

Morgan's Year (Multi TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Morgan the Witch decides to summon her old high school bullies before her, years after she developed her shapeshifting magical powers. Daniel, Caitlyn, Sasha, and Pete are in for a surprise, as she twists their forms in karmic rays, ranging from the more human, to the freakishly alien. Of course, there may be a chance for one of them to return to normal again. But just one.

Morgan's Year, Part 1: Summoning

Morgan smiled. It had all been perfectly arranged. It had taken some years of practice and study in her arts, and of course the miracle of learning she was a witch in the first place, but now she was ready. The gorgeous brunette adjusted herself in the mirror one last time. It was odd, really, she actually felt a little nervous! It made her question her appearance, and how she wanted to look when she brought them here.

“Is the pointy hat too cliché? Is the purple cloak a bit much?”

She ditched the latter, and swapped it out for a tight black corset with a badass leather jacket. But that seemed a little too casual, so she changed again, choosing a dark winter coat to go over a satin purple shirt, a taste of cleavage visible where the collar dipped.

“Yes, that’s a bit more like it.”

Some dark stockings, powerful dark heels, and a flowing skirt, also dark though with a shade of purple, helped complete the look. She twirled in the mirror, examining herself.

“Much better. Sexy, fashionable, but also intimidating. Now for the makeup.”

The transformative witch applied it carefully. Black lipstick was a bit overdone, but so was red. She wasn’t out for blood tonight, but flesh. She decided on something more natural, but teased some green highlights around her eyes for that classical ‘witch’ look. Some clichés still work, after all. Finally, when her work was finished, she admired herself completely.

“I think I’m ready for them,” she said. “But are they ready for me?”

A dark smile reflected in the mirror.

“No way in hell.”

She gathered the various ingredients and placed them in the summoning circles she’d prepared upon the floor. She’d cleared her living space purely for this. The landlord

wouldn't mind; if he did, he'd have to live as a parakeet again. Into the first circle she placed a protein shake, mostly empty. She'd had to scour that one from a trash can. In the second, she placed a pair of glasses. No doubt the owner had a new pair, but it would be a strong enough connection for now. Into the third circle, she placed a blonde length of hair, part of the owner's pride. Into the fourth circle, she placed an antique gaming device. She'd been careful swiping that one.

Each of the circles glowed a dark purple as she placed the items. They were tailor made to summon the owners of the various items to this particular location. All she needed to do was incant the necessary magic, and they would arrive.

And yet still she was nervous. She was about to summon the four people who had made her life a hell through high school and early college years. The bullies, the betrayers, the name callers and rumour starters. And despite knowing that she now had a power that eclipsed anything they could throw at her combined, she still shivered a little.

Funny, the things of the past that stick with you.

"But that's precisely why I'm doing this," she said to herself, forcing her expression into a smirk, "to repay their unkindness a hundred fold, and make them pay. And have a little bit of experimentation with just how far I can push my magic, while I'm at it."

Morgan moved into position, took another great breath, and began the incantation.

The girl moaned as Daniel thrust into her. He'd already forgotten her name, but she was one hot bitch, that was for sure. She had a wicked body, though her tits were on the small side, that was for sure. Asian chicks always had the hottest faces but the smallest tits. But at least - from his experience - they gave great blowjobs.

"Oh God, I'm so fucking close Daniel! So close!"

"That's it, take it - uh - Tara!"

She twisted her head back, her delicate features contorted into confusion.

"I'm Janice, don't you remember?"

"Sure I - ahahh - do!" he grunted. He thrust into her deep enough to silence her worries, causing her to spasm. She may have been close, but he could tell that he was closer. It didn't matter so much whether she orgasmed; he just wanted to finish.

"You're so b-big and strong . . ." she moaned.

He smirked. That he was. He was on track to be a sports legend, and he never got tired of being appreciated for his alpha male body. It gave him cause to thrust even faster, his own arousal reaching its pitch, his impressively big cock filling her up.

And then, just as he was about to orgasm, suddenly there was a bright light, a confused look from Janelle or whatever her name was, and then he was elsewhere . . .

Caitlyn sighed audibly as she looked over her social media feed. The beautiful dark-skinned woman with her smart fashion sense and intelligent glasses sipped a cup of wine as she perused the many followers and friends linked to her account. So many lives such tacky lives, and it repulsed her to think that just because her online influencer business was taking off, that these leeches could get a free ride. She looked over one image of a girl who had gone to high school with her.

“Ugh, fat,” she said. “Like that other cow bitch from back then. Bye bye.”

She swiped the screen, and Molly Haspen was kicked to the curb, back to mediocrity.

“Pimply and gross-looking,” she said to the next, a man desperately looking for advice on how to get a relationship with a girl he liked. He was a larger figure also, his hair a little wild. She smirked as she selected his image, copied it, placed it on her socials with the following caption:

I don't know, maybe get a real job producing some worth for society and don't look like such a disgusting animal?

Several likes appeared on the screen, and she took another sip. It was okay, she knew. People liked it when she was savage. She'd found that out all the way back in school.

What was that girl's name again? She was unimportant anyway.

Even as she made the thought, she felt a strange thrum of power around her. She stood, scared, as a bright light erupted before her, and then she was elsewhere . . .

Sasha posed, and the camera flashed. She arched her body in a way that would best display her plentiful breasts and taut stomach, along with her killer legs.

“Excellent work Sasha, just hold that pose, and I'll get a few other angles.”

“Hurry up, it takes effort to look this good,” she said.

