

## Mini-Story: The Family Spell (TG, AP, Unbirth)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*When three college friends find a spellbook, events spiral out of control when one of them recites a spell that is intended to create a new family unit, not give them eternal youth as they think it will. Soon the trio find themselves a lot closer, and their roles in this new 'family' greatly changed.*

### The Family Spell

Michael waved the strange book in the air, the scrawny, nerdy type chuckling as he showed his friends.

“Pretty neat, huh? An actual spellbook!”

“Yeah, right,” Jacob replied, snatching out of his hands. He was a much fitter and taller individual, so he had the reach to take the text. He examined it over with some interest. It was old, and its leatherbound surface seemed to glimmer strangely with purple light. “I won’t lie, looks cool though.”

“Gimme a look!” exclaimed David, taking the book from Jacob. “Are there love spells in there? Ways to make a perfect girlfriend? Hey, don’t knock it till you try it!”

The other two laughed at their friend. If Michael was the requisite nerd of the group, and Jacob the more sporty guy, then David was the player. Sure, Michael may have been better looking on the whole, with his dark hair and strong build, but David was *obsessed* with getting chicks on campus, and his batting average was fairly impressive to say the least. He had a rebel way about him, something that just said ‘bad boy’ in a way that their female peers in their twenties just loved. It made Michael more than a little jealous at times; he’d never been good at speaking to girls.

“Hmm, lots of weird shit in here,” David said. “Huh, a height growth spell. Looks like something you’d need, Michael.”

“Oh, shut up.”

“Where’d you find this, anyway?” Jacob asked, taking the book back. He sat back on the couch of the shared apartment the three of them rented together, just a bit outside the campus grounds.

“In the college library,” Michael said, ruffling his red hair and adjusting his glasses. “I was looking for material for my research essay when I bumped a shelf, and this smacked me right on the head. I think it’s been sitting up there, hidden on the back shelf, for years. Decades, maybe. It had a layer of dust so thick I swear it was nearly half an inch!”

“And you booked it out?”

Michael blushed. "I, uh, maybe took it out without booking it. It didn't have a barcode! Not even a library stamp on the inside. See, look?"

He took the book and showed them.

"Nothing! I thought they might take it, and frankly it looked way too cool to not at least have for a little bit. You guys know I'm big into fantasy. How could I resist this?"

The three of them continued to inspect the book. Jacob flipped through the pages, looking for stuff of interest, but this wasn't his forte as much. He was anxious to head off to the gym, but stuck around because his friend clearly wanted to show this off. Surprisingly, David took the book more than the other two combined, chuckling and laughing at the various good luck spells and hexes, conniving silly ways to improve his love life.

"You know that magic isn't real, right?" Jacob asked.

"Yeah, sure! But why not try and cast a spell, just in case?" he said cheekily.

Michael agreed. "I'll be honest, I thought we could all try one together. You know, just for fun."

Jacob shrugged, sighing slightly. "Well, nothing will happen. I keep telling you guys, the only way to build success is to put in the hard work - maybe get some muscles."

"Please, I get more dates than you," David said.

"But not as hot!"

"Ah, but maybe this spell will reverse our fortunes! Look, I've found the perfect one for all of us. It's called a *union spell*. Blah blah blah, summon forth youth, blah blah blah, bring about beauty and companionship, blah blah blah, *sexual passion and pleasure*, yada yada yada, increased manliness and femininity - I assume if the caster is a chick or whatever - and longer lifespans in familial union. The cursive is kind of smudged and weird, but that sounds good, right? A youth spell that gives us greater masculinity, power over women, and hot sex? Plus enduring youth? Count me in!"

Jacob rolled his eyes. "Trust you to go with this one."

"What does it require?" Michael asked, interested. He tried to grab the book, but David held it protectively, clearly wanting to be the one casting the spell.

"Nothing much. Just a chant I have to make, and a chalk line. You got some chalk?"

