had never been intelligent, barely able to understand the complexities of the world, and now she felt like she was capable of anything. She was tall, and in shape for her new age, and better yet, no one would ever view her as a ditzy bimbo, nor would they objectify her as a hot Asian girl like so many weird white men did, including her husband. No, including her *wife*.

"Hello dear," she said, her new voice low and brassy. It sounded nice coming from her, she decided. "You look a little, like, startled. Sorry, I should just say . . . startled. I know you hate it when I say 'like.'"

"Like, some kind of magic changed us!" Peter whined, bouncing a little and causing his large breasts to jiggle, an alien sensation to the man. "It was like a magic sneeze or something! That totally hawt goth girl did it! We have to find her and-"

"I don't think we have to," Abigail said, placing a hand on her former husband's belly. "I'm actually totes - er, totally - liking this a lot more. Maybe this was meant to be."

"What are you talking about? I'm, like, super dumb! I'm a stupid bimbo whore! And I'm totally preggers! Abby, you've got to change us back somehow!"

The new woman was clinging to her new husband without even quite realising she was doing it. Already, she was inheriting a sense of submissiveness, while in contrast Abigail was gaining a feeling of dominance. She looked at her gorgeous new wife, her face all done up as she had done herself that very morning, her breasts impressively sized, her belly swollen with the child she had gone through aches and pains to grow these past six months. It was insane. It made no sense. Her body was her own. She'd had it for twenty two years. She was very, very familiar with her reflection, since she just *loved* doing her makeup perfectly. But now . . . she was finding her old body rather attractive. No, not just attractive. She was finding it *hot*. Peter may not have liked her body round with child, but she was finding it absolutely fucking sexy to see her former controlling husband now as her baby-making trophy wife.

"How about instead of, like, staying here, we go home instead and try out our amazing new bodies?"

Abigail gasped. "What - what are you, like, talking about?"

"You're very beautiful, Abby."

"I'm not Abby!"

"You are now. And I'm Peter. I'm big and strong and older, and you're totes - totally - my sexy trophy wife. And I'd like to have some fun with my trophy wife, since she looks so devastatingly beautiful all full with my child."

Peter wanted to scream. This was all wrong. But she had inherited both her own strong sex drive and that of her more youthful body, and the second trimester hormones were likely playing their part as well. She breathed deeply, her breasts rising and falling, her belly heaving against her tight pink maternity dress. She needed to stop this, but just like Abigail had been, the former male found himself deeply submissive, and totally dominated by the new Peter's strong presence.

"Come along, sweetie," he said, patting her on the rear and then linking his arm with hers. "I promise I'll be a much, much better husband than you were, and I'll never, ever criticise your absolutely beautiful body or how long it takes for you to do your makeup!"

"But - but -"

"I have a feeling this will, like, really work out, Abby! You'll be the new me, and I'll be the new you. You'll be a much better trophy wife than I was, and, like, I'm sure you'll do okay when labor comes and the like!"

Peter's eyes widened. She had no idea what to do, and her mind wasn't smart enough or decisive enough to fight against her new husband. "L-Labor?"

"Of course, you're going to, you know, give birth! I promise I'll be right there. I doubt you would have been. And I won't cheat on you either! I'll be the best sugar daddy husband you could possibly want! Now let's get home, so I can totally test out this new pecker of mine. I bet you're going to moan even more than I did! I know what makes my engine rev, after all! Hee hee!"

Peter was directed away from the park, and away from any possible salvation. And the worst part was, his wifely body was feeling desperately horny.

"I should have b-been a better husband," he whined.

But instead, he was destined to be a better wife, and a real trophy one at that.

Natalia was getting better. She *knew* she was getting better. She was starting to sneeze less, and the tea and sunshine were certainly helping. There was, she sensed, just one final bit of cold to leave her. She could feel it on the tip of her nose and in her sinuses. They were no longer blocked, which was why she had her handkerchief out again, but she was unfortunately quite a bit snotty. She had been getting the damn gunk out of her system for what felt like twenty minutes, but it was coming to an end. There was, the gothic beauty knew, just one final, giant sneeze to go.