A few more snaps, and the photoshoot was done. An attendant threw Sasha a towel, and another came to her side with a throw-on jacket to cover her bikini body. She shoed them both away once they had served their purpose; she wasn't interested in cloying followers today. Caitlyn had been a cloying follower back at college, but now she was some Insta influencer of something. Probably because she didn't have the impressive bust and figure of Sasha. The hit model's firm DD's were a sensation in swimwear, and her career was on the verge of taking off. She had pushed hard to get this far, knocking out the competition with a little help from Daddy's influences, ensuring that other pretty girls all met with financial mishap, were forced to move due to sudden scandal, or simply reduced to tears at her very presence.

After all, being the next big model didn't just take a killer body, it also took a killer mind.

"Won't someone hurry up and get me a fucking smoothie!" she yelled. Several attendants ran to be the first to get it. No one liked being on the other end of Sasha's anger, and more than a few boys worshipped the ground she stood on. After all, she was young, single, and thin, and that was what mattered most.

She was about to approach one of the mesmerised security guards and enjoy a little pointless flirting just to toy with them when there was a strange humming.

Suddenly, she was blinded by a strange light, and then she was elsewhere . . .

"Fucking bitch! Stupid cunt!"

Pete cursed into his headset, his thin sweaty handed racing to keep control of the character on the screen.

'Dude! Not cool!' a voice said in his ear.

"Shut the fuck up! The only reason our team is losing is because we've got a goddamned girl on our team! Why don't you go back to the kitchen and make us all a sandwich since you're not contributing anything!"

'You were singing my praises a moment ago, you creep. What, surprised I didn't want to DM you and send you photos of my tits. I'm out, sicko.'

The player *GamerGrrl28* signed out at a crucial moment, and Pete ground his teeth. The game was all but lost, but he still slammed the controller on the couch when the losing screen came up.

“Goddamn it. I was trying to be nice,” he mumbled. He blushed a little. As it always did, his anger and impulsiveness had overpowered his reason. It had been the same back in college, and it had cost him a lot. He sighed, and rested against the couch, streaking his fingers through his mid-length brown hair before adjusting his glasses.

“She seems so damn nice,” he muttered. “I was just trying to correct some of her game style, why didn’t she see that?”

Another sigh.

“They don’t care about you when you’re nice, and they stay away from you when you try to be the bad boy. Women just always want it both ways. Just like Morgan did. Liked me as a friend, only to ignore my every advance.”

He stood from the couch, still shaking a little with anger. Maybe some food would calm him down. Or a different game. But first, maybe a little masturbation to cool the edge. He put in his mind a body behind the voice he’d just argued with, and imagined fucking her. He was already erect and building to a weak climax when suddenly a bright light enveloped him, and then he was elsewhere . . .

"So I bet you're wondering why I summoned you all here."

Morgan regarded the group of five former school peers, all magically frozen in terror before her. She chuckled at her own pun; 'summoned' was right.

- Tall, muscular Daniel was naked, his penis frozen erect in anticipation of coitus that would never come.
- Lithe, dark-skinned Caitlyn peered through her glasses, her patterned pyjamas frozen mid-slip down her shoulder.
- Sasha, true to form, was wearing a skimpy slice of bikini and pulling it off devastatingly well, body frozen in mid-pose as she pressed her bountiful breasts together.
- Nerdy, skinny Pete was bent over, trousers around his ankles, and hand around his cock in mid-self-pleasured-stroke.

Morgan grinned, looking over the crowd of bullies and sycophants that followed them mindlessly. They had certainly changed in the last five years, and some of them appeared to be doing very well for themselves. Pete, on the other hand, had ended up exactly as she imagined he would, which was only just. For a moment, she paused, her next prepared words forgotten as she gazed at her former tormentors. It had been so long that in her mind

they couldn't have changed at all. Sasha had only become more beautiful, the former cheerleader even more buxom than she had been before. Her hair was longer, lush even, and Morgan recognised that she was in the making to be the next big international model. Caitlin, on the other hand, still had the staunch look of superiority and spite. She had been Sasha's follower back then, but Morgan knew she was an influencer now, someone who tore down everyone while contributing nothing. Daniel was even more of an alpha male in appearance, and had likely been just fucking a woman, judging from his pose. Probably an Asian one; he always had disgusting stereotypes about Asian girls and their supposed 'submissiveness'. And Pete . . .

Pete was still rakish and thin, a lanky figure with frizzy brown hair and thick glasses. The kind of figure who was not intimidating in the least, and because of that impression, harboured a nasty chip on his shoulder. His style was as black and ghoulish as ever; his obsession with strange phenomena and urban legends still present judging from the unchanged style of his dress, which reeked of being a Mulder-wannabe.

Morgan took a breath, and gazed over her tormentors. She grinned smugly as fear rose behind their eyes.

"Welcome Daniel, Caitlin, Sasha, and Pete. My old friends, though we all know you were far worse than that. /bullies and cowards, all of you. Do you remember who I am?"

She granted them back briefly the power of speech.

"Holy shit, Morgan? What's happening?" Daniel said. His eyes fell to her impressive bust, and she grinned.

"Save us you bitch! Something's happened!"

That was Sasha. Never the brightest bulb.

"You moron, she's put us here. The cow has kidnapped us. My followers will be able to figure out where we are, Morgan!"

"And my Daddy!"

Pete simply remained silent, unable to meet her eyes. Appropriate. She silenced the rest with the wave of a hand.

"All the horrible things you called me five years ago - feminazi, goth bitch, cum dumpster, fat cow - I never forgot any of it. None of you knew it back then, but the whole time you were pushing me to self-harm, I was getting in touch with my magical talent. That's right you fucking monsters, I'm a goddam *witch* now, and it's time you felt the humiliation and shame of what you put me through for the rest of your lives. You each made me hate my body, and it's taken a long time for me to grow to love it again, though as you can see, my power has made it a lot more . . . refined, than it used to be. I'm as pretty as I want to be

these days. Now, it's your turn to experience what it's like to hate your own body and feel no control."