Jacob surprisingly did, and the three of them set up the circle as required and stepped into it. He mocked the proceedings but went along with it, clearly looking forward to ribbing his friends at the ridiculousness of it all. David just wanted to become, in his words, a 'total sex god,' while Michael was starting to have misgivings about how weird it was getting, though the promise of being better with women was alluring enough to keep him going. Soon the circle was complete, and David coughed to get their attention.

*"I summon the spell of familial union. The chalk is writ, the souls here desire to be bound in joined intent. May love blossom, youth bloom, and passions stir. May the strength of manhood and the care of womanhood bring forth new life together, bound as one."*

For a moment, nothing happened. Jacob raised his eyebrow.

"Dude, that didn't really sound like a youth spell."

"Yeah," David said sceptically, looking at the book again. "It didn't. The writing is just so hard to read in the description. I wonder if—"

"Guys, I feel w-weird!"

It was Michael who had spoken. His body shuddered, and right before the eyes of his two friends he began to change. His muscles flexed automatically, what little there was of them anyway, but soon they *swelled*, growing in size as if years of hard work at the gym was flourishing in seconds.

"Nghh! Oh sh-shit! I'm growing muscles!"

"And getting taller!" David marvelled. "Fuck yeah, it's working! Are you seeing this, Jacob! The magic is real! Well done on finding this, Michael!"

Michael tried to grin, but instead doubled over, clutching his two friends as his height extended and his jaw cracked wider. His hands flexed, legs swelled, and soon he was almost bursting out of his clothing. A short but thick beard sprouted almost instantaneously from his face, bright red like the rest of him. His shoulders expanded. His member also grew, causing him to groan in a surprisingly pleased fashion.

"My penis!" he declared, as explanation for the strange sound he'd just made. "It just doubled in size! Ohhhh, my balls t-too!"

"Hell yeah," David said, nudging as astonished Jacob. "Just imagine what *we'll be like!*"

He faltered as his voice cracked up an octave.

"What the *hell is wrong with my voice?*" he asked, voice cracking again.

"I don't know dude," Jacob said, "but you *sound really weird - wait, I sound weird too! What the hell? What was that spell?*"

Michael's own grunting voice boomed, becoming a low, attractive brass. But his two friends now had much higher voices, David especially. The would-be Casanova held up his arms in response to some strange sensations there, only to cry out in fear at what was happening: they were shrinking rapidly.

"Your legs too!" shouted Michael, "and mine!"

They were both shrinking, though David much, much faster. Michael's body continued to expand, the nerd now looking like a handsome leading man in a Hollywood movie. Even his clothes were adjusting, fitting to his muscular physique which was at that very moment developing a strong set of abs. The opposite was happening to poor Jacob

though: he clutched his stomach as years of gym work melted away to leave his midriff soft and flat, while his chest began to pressurise in an odd way, his nipples swelling and distending.

“G-guys, I don’t think this is happening the way it should!” he said, voice growing even softer, noticeably feminine even. “I’m - ohhhhh! Oh G-God!”

His shoulders shrunk down, even as a whole-body itch translated to his skin becoming incredibly soft. His arms and legs shrank, becoming slender and feminine, but the true change was on his chest. Instead of the impressive pectoral muscles he’d once had, a pair of large breasts ballooned out from Jacob’s chest, full and ripe and beautiful, exactly the kind of tits that David would have loved to have sucked on. The other man was looking at them now, even as he was continually shrinking down to half his original height.

“Mama!” he cried, half from the sight of Jacob’s enormous new breasts, and from a strange mental regression that was coming over him. “Please, Mama! I don’t know what’s happening! I’m - I’m scared!”

“What is happening to you?” Jacob asked, only to shudder as his face began to rearrange. His dark hair spilled down his back, soft and gorgeous, while his features changed to become that of a gorgeous young woman in her mid-twenties. His hips cracked wider, his waist pulled in, even as Michael’s own waist thickened with muscle.