"Come on," the witch said to herself, placing the handkerchief on her nose and off it again and again. She kept on going 'Ahhh - ahhh - ahhh', but no actual 'choo!' was arriving, leaving her deeply annoyed. Normally, her skin looked porcelain white and beautiful, her

eyebrow piercings and dark makeup forming a nice contrast, along with her long dark hair. But now, she could see that her nose was ruddy from all the sneezing.

“One last big sneeze, and I’ll get my magic back. C’mon, one last big sneeze and I can go home and practice for the next coven application! I’ll ace it next time, I just know it. So long as I can get rid of this damn cold.”

Natalia was in the centre of the park, where a wide open space was available for people to toss a football around or play a game of cricket. Others were relaxing around the edges under the shade of some trees. A young man was being bullied and pushed around by a larger man, a kind of one-sided post-high school rivalry between a scrawny nerd and his jock tormentor. The jock was mocking the other man for his lack of a girlfriend, how he’d never get laid and so on. A couple were out on one of their first dates, holding hands and smiling at one another a little sheepishly, her pointing at a dog on a leash going the other way and talking about how much she loved dogs. He, being an Englishman, had preferred foxes. There was even a pervert hiding up in a tree with his professional camera, taking snaps down the tops of all the fitness ladies walking by so he could get his secret photos of their breasts.

Perhaps, if she didn’t have a cold, Natalia would have noticed some of this. Despite her dark goth girl look, she wasn’t big on anything but a light retribution, and instead preferred to use magic to make the world more interesting and less like its boring, rigid status quo. But she would have perhaps made the nerd a bit musclier, perhaps caused the pervert to fall out of the tree, and maybe even let a wayward unhoused dog find its way to the cute couple, just to enhance the sweetness of their relationship. Hell, she would have given them a fox as a pet too, just to match both their adorable preferences. Instead though, Natalia was only focused on getting out the final big sneeze. It built and built and built, even as the herd of joggers ran down the path beside her, causing the batsman to cry out in apology as the cricket ball sailed over their heads. Finally, the pressure was unbearable. It was coming, and Natalia could feel herself on the very verge of release.

“Ahhhh . . . ahhhh . . . AHHHH-CHHHOOOOOO!!!”

It went off like a gunshot, and several people were actually startled. The beautiful goth girl only *just* managed to get the handkerchief up to her nose just in time, and to her embarrassment a tremendous amount of gunk was evacuating out of her sinuses, becoming a thick wad in her handkerchief.

“Eww, gross!” she announced. “Sorry, everyone! Shit, where’s a trashcan?”

There was none in sight, but she’d seen one back the way she’d come. Better yet, she could feel her magic returning to her, though it was oddly drained for some reason. The witch smiled nevertheless and ran back in the direction of her car on the other side of the park, keen to get home and start practicing her arcane rituals again . . . just as soon as she’d

ditched the gross handkerchief. She was so happy, in fact, that she didn't even notice that her final tremendous sneeze had caused her a chaos of common cold magic across the centre of the park. Sparks of purple light went off practically *everywhere*, dousing everyone in the wide area including those resting beneath the trees.

Jaime smiled as he talked about his love of foxes to Amelia, the cute brunette who he was on his first date with. She likewise admired the tall man, thinking of him as something like a golden retriever thanks to his blonde hair and incredible enthusiasm when he spoke. But suddenly she squeaked in shock.

“Jaime! Your ears! They're going up your head! And your nose!”

Sure enough, his ears travelled up to the top of his head, much to the young man's shock. Worse, they changed shape and increased in auditory range, turning into dog's ears with bright blonde fur. His face pushed forwards, nose turning dark, and soon he even had a bit of a snout. His blonde eyes grew, and his tongue lolled out the side of his mouth.

“Amelia!” he managed, struggling with his changing jaw even as the fur spread across his face and down his chest. “Your ears, too!”

She squeaked again, clutching her ears as they likewise travelled up on top of her head, becoming even taller and more triangular than her date's. They bloomed with bright orange fur, white tips at the top, and soon her face was also pushing forwards, becoming a vulpine snout complete with sharper teeth. It was utterly alien to experience, and the pair clutched their respective heads as their skulls changed shape, but the transformations did not finish there. Amelia and Jaime both cried out as a pressure grew in their backsides. Suddenly, a golden-furred wagging tail erupted from Jaime's backside, while from Amelia's a much larger and very poofy orange tail with a white tip emerged.