Morgan looked over each member of the squad who had tormented her throughout her time in college: Dan, the college linebacker; Sasha, the spoiled cheerleader; Caitlyn, the cloying follower; Pete, the complicit geek. The traitor. She smiled.

"And trust me, every one of these changes is going to be hella karmic. Daniel, you mocked me, comparing me to those so-called 'submissive Asian hotties who know how to please their men.'

"Caitlin, you called constant attention to my weight. I believe you were the one to start the chant that I was a 'fat cow,' and you constantly made fun of my tits, claiming they were 'big milkers' that were way too large for my body.

"Sasha, you were the cruellest of all. The year I left school? That was because of the pregnancy rumour *you* started. You laughed at my interests, pushed me to the ground for daring to enjoy reading science fiction and fantasy, instead of always talking about boys.

"Pete . . . Pete, you betrayed me. When I thought I could rely on you as my only friend, someone to talk about our nerdy interests with, you made a move on me. And when I rejected you, you told all these other three my deepest insecurities.

"All of you hurt and ruined me, and now, I'm going to pay you back with interest. Enjoy your new forms and lives.

She clicked her fingers, and the magic started, accompanied by gasps, screams, pleas, and the groaning sounds of shifting, transforming bodies. Each moaned and twisted, their bodies altering, some in more extreme ways than others. It was a chaos of shifting skin and altering flesh, impossible to follow. Finally, another snap of the fingers, and each form was whisked away to their intended destination; some still near, others further than they could have imagined. The last part she'd needed some help with; transportation magic, courtesy of her coven.

And then all was silent. Morgan sat back down, magic spent for the day. It left her exhausted, but fully satisfied with her work.

"I'll give them a year," she said to herself, "and then see how I feel about changing them back."

A year it would be. One year for each of the four to become immersed in their strange, new worlds and lives, and learn the humiliation she had felt on an entirely different level.

To Be Continued . . .

Morgan's Year, Part 2: Daniel and Caitlin

Daniel

Daishi moaned as her lord husband entered her. Her thin fingers grasped the railing as his cock slid into her depths, and she couldn't help but moan softly in response. It was an experience she was well-used to by now, and made no attempt to delay it, instead giving in to the moment to savour the feminine pleasure she was given. She helped part her *kimono*, hiking it up to allow him easier access, and bending forward so that her immaculately straight strands of long black hair hung in curtains parallel to her knees.

Strong hands gripped her taut belly, and she gasped not just from the pleasure of his thrusting but also from the life within shifting, perhaps startled.

"It is not long, my darling wife, until you gift me the first of our children."

Not long, Daishi thought, *until I find out if this is my life for good or if I can be the man I once was.*

Her husband began to thrust, his large penis parting her lower lips, and she shuddered in response. The first time had been the hardest, not just because her body had been a virgin, but because it was such an alien feeling. To go from the penetrator to the penetrated, from dominant to submissive, from the powerful man to the weak and shy woman, it was *wrong*.

Now, to her embarrassment, she relished the feel of him entering her. She knew she should not feel this way, that it was the result of Morgan's curse, but still she shivered in delight at the feeling of being ravished by her husband.

Daniel had often been cruel to Morgan, but then he was pretty cruel to many girls. He understood that, with the benefit of hindsight. A macho man through and through, Daniel was a horndog, one with a new girl on his arm every month, and a proclivity toward stepping outside a relationship on the sly to catch some tail he fancied. He liked his women pretty and submissive and especially *Asian*, and took great pleasure in dominating them during sex and holding them protectively afterward. He was the kind of guy who disliked when girls took the

lead, and loved it when a pretty girl bent herself over backwards to look pretty for him, and acted all traditional and submissive in all ways.

And so it was, with strange, aggressive, self-assertive Morgan, he picked the wrong target by repeatedly calling her a bitch and telling her to start being a “real girl”; one who needed to just find a man to “knock her up with some sense”, as he put it. After all, he figured that once she got a proper lay from “a real man” then she would “start acting like a real woman should.” More than once, he’d even mentioned how “hot Japanese chicks were the kind to know that a man should take the lead.”

Morgan hadn’t taken kindly to Daniel’s statements, and so it was when she froze him and the others, he already had an idea of what her ironic punishment would be. When she clicked her fingers, he felt his body pinching in odd places, a tugging sensation in his crotch, and a ballooning sensation in his buttocks, thighs, and chest, even as his spine cracked, height dwindling, and hips snapped out wider. Out the corner of his rapidly changing eyes, he could see his sometime-girlfriend Sasha bloating up, her skin becoming dark green. Caitlin seemed to be going white, a portal sending her to a field somewhere, while Pete’s back began to sprout odd developments. Then the white light glowed in full, and he felt his still-changing, ever-softer body falling, falling, falling backwards through space and time.

Feudal Japan as a beautiful native woman was a stark contrast to Daniel's former experience. He awoke in an elaborate *futon*, before being bathed and dressed in a fine kimono by house servants as he confusedly tried to make sense of his new situation. When he asked his beleaguered questions, he was astonished not only at his soft, lilting voice, but also the fact that he spoke perfect Japanese. He tried to recall his English tongue, and found it was utterly absent. He could read *kanji*, but the common English alphabet was beyond his reach.

It was confronting beyond all measure. Daniel had gone from a tall muscled white man to a demure, short Asian woman with startling beauty who could barely look another in the eye without bowing. Where he was once brash and took the lead in any social situation, now he was forced to be quiet, submissive, and play the role of an obedient woman. And, to Daniel/Daishi's horror, also the role of a soon-to-be obedient wife.