“You’re becoming a woman!” Michael exclaimed, looking down at his friend, who had also lost a bit of height.

“N-no!”

“And I think David - oh shoot, he’s becoming a little girl!”

“Am not!” cried David, who was now half-lost in his own clothes. His hair had grown longer though, and his features were feminine. He was pre-pubescent in age by that point, so no breasts, but the tugging in his groin was obvious to him, just as it was obvious to Jacob: both former men gave a high-pitched squeal - especially high-pitched in David’ case - as the last vestige of their manhood pulled back into their bodies, leaving them with feminine openings.

“Ohhhhhhh God!” Jacob whined, clutching his crotch. “It can’t be! No, you can’t take my - nnngh!!”

The new woman’s tunnel finished forming along with a womb within her. This was followed by her clothes changing to become a pretty pale blue dress, albeit one that was oddly loose around her stomach. Her large breasts pushed out against the cups though, exposing a respectable if tantalising amount of cleavage that Michael found himself staring at.

“S-stop looking, *honey!*” she exclaimed.

"I can't stop, sorry, *my love!*" he replied. They looked to each other with astonishment at their words, and in each other's faces found an incredible attraction that was impossible to resist. They both looked away, blushing heavily, and beheld David becoming yet younger. His clothes were disappearing now, leaving only a toddler that was shrieking and crying.

"No! Don' wanna be a baby! Don' wanna! Mummy! Daddy!"

The pair's jaws dropped.

"Oh honey," they said together, as if they really were parents to their friend. They exchanged a quick glance.

"You don't think-" Michael started, looking at the beautiful woman before him, but he was interrupted by her gasping and doubling over a little.

"Ohhhh, I have to sit down!" she cried. "Michael, *my husband*, I don't know what's happening, but I have to - mmmhmm!"

She stumbled back, sitting down and then lying down, spreading her legs as if she were giving birth. It soon became apparent why: as David shrank to a baby, then a newborn, something darted out from Jacob's opening, slithering out of her new pussy and sliding across the floor. Jacob moaned, writhing in discomfort as an actual umbilical cord connected to David's belly button. It pulled tight after connecting the pair, and the new baby girl drew back towards Jacob. The new woman screamed.

"Michael! *My love!* Help me! *Help your wife!* I don't want to be pregnant with D-D-Danielle! OHHHHHHHHH G-GOD!!!"

Michael tried, he really did. But his body went rigid, the spell needing to complete itself. David cried out in panic, the new baby girl's mind confused but still aware as she was pulled into a tight dark space. She underwent the discomfoting sensation of unbirth, pulled back into a new mother, her vagina tight around the baby's body. Jacob cried out, moaning as if she were actually giving birth, only this was the total reverse. There was pain, tears, and a final mental change.

"Ohhhh, Michael! My n-name is *Jodie!* I'm your w-wife! Your p-pregnant w-wife! It was a *family spell!* It's m-making us a *p-perfect family!* NNGGHHH!!!"

And then, with one final reverse-push, little 'Danielle' was within her. Her form continued to shrink, aging back in time but still leaving Jodie's stomach round and distended, just like that of a pregnant woman's. She huffed and puffed, moaned and groaned as she was overwhelmed by it all, her breasts even fuller with pregnancy.

Finally, after several minutes, the magic stopped. As one final afterthought, a wedding ring appeared on Michael's ring finger, and a matching one on Jodie's, along with a sparkling engagement ring. She held her big belly, which looked to be about six-months along, and beheld her breasts. Michael instinctively helped her up and she clung to him automatically, guided by passions and instincts that were still so strange to her.

“I’m a w-woman,” she spluttered. “I’m a p-pregnant woman. I’m *your darling wife*.”

“And I’m your *loving, caring husband*,” Michael answered, the words filling his mouth. He cradled her stomach, rubbing it gently. She moaned at how wonderfully calming the sensation was, the magic making it seem so . . . right.