“J-Jaime!” she said, struggling with her new jawline. “You look like you're b-becoming a golden retriever!”

“And you look like you're b-becoming a fox, Amelia!”

The young woman groaned. Her small breasts grew until they were quite buxom, stretching out the top of her dress, and then to her surprise several more breasts grew in until she had six in total, each pair a little less prominent: D-cups to C-cups to a pair of smaller but still lovely B's. She literally barked in response to this, and Jaime barked in sympathy: his hands were changing to become more paw-like, and his feet were bursting out his shoes as they grew claws and were covered in fur.

When the changes ended, the pair now looked like each other's favourite animal, albeit in anthro-form: Jaime was now a hunky anthro-golden retriever, panting with a strange excitement, while Amelia looked like a sleek and incredibly beautiful fox-woman, her pairs of breasts obvious against her tighter dress, though part of her wanted to ditch it just to free up her fur, which was white at the front but orange almost everywhere else.

“This is crazy!” Jaime said. “Why are we transformed!?”

“I don’t know, b-but I’m feeling kind of w-warm,” Amelia said, rubbing her furry thighs together.”

“M-me too,” Jaime replied. His new furry sheath was starting to expand, tenting out his shorts.

“Th-this is really weird but . . . you’re really, really cute as a dog, Jaime.”

He panted, smiling awkwardly at this strange turn of events. Around them, other people were changing. It was a mass change, in fact, so no one was focusing on them. Strangely, the knowledge that other people were turning made him feel less nervous about his own transformation. “And you look really, really pretty as a foxy girl, Amelia,” he replied.

The two panted like the canines they now were, struggling with the heat that had come upon them.

“D-do you want to go explore that, er, bush over there for a moment?”

“Gladly!” Amelia exclaimed. “And then we can sort this out and change back! But only after!”

They took off, moving past the line of runners, all of whom were shocked to find that their bodies were changing in strange ways. Four had become a pair of centaurs, which shouldn’t have made sense, except that two poor souls had become the *lower equine half*. Something in Natalia’s magic must have been a little horny as well now that the woman was free of a cold and therefore free to look for a little passion again, because the still-sentient lower halves were in a panic.

Oh God, why am I stuck to you? one thought psychically to her new master, which was actually her *wife*.

“Steve?” her wife declared, looking back in shock at her horse lower half. “Oh God, you’re my butt! You’re my big horse butt! Steve, what’s going on? Can you hear me?”

I can hear you! What do you mean I’m - oh God. I can feel it. I can see out behind us. There’s a tail - I’m moving it! I’m part of you! I can feel myself connected to you and - why do I suddenly feel so horny, Sandra? Oh shit, do I have a vagina!? A HORSE VAGINA!?”

The male centaur beside her - both parts of him - were asking the same questions of their own genitalia, being a pair of friends who were now much closer than they could ever have predicted.

Don’t you dare shove me in that other centaur, no matter h-how much I want it, you hear me, Joey? I don’t w-want to be your big horse dick, so find a way to change me b-back before I’m begging you to put me in herrrr!

Two other runners, a pair of women - one dark-skinned and the other white - found themselves conjoined, sharing a single olive-skinned body with their heads resting against one another. They were still screaming as they tried to coordinate their body, and nearly

tripped over a married pair of runners who were actually supremely happy with their changes: they had reverted from their sixties back into their twenties, and were looking virile and fit and ready to take on life again.

Malcolm Dawson, on the other hand, got what was coming to him. He was a huge jock with rippling muscles and a serious gym build, and one of his favourite past times was to mock his old highschool classmate Jeffrey Tennerson every time he saw him.

“You’re just a fucking pale nerd!” he exclaimed. “Look at you, you’ve got no muscles on you. No wonder you’re such a fucking virgin. No girl would ever fuck your little penis, Jeffrey. Especially not after I made sure everyone on campus knew you were writing poetry for that weird goth girl with the big tits, remember? What was her name, Natalia or something? I think I just spotted her sneezing like crazy over there.”