Only a week after his transformation and time travel, Daniel was made to take part in a betrothal ceremony with the powerful *daimyo* Lord Odacha. Already, the former football star had been punished for his headstrong nature and refusal to submit to his male elders. Several attempts to escape had brought harsh treatment from her new ‘family’, while his actions to rail against the elaborate beauty standards of a young feudal Japanese noblewoman ended in hidings and lack of food.

By this point, he knew to disobey would bring worse consequences. Worse, it was like her mind was betraying him; the idea of just 'going along with it' began to feel increasingly enticing.

Eventually, the wedding occurred, and Daniel had no choice but to wear a gorgeous *kimono* dress and swear his devotion to his new husband. He bowed before him, letting him take his hand, despite every impulse desiring to run. The footballer saw no way out, however; his new body lacked his toughness, and his mind was tainted by a constant low-level compulsion to be submissive.

That night, his new husband took him, and Daniel was shocked at his own soft moans and pleasure from the act. In the days and weeks that followed, he slowly began to think of himself as she, particularly since his new husband was so insatiable, and Daniel/Daishi was expected to play the role of the dutiful wife. As time went on, he was shocked to find comfort in his husband's arms, and even appreciated the great beauty of the Japanese landscape, its rice fields and ocean view, and the gorgeous architecture so different from his modern western reality.

Still, most evenings, even as she became better practised in acting the role of a Shogunate-era Japanese noblewoman, Daishi spent many hours looking out across that ocean, across space and time to her former life.

Those wistful dreamings only became more common when she found herself vomiting and nauseous in the morning, and incredibly tired by evening. She was terrified at first; was she dying to some medieval disease they had no cure for? It ignited a great fear, and a need to return to being a powerful man at the centre of the universe, rather than a weak and helpless woman. In many ways, the true matter of her condition was even worse. It did not take long for the house staff to inform her she was blessed with child. How could she not be? Her lord husband was as lustful as Daishi had been as a macho linebacker. He'd had pregnancy scares with hot girls before, and now she was the hot girl, in an age where contraception was borderline non-existent. He'd become the very kind of knocked up chick he'd always made fun of, or threatened to leave if they didn't 'deal with it.'

There was no 'dealing with it' now.

Her belly slowly swelled with the fruit of his seed, and what fruits they had borne, for as the months passed, the family physician determined she was pregnant not with one little heir, but in fact a pair of them. It was a blessing celebrated by her husband, though she could not claim to see it that way. Her history as a modern man was in bedding women rather than experiencing the consequences of being a woman bedded and unprotected.

She grew, and Daishi was startled anew everyday with how feminine she was becoming. Her petite form gained more womanly curves, her thin breasts became sore and slowly filled in, and her belly dominated her body. Where once she had a strong core, now her stomach muscles had seemingly evaporated to help accommodate the two lives growing within her.

It would be a long time - if ever - she would get to handle a ball again. The closest thing to a ball was the domed sphere of her own belly, and her babies within that constantly shifted and kicked and kept her up at late hours when she wanted nothing more than to sleep. Her husband Katsuhito - Lord Odacha - loved those moments. He would snuggle against her, his strong arms around her rounded belly, and he would laugh as his unborn children thumped against her organs and belly button. In truth, much as the former male of the 21st century hated to admit it, she had begun to find it a comforting experience, and nearly every day she found herself cradling her belly in the classical image of a ripe mother-to-be, smiling softly at every little jostle within her.

"My little *akachan*," she found herself saying, "I might never be a linebacker again, but it seems you have inherited my athletic talent!"

It made her giggle. Like a coach past his prime, she imagined teaching them her old sport when they were older, and experiencing the game again vicariously through them. In fact, she would often have to bite her lip and frown, forcing away the natural bliss of the moment, and trying to focus on how much she hated that bitch Morgan for doing this to her.

"OOhhhhh . . . ooohhhh husband!"

Daishi cried out in orgasm, and felt her husband spend his hot seed inside her. In the afterglow of their copulation, she once more imagined being a young male stud again. How different her life had been. She was interrupted from the thought when her husband reached his arm around to grasp her swollen form. A strong jostling from within startled her, and her hand flew instinctively to her rounded belly.

"Oooh, husband, you have woken them."

His eyebrows raised in interest, and he pulled her gently closer, placing his masculine hands upon her very pregnant stomach.

"Here?"

She sighed, gesturing to her midsection. "Everywhere now. You have cursed me with a full belly, lord husband."

He laughed, his hands feeling out several kicks which did not so much hurt as feel slightly unsettling for her, particularly when they pressed against her bellybutton. Soon, his hands travelled north, feeling up her now-bare chest.

“Mm, you’ve grown, I think.”

Daishi grunted as another kick visibly distended her stomach slightly. “As I said, you have cursed me with a full belly, lord husband.”

Another chuckle. “A curse? Hardly. A blessing, and one my darling wife is worthy to carry. But I was not speaking of your marvellous belly, my *koibito*, but your chest.”

He cupped her breasts in his hand and lifted them, forming an impressive cleavage that Daishi would have been proud to fondle back when he was Daniel, in the far future. She shivered as his thumb passed over her pink nipple. They had enlarged in recent weeks.

“Ah, careful lord husband. They are most sensitive.”

She internally sighed at the syntax and speech she was compelled to use.

Katsuhito kissed her tenderly on the cheek. “Not long until your mother’s milk arrives, I think.”

She frowned, sure that he couldn’t see. She was growing used to her strange new life, but talk of milk and breastfeeding brought forth the stark reality that in little over a month’s time she would be giving birth. Birth in feudal Japan no less.

“Ahh.”

“Is everything alright, my *koibito*?”

She nodded demurely - that was a behaviour she was primed to perform due to Morgan’s magic, but she now suspected was one she performed instinctively with no compulsion at all.

“It is alright, lord husband. They are just at an odd angle inside me.”

“Where are they now?”