“Mhmm, and now D-Dani’s our *beautiful little baby girl*,” she said. “Oh God, what do we do? Where’s the spell book?”

Michael and her tried to find it. They turned the room inside out trying to find it, though Jodie became exhausted very quickly and had to sit down. Danielle was doing circles in her stomach, kicking in a flurry of frustration and panic, clearly annoyed at her fate.

“Calm down, damn it!” she said. “*My lovely little girl. It’s not your time to arrive yet! That’s three months from now!*”

Danielle just kicked some more, but soon tired herself out, falling asleep in Jodie’s new womb just like an actual baby in utero. Which, really, was what she now was. She’d gone from womaniser to unborn girl, just as Jacob had gone from tough gym guy to a slender, busty, and very pregnant wife. Only Michael had gotten the manly bonus of the spell, but with a twist: he now had a family to support. He found it difficult not to look at his new pregnant wife with desire, and she looked at him with the same. They kept touching each other as they moved past one another in their searching, and their desires only rose no matter how hard they tried to fight them.

“It’s not anywhere!” Michael exclaimed. “It’s like it’s just . . . vanished.”

His beautiful wife sighed, her full breasts rising and falling in his vision. “So what - we’re stuck like this? I’m your pregnant wife now? This is my life?”

“I think it is. Look, even the apartment has changed.”

It now showed pictures of them: their wedding, their engagement party, their dates. It was a new reality, and in this one, they were a loving couple with a baby on the way.

Jodie couldn’t help herself. She waddled across the room and wrapped her arms around her husband, leaning on his new strength.

“This is crazy,” she said. “Damn it, why does this feel so good? Why do I want you?”

“I think it’s part of the spell. I think I want you too. A lot, actually.”

Jodie gulped. She was feeling warmth and wetness in places she’d never imagined feeling it. Worse, the feelings felt totally natural. The magic was strong, and it was impelling her to fulfil her role.

“Um, so I guess we’re a family now,” she murmured, feeling his hands run over her belly and cup it beneath. It was a pleasurable feeling.

“In the family way, in your case.”

She giggled, embarrassed. “Shit, this is crazy. So damn crazy, and weirdest of all for poor Dani. What do we do about her?”

“Nothing for three months, I guess, *darling*. Sorry, that was the magic.”

“I know, *sweetheart*. The magic is getting me too. It . . . really wants me to take you to the bedroom. Actually. Like . . . right now. It’s making me super hormonal about it, actually. It’s fucking weird but . . . shit, I need this.”

Michael raised his eyebrows. “I don’t understand. What do you need?”

She grinned, feeling humiliated almost as much as she was turned on. He was still the same nerdy Michael underneath, oblivious to matters of love and lust. She took his hand and began pulling him to the bedroom, rubbing her heavy stomach as she did so.

“You’ll understand in a moment, *sexy*,” she said, the words feeling more and more right. “Just be grateful that Dani is asleep. Though she’ll have to get use to the disruption occasionally, unless we find that magic book soon!”

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They never did, though. Not that either Michael or Jodie came to mind, once they got used to their new situation. The jury was still out on Dani’s opinion: three months later she finally arrived into the world for the second time in her life, screaming and wanting milk. She couldn’t yet voice her opinion on the situation, but as Jodie joked easily one night three months after the birth: “at least Dani can finally suck on a pair of big tits as often as she likes, right?”

Michael smiled, and kissed her, and checked that Dani had fallen into a milky stupor in her crib. Then he crawled into bed and began to caress his wife, something Jodie now took to with relish after six months of being a woman.

“And so can I,” Michael said, lowering his mouth to her nipple.

Jodie exhaled in pleasure as her strong husband began to drink from her.

“If w-we’re not careful, we might end up m-making more family the old-fashioned way!” she joked, before succumbing to whimpers of bliss.

But whether it was the magic, or simply the acceptance of their new situation and relationships, that prospect was starting to sound not so bad at all.

**The End**