“M-Malcolm, can’t you just leave me alone! I just happened to be here, I’m not looking for a fight.”

“Yeah? Well, I told you not to bring your pathetic little dick anywhere near me, so it looks like I’m gonna have to beat your big tiddy goth-girl loving ass and - ohhhh!”

The loud sneeze echoed in their ears, and with it carried the jolts of glowing violet magic. Malcolm started to moan, stepping back a little and grunting as his internal organs shifted around, a new and very female set of organs growing into place beneath his intestines.

“Y-you’re lucky, man,” he said, voice cracking. “You’re lucky I ate a bad hot d-dog, because - NGNHH!”

To both of their surprise, Malcolm’s form literally contracted, shrinking down in fits and starts. He gasped as one shoulder pulled inwards, and then the other. His muscles started to deflate. He flailed, trying to push Jeffrey out of the way, only to slump back against the tree and moan, his voice rising in octave but also gaining a highly alluring husky quality to it, like a permanent vocal fry.

“Wh-what are you d-doing to me, you little p-pussy bitch!”

Jeffrey was startled: his bully’s skin was tan from his outdoor football involvement, but now it paled and paled and paled until it was alabaster white.

“Nothing, I swear! I was just - ohhhh! I think it’s getting me too!”

He worked to unbuckle his pants as a pressure grew there, but he couldn’t keep his eyes off of Malcolm, who squealed like a girl as his hips spread out. His clothes were changing, turning into a gorgeous black corset that hugged an increasingly hourglass figure. His shorts spread out, becoming a black pleated skirt, while fishnet stockings manifested on his legs, which were becoming sexy lady legs without a single hair upon them.

“What the fuck!? WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING TO ME-EEEEEE!!!”

The bully was now shorter than Jeffrey. His face shifted, becoming increasingly feminine with full lips adorned in dark lipstick, not to mention eyeshadow and mascara that added to his new goth aesthetic. His hair followed suit, becoming black and wavy and falling down his shoulders, while piercings manifested on his ears, his left brow, and on his tongue and bellybutton, causing the changing man to yelp pathetically.

“D-dude, stop this!” Malcolm cried. “What the fuck are you doing to me!? Why is my ch-chest - ahhh!”

To his despair, a pressure grew there, becoming unbearable as his nipples swelled in size, areolas widening significantly. Finally, the damn burst. He barely managed to get his hands upon his chest before suddenly two large white pillows of flesh expanded there, growing until they filled the corset and then some. Finally, when they had no more room to fill, they surged upwards, forming the most amazing cleavage Jeffrey had ever seen. No, that wasn't right; it was *exactly* the best cleavage he'd ever seen, back when he'd fallen secretly and unrequitedly in love with Natalia, the goth girl from high school.

“Oh my God, you're turning into her!” he exclaimed. “My dream girl! Natalia!”

“N-no way!” she cried, only to moan as she felt her genitals starting to tug back into her body. “I'm n-not your dream girl! What the fuck is happening to everybody!? Why are they all changing and what are you - WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOUR DICK!?”

Jeffrey looked down, and his eyes widened yet again. His quite unimpressively sized penis was extending in length and expanding in girth right before his eyes. Even while Malcolm moaned opposite him, his hands daintifying and his genitals continuing to invert, Jeffrey's attention was momentarily focused entirely on his own appendage. It became rigid, a throbbing erection thanks to the presence of his ultimate dream girl in front of him. He touched it, just trying to check if it was real, only to feel his balls *swell* and the sensitivity and arousal of it all caused an instant and deeply powerful orgasm.

“HHRUUGHH!!” he groaned. His balls squeezed tight, and suddenly his huge nine-incher of a cock ejaculated stream after stream of potent jizz tight onto Malcolm's big pale tits. The new woman was already cumming against her will as her pussy finished forming, but now she moaned even louder as his semen splashed upon her.

“Oh f-fuuuuuck! Why am I c-cumming right now, dude!? This isn't f-fucking fair! MHMMM!!! At l-least let m-me drink it n-next tiiiiime!”