She never could have imagined it possible, but she could now sense for the most part where a child was angled - a tauter press against her stomach was often a head, a repeated tentative pushing at her lower side likely feet. She told her husband this information, and his eyes lit up.

He shifted in front of her, tracing his fingers over her swollen belly, and Daishi couldn’t help but feel a flash of heat surge through her, the spark of attraction renewing itself. Morgan’s magic had changed so much of her life; had hurled her into the distant past, had transformed her into a dainty little Japanese woman, had made her the wife of a powerful *daimyo*, and placed certain knowledge and behaviours into her head to help her adjust. But oddly, one of the strangest experiences was simply finding herself suddenly very attracted to

men, particularly her lord husband. Women certainly still intrigued her, but men's bodies - their strong muscles, their musky scents, their chiselled jaw, their chest and facial hair - they intoxicated her.

"We have a full day ahead of ourselves Daishi. Many visitors from afar wait upon our hospitality, and you will be tasked with showing your distant noble cousins from the north our estate."

She nodded, eyes downcast to indicate her own submissiveness. A strong hand grasped her jaw.

"Which is why we must be quick. Get on your hands and knees, and pleasure your lord."

She nodded, a deep yearning to feel his embrace, to be entered, guiding her actions. But even as she moved carefully, breathing heavily for a moment as she tried to keep balanced with her ever-more difficult centre of balance, a bright light glowed, enveloping her. She gasped, feeling a familiar surge of magic flow over her, and the briefest of glances at her frozen husband before she was whisked away.

She might be finally changing back.

Caitlyn

Caitlyn woke, as she always did, at the rooster's crow at the crack of dawn. Warily, she rubbed her eyes and lifted herself, her heavy form taking a moment to right itself. As always, she felt overheated in the morning, and in need of feeding too, her stomach growling audibly with pangs of hunger. Rory the horse raised his head and regarded her silently as she trotted forward.

"Yeah, morning to you too, buddy," she said as she exited the stable.

It was a warm day, and she was absolutely ravenous - having several stomachs will do that - but she was adamant ever since her change that she would never give up her humanity, at least not in spirit. So, instead of moving to the farmstead for breakfast, she made her way to the hose first. Her udder pulled heavily between her hind legs.

"Ugh, why am I so full of milk this morning?" she muttered, "it usually takes a few hours before I feel like this."

The Cawlton family had kindly helped supply her with a crude showerstand with which she could wash herself. It was little more than a pole onto which was affixed a water hose with a sprayer at the end, and a curtain she could draw around a metal railing. Still, it gave her some privacy from the household. Not that she stripped off any clothes - Morgan's damn curse had seen to it that Caitlyn couldn't be anything *but* at best scantily dressed - but

it did allow her to soap herself and wash the areas under her breasts without feeling too vulnerable.

Before placing her glasses on a nearby tray, she checked herself in the mirror that Martha had set up for her. She sighed in resigned disappointment at the view that had greeted her for a year since Morgan's curse had transformed her. Her upper half remained, thankfully, mostly as it always had been. She still had her perfect dark skin, her luxurious black hair, piercing eyes, her glasses, her pretty face and gorgeous cheekbones. All the features that had made her social media feed go wild with followers. Except, of course, for the horns that jutted from her scalp. Still, with a hat, she might even look like a normal woman, were it not for the enormous changes down below.

Cairlyn groaned. "Why did I have to call her a *fucking cow*?"

Caitlyn had always been a follower before she became a local Instagram sensation. Not interested in academia or sports, she enjoyed leeching off of the success of others, particularly her best friend Sasha, who was the most popular girl on campus. Caitlyn had always had admirers - how could she not? - but as Sasha's confidante and friend her popularity skyrocketed, and she reaped the rewards of not only handsome men's attention, but the ability to push around anyone she wants, provided Sasha disliked them too. It had been easy to pick on Morgan. The girl wasn't really all that unattractive - in fact, she was quite good looking - but her constant eye-rolling and lack of respect towards Caitlyn and Sasha had made her a target. Sasha felt, given Morgan's apparent lack of family, that she was destined for single motherhood, a bit of trash popping out babies one after the other. Caitlyn on the other hand saw the way she ate, and enjoyed calling her a cow. That particular insult only became more common as Caitlyn found herself gaining a following for insulting the 'ugly bitches.'

Caitlyn would never admit it, but she liked calling Morgan a cow because despite the woman's drab attitude towards everything, she had a smoking rack, the one feature that the lithe Caitlyn could never boast. So it made her feel good to mock her 'udders'. Little did Caitlyn know that she would soon be getting some 'udders' of her own.

When Morgan revealed herself as a witch to the frozen Caitlyn and stated that each transformation and punishment would be ironic, it didn't take an English major (which Caitlyn had failed) to figure out what might happen to her. She tried to plead, but a bright light enveloped her, and she felt herself hurtling through space, landing in a farmer's paddock in

the middle of nowhere. She barely had time to be confused by her surroundings, or the four figures on the horizon approaching her, when she experienced a deeply unsettling pressure in her breasts, scalp, butt, and spine. She called out for help as the farmers ran toward her, but already her form was beginning to warp and bloat. Blood trickled down her forehead as bony horns pushed from her skull. Her ears ached as they moved further up the sides of her head, extending to flop at her neck, with pinpricks accompanying the growth of soft fur. The farmers - a family, consisting of an older man and woman, and a son and daughter roughly her own age - stopped in shock.

"Dad, it's a girl, and she's changing!"

"I can see that, stay back Curtis. You okay lady? What's happened to you?"

"He-help mmoooooo!"

She clasped her mouth, shocked at what'd she'd just done. But then she felt a sudden shift in her chest. It rapidly expanded, breasts ripping open the buttons of her top, steadily growing from AAs, to Bs, past Cs and DDs and Es to a truly staggering size.