She orgasmed again, clutching onto her former victim's body, and it was only when the pleasure of each finally subsided that she realised she was licking her fingers clean of the seed as she sampled it from the stains on her boobs.

“Sh-shit!” she cried. “Why did I just s-say that!?”

Jeffrey was bewildered, but he placed a hand on her cheek, and she felt compelled to nuzzle against it almost lovingly, much to her inner hatred.

“It’s okay,” the now massively well-endowed nerd said. “I promise to take good care of you . . . Natalia.”

He held her against him, barely able to believe that he’d just been given his perfect girlfriend *and* the ultimate revenge against his tormentor, and the two of them watched the insanity of other changes play out across the park. Some sort of dog-man was mounting a fox-girl in the bushes, the two going at it like, well, *animals*. There were a pair of naked and quite muscular centaurs who were trying and failing to avoid one another, and two women were crying out for help as they turned into what appeared to be living plants, complete with flowers growing from the top of their heads like sunhats. One poor girl was struggling to move because her breasts were now literally the size of beanbags, and two of her male friends were attached to her huge nipples and guzzling down her milk.

“D-drink f-faster, please! They’re t-too full! DRINK FASTER!”

“We’re already addicted!” one cried. “That s-sneezing woman did something m-magic or something! Now stop talking because I can’t imagine *consuming anything else now!*”

They returned to their feast, the woman who was now more breasts than person simply slumping against her own boobs as they continued to grow, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as the pleasure of being suckled upon finally overwhelmed her sheer horror at the situation.

Lenny drank this all in from his position in the tree. He’d enjoyed checking out all the hot girls, taking all the secret photos down their tops, licking his lips as his hidden camera in the path got underskirt photos as well. He was an overweight and revolting looking individual, one who spent all of his time sourcing candid photos of women’s breasts. He’d taken more than a few over the fence looking at the neighbour sunbathing topless near her pool. Porn just didn’t do it for him; he loved breasts too much. He liked them big and bouncy and as many of them as possible. That was why he perved on runner girls in their sports bras or at the pool so much: he salivated at being able to see their goods *bounce*. And now, thanks to some insane chaos caused by God-knows-what, there were women of all kinds of types around him. That girl with the breasts that were each larger than *she* was! That guy who’d just turned into a hot goth girl with big titties. Even the vixen foxgirl was awakening something in him, not to mention the centaress with the big boobs. It was a magical feast that he could barely believe, but he was taking photo after photo.

“Yeah, that’s right! Big, bouncy tits! The more the better! Bounce ‘em for me, ladies! Keep bouncing them forever so that - whoah!”

He fell out of the tree and landed on the ground in response to a strange violet jolt. A pressure was growing in Lenny’s chest. Two pressures, actually. No . . . the pressures were spreading. He tried to get up and get away, fearing that he too was about to change, but

suddenly his legs froze up as well. Something was pushing from above his backside, and his feet continued to cramp, causing him to fall to one side.

“What the - no! NO! NOOOOOO!!!”

And then Lenny got exactly what he wanted, in all the worst ways. After all, six huge breasts had a lot of potential for bouncing, and a kangaroo lower half had a desperate need to make them do so when it hopped. Sometimes even random magical changes spurred on by a witchy cold can have a hint of karma about them.

Natalia relaxed in her steaming bath, sighing gently. Her magical reserve was still low, but she considered that just a byproduct of her cold, which was thankfully over now. The beautiful goth witch waggled a finger, and the page of her rather erotic transformation novel turned so she could focus on the next chapter. It was enough to make *her* feel steamy as well.

“Damn, makes me wish I was Morgan Faye,” she said to herself. “That’s a witch who specialises in change. Too bad I can’t do much when it comes to transformation. Oh well, maybe one day when I finally get to join a coven, I can develop my skills . . .”

Outside her bathroom, the TV blared, and she could hear the newscaster talking about some strange event in the park and across the city. Natalia simply flicked her finger and spoke an arcane word, and the TV turned off, giving her some much-needed silence.

“Now that my witchy cold is over,” she declared, lowering her fingers down between her pale thighs. “It’s time to experience some heat.”

The End