"Don't look Curtis," the mum said, but the son named Curtis stared hard at her new bountiful cleavage.

"Wow."

The mother stepped forward. "What's-what's happening to you dearie?"

Caitlyn went to reply, but instead buckled over as the pressure in her pants and chest became unbearable.

The daughter gasped. "Oh Jesus, look Ma, look Pa, look at her pants!"

Caitlyn tried to look too, but her massive new melons were in the way, affecting her own gravity. But she did feel the rapid swelling, the ripping of her pajama bottoms as two strange, alien new limbs pushed out from either side of her ass, her lower half extending and reshaping and becoming bulkier, so much damn bulkier. Her own legs twisted and buckled, toes melting and giving way to something hard and unfeeling. And still she continued to swell. A pain in her ass, and a third new limb pushing out, ropey and long. The family continued to gape, stepping back.

"Holy shit Martha," the father said to his wife, "she's turning into a cow."

She looked at them, tears in her eyes. "N-nooooo, ahhh!"

Someone large and heavy began to form between her legs - her back legs - as her rear set of hips widened considerably. Cowhair began to fill in all over her form, until her lower half had become that of a dark-furred heifer.

"Jeeze, she's done grown an udder too! A big one!"

Caitlyn gasped, knuckled her fists as a tightness came over her, followed by a need to release that was impossible to deny. She grunted as all at once there was a final swelling of her overall form, a final growth of her udder and lower half. She stood there, panting and in shock and horrified in front of four strangers, and before she could say a word her tail raised automatically and laid a fresh dump on the paddock ground.

Caitlyn washed down her form. Ultimately, the transformation - Morgan's curse - had left her a cow centaur. A cowtaur, as Sarah Cawlton, the daughter of the family, liked to call her. The spell had ensured her lower half was that of a healthy heifer's, complete with a sizable udder that constantly generated milk. Her upper half was mostly normal, but for her short little cow horns and droopy fur ears. And, of course, her boobs.

The spell had also given her *megatits*, as she preferred to call them. Not just content with changing her lower half and even the contents of what sprang from her skull, her once-petite breasts on her thin frame had expanded like fleshy balloons, hanging off her chest in an exaggerated way, pert and large and perfect, were they not much too large for her humanoid frame. They also produced a lot of milk.

She could already feel them starting to leak.

"Damn things."

She dried herself up and put on her simple top. It was a flannalette shirt that was tied in the middle, like a sexy cowgirl. A sick joke of Morgan's, no doubt. She gritted her teeth at the sheer fullness in her udder, and trotted out.

"Well now, *that's* a cowgirl."

Caitlyn rolled her eyes at the pun being vocalised. "Funny as it ever was, Curt."

The twenty-three year old son of Martha and Bill Cawlton just grinned, as was his habit. He leaned against the nearby fencing.

"So what'll it be this morning, Miss May? Feedin' or milkin'? You certainly look like you need the second."

"Yeah, well you'd be one to fucking look wouldn't you?" she snapped.

Curtis only grinned further. "Someone's definitely a little too full this morning. I'll get the pump."

She crossed her arms, inadvertently lifting her massive tits above them, and trotted over to the pumping station, udder wobbling somewhat painfully between her hind legs.

"For what it be worth," Curtis said, "my sister wishes she had as big a melons as you do."

Caitlyn raised an eyebrow, wincing only slightly as the young man attached the four separate pumps to her sensitive teats.

"Sarah hates me."

"Cause she's jealous."

"Of these?" She gestured to her heavy bosom. "She can have them. They're a fucking bitch on my back. They weigh like ten pounds each and they get even moo-re mooosive when it's time to be - MOOOOOOooooohhhh! Oh, that's - moo! - that's good."

The machine was on, and the pumping underway. Already she felt better, and she couldn't help but savour the sweet release of the produce from her big milk bag.

"Still," Curtis continued, "Ma likes you something fierce."

She whipped her tail at some flies gathering around her flank.

"That's because I'm the biggest fucking producer on your little farm, Curtis. Your 'Ma' likes the finances a lot more now that I'm here."

"Still."

She breathed some relief as yet more of her produce was extracted.

"Gee whiz girl, you're full today, ain't you?"

She crossed her arms over her full breasts, where her own ministrations to empty them awaited.

"D-Don't remind me," she grunted.

He chuckled and slapped her udder, an action she *did not* appreciate, before running his hand along her flank as he approached her.

It would be so easy to put a hoof through his skull, she mused.

Instead she twisted her humanoid half to look at him. "This one of those times?"

"Oh boy, yeah."

"Yeah, I can see your pants straining from here."

Another smirk as he eyed her form, particularly those utterly engorged breasts.

"Well, I have a particular taste in cowgirls, it seems."

The pump continued its work.

"Fine, just cop your fucking feel and be done with it before your fucking mother sees us."

He chuckled, elated. Curtis took her lazily extended hand as she helped pull him up onto her back, as if he were riding her like a horse. His hands moved quickly to palm at her soft shoulders..

"Jesus lord, you are pretty."

"Gross pervert," she spat, before breathing tightly as his thumb traced her swollen nipple. "I d-don't deserve this. I was p-popular."

"Yeah, I saw your Insta page. You were a real cutie. A lot flatter though. I like the way these big heiffer tits feel. And you like it too, don't you?"

He whispered the last part in her furry ear. She could feel herself becoming aroused, as always, particularly as he began to stroke her neck a little.

"I can stop though, if you want to," he said, drifting his hands back down to cup her full breasts. The flesh overflowed his waiting palms.

She shook her head. "No-no. M-m-moo . . . more, you bastard."

"I love it when you moo for me, Cait. I love the way you can't help it. A big change from being that high-minded high-fashion city girl, I bet.

"Bastard. Just finish m-me before MOO-aritha sees us."

His fingers continued to stir, drawing forth bursts of ecstasy.

"I'm pretty sure she already suspects. I know Sarah does."

"Oooohh, mmhhmmoo . . . great. Just great. Are you going to keep playing around or suck on my fucking cowtits already?"

She could *feel* his grin behind her back, but relented as he shifted, and she twisted, lifting her gargantuan left boob so that her distended nipple guided gently to his waiting lips.

"J-just be c-careful when you - Moo!"

He rubbed his tongue over her long dark nipple, before clamping down and suckling like a babe, his face smooshing into the softness of her mound. He gripped her other breast around her other side for support, fondling it slowly yet passionately. Caitlyn lifted a hoof and placed it back down, trying not to let her powerful lower body squirm. She could feel even the teats of her udder hardening with arousal as Curtis drew the warm milky produce of her breasts out, and continued to swallow.

She orgasmed softly as he continued to fondle and suckle, coming again several times as he switched to her other breast. When he was done, he pulled her in and kissed her on the neck. Despite herself, and her hatred at her situation, she couldn't help but coo, then moo.

"Like I said, I love it when you moo for me."

She grunted, indicating it was time for him to stop palming her stupidly oversized breasts. He just shrugged and dismounted.

"Got some stuff to deal with today. It involves you and your role on the farm. Thought I'd give you some lovin 'fore we get to brass tax."

Caitlyn rotated to face him, her udder jostling. Already, she could feel her milk production beginning to thin a little.

"Dad'll explain it, but I want you to know I got your best interests at heart. You know I'm sweet on you, and those find milky udders if yours. But it makes sense, you chewing on our cud and all. We all need to pull our weight in our own ways."

She was confused and a little bit concerned as his father Bill approached from the house.

"Didya tell her?" Bill said. He was, as usual, making a point of trying not to ogle Caitlyn's 'milkers' by looking just about anywhere else.

"Not yet," Curtis said, "'fraid she'd kick my head in, Pa."

Caitlyn folded her arms so that her breasts flowed over them. Bill gulped below her - everyone was shorter than her now - yet she felt quite vulnerable without knowing why. Bill took off his hat. Caitlyn shifted on her powerful hooves. Bill only took off his hat when he was heading into the house, or when delivering bad news.

"See, here's the thing, Caitlyn," he said. "It's getting to breeding season, and it's not been a kind year for us. There's a lot of extra expenses to support you. Curtis and I have been talking, and we've both agreed it's time you got bred."

Caitlyn stepped back on all four hooves, her heavy udder jostling with her movement. "Wha-what!? That's not fair. Don't I give you all my milk?"

Curtis nodded grimly. "You do that, and we're well appreciative. Best damn cow's milk around, and it sells well too. For a cow. Y'see, youse ain't a cow though. You're a cow, and a woman, right? So's we got overhead with you we don't get with a regular bessie."

"And normally that's fine," Bill continued. "We was happy to help you. Still are. You a regular part of the family as much our herd. But like I been saying, it's been a bad year, and in bad years we all gots to make sacrifices."

Caitlyn shuddered, unable to believe what she was hearing.

"I can't fucking believe this, is this a prank?"

"No prank, bessie," Curtis pitched in as he walked by her flank, running his hand across her hairy hide. She moved to see what she was doing, but then his father unexpectedly placed his hand at her 'hip' - the area where her humanoid half flared out to join with her bovine half. It took her by surprise; Bill clearly loved his wife, but the man obviously had a fetish for large breasts which he tried to avoid confronting. It was not a problem his son had.

"I'm sure surprised yer so resistant Cait, Curtis here done tell me you been in heat the last few weeks anyhow."

She blushed. God, had she? Was that the strange feelings she had in her cownethers lately? She had found herself staring at bulls the last few weeks, with no idea why. The understanding now horrified her; her body had wanted to be *mounted* by one of them. She flung her hands out in protest, and her bosom wobbled immensely, catching Bill's eye.

"Are you fucking kidding me? I'm a human being, I have rights!"

"You ain't human no more kiddo. And I knows you want to keep your privacy by staying with us on this farm."

"This was Sarah's idea wasn't it? I know she hates me!"

"Calm down bessie," Bill said condescendingly, "I knows you and Sarah got some beef, and she did have a bit of input on this, some, but we're all agreed that it's high time we got you calving. This'll be your way of contributing to the farm and that new stable we're building you with all them 'amenities' you go on about."

"I already give you all this fucking milk I can't help but make!"

She lifted her chest and let it wobble heavily once more. Bill blinked, before scratching the back of his head.

"That be true, that be true. But you'll also be making a lot more in those udders of yours when you're calving, and be hopefully supplying us with some more dairy cows while yer at it."

"I told you, I got cursed by a witch! Fucking Morgan! And it's only for one year!"

Bill smiled, and nodded at something behind her.

"Well, you don' have nothin' to worry about then, do ya?"

She was about to scream further obscenities when her entire body went rigid. Suddenly, *something* entered her through her most sensitive parts.

"This is fucking - MOOOOOO!"

She twisted her torso in shock as the large protuberance was pushed quickly into her bovine tunnel, the feeling both pleasurable, alien, and horrifying. It was Curtis, inserting what she recognised as a cow inseminator well over a foot into her body. All she could do was moo in fear, grasping the horns atop her head in shock as the farmhand began to turn it on.

All at once, there was a flash of bright light, and she was elsewhere.

To Be Continued . . .

Morgan's Year, Part 3: Pete

Pete

The Mothman clicked its mandibles as it scented prey approaching. It sniffed at the air, humming softly as it determined the nature of its would-be victim.

Human. *Good.*

Mature, but fertile. *Necessary.*

Female. *Perfect.*

The Mothman's wings unfurled as the urban legend jumped from the tree, its dark eyes perfectly capable of discerning its surroundings even in the dark of night. The female had not seen it, and had not yet looked up to where it would soon be. That was good.

The Mothman was once called Pete, and wished to one day be called Pete again, but for now, it simply obeyed its instincts, whatever its mind truly wanted. Those instincts were impossible to fight. The instincts to find a compatible female of child-bearing maturity and impregnate them with his inhuman young. It was an instinct it had given into many times in the last year since it had first changed from a *him* into an *it*. As with its previous pursuits of other targets, its body began to produce its powerful pheromones that would place the female into an uncontrollable lust, her mind insatiably craving its seed, until the deed was done, and the Mothman had made its escape.

The Mothman was not sure what processes its instincts followed. Some females were not quite compatible, not for reasons of age or fertility, but because they did not 'feel right.' They had an aura about them that its antennae seemed to sense, instructing the Mothman that they were not appropriate targets for impregnation. Across the course of the year, it had formed some base assumptions, however, aided by the mental drives of its former personality, Pete. It had ascertained on some level that its targets either *wanted* a child, but were unable to find another mate or otherwise produce one, or that they *deserved* motherhood, as punishment for some social sin. Certainly, in the strange conversations the Mothman had overheard prior to its release of pheromones, some of the women were indeed quite argumentative, or cruel, towards other, less antagonistic humans. Others defied these categories though, so perhaps it was simply theorising.

At least, this was its assumption. Most of the time it didn't think about such things. There was only the need to mate, and produce young. It did so now, observing the brunette-haired woman as she passed through the park. She was on her phone, a strange device that was familiar and yet alien to its nature. She was discussing, appropriately

enough, the Mothman itself. It was now rather famous, although its existence was heavily disputed. Few claimed to truly believe in it, but many women swore that their bulging bellies were a result of the creature, and not their boyfriends, husbands, one-night stands, or otherwise. Even two lesbians could not quite explain their pregnancies without referencing the beast. The Mothman knew this; it had seen a television broadcast through the window of a woman it visited just two weeks ago.

The brunette woman ended her call. She looked up, nearly seeing the Mothman, but failing to do so. Good. As it approached its target silently, the Mothman, as always, remembered the moment it had been cursed to take on the role of urban legend.

As that first white light enveloped Pete, he knew Morgan had something terrible in store for him. She had somehow discovered - probably through magic, since magic was apparently real - his many fascinations with creepy urban legends and weird fetishes, and combined them in the most horrifying way. Everyone knew he was a total geek, he had bonded with her over some of that geekdom in that past, but his own private kinks were much more hidden.

He knew even as he started to change that he was becoming representative of them. Pete's back and limbs cracked painfully as they extended in size. He screamed as bony protuberances from below his arms pushed outwards, cracking audibly as they became an insectoid pair of additional arms, rakish claws flexing with uncertainty. His skin grew stiff, then itchy as millions of long, sensitive hairs grew out, down his chest and over his back and all across his thighs. His shirt split open as two painful developments pushed out from his shoulder blades. Somehow, a newborn animalistic instinct meant he already knew they were wings.

His face itched terribly, the skin stretching, his vision altering. He was in a forest somewhere. City lights were in the distance. A park? Perhaps a protected heritage forest? It wasn't sure.

Wait. *It? It?* Why was it thinking like an *it*? It had a name. It was Pete. Pete the Mothman. *Mothman?*

More pain distracted him, centred further on his face. His eyes seemed to shatter - *its* eyes - before expanding larger and larger, cracking and taking on many facets so that its vision was simultaneously crystal clear and endlessly refracted into many parts. Its mouth remained the same, but its cheeks tore as two mandibles grew out gruesomely, clacking in

front of its teeth, which were now quite flat. The fur expanded, and its buttocks too. It gripped it with its four arms, now all partly insectoid in nature, but still it strained and grew. Pete Mothman realised it was no longer making any sounds above a whisper. It *couldn't* anymore. Yet still its backside grew, rounding out until it was undeniably a furry, soft thorax.

Confusion. Fear. An animalistic drive to do . . . *Something*. Pete was still there in the Mothman, but the Mothman was in control, and Pete's intelligence and personality was being bent to serve this new urban legend's instincts. More changes followed, the pain thinning as its final form took shape: slightly larger than a man, bulkier too, with a strong musculature. Soft, long tufts of fur covered its chest, back, thighs, upper arms, and neck, the last of which was longer, like a lion's mane. Its skin was dark, almost black, but supple and muscular rather than hard and plated, but for guards upon its shins and two plates over its shoulders. From those shoulders sprang enormous wings, milky white and softly furred, and powerful. Moth's wings.

The new creature still possessed Pete's mind but was now controlled by its own instincts. It moved and skittered in a panic to a body of water, its night vision working perfectly. It regarded its face in the mirrored surface of a pond, curious, though some part of itself still fearful in a very human manner.

It looked like an image conjured up from a supernatural romance. Its face was handsome, jaw-chiselled, mouth firm. White-hair slicked back ran down to its shoulders, and its eyes - golden - were slightly larger than normal. A thin set of mandibles sat at the side of its mouth, yet it was undeniable that its virile strength and handsome monstrosity lent the Mothman an element of intriguing charm.

It continued to stare for some time, until it sensed something.

Movement.

A human.

A sniff at the air and a twitch of thin antennae told the Mothman that had been Pete that a woman was approaching. One - and it wasn't sure how it knew this - of childbearing age.

Something stiffened down below. Something much more impressive than Pete's prior appendage. And more than that, there was instinct. Instinct that gave a release of powerful pheromones to coat the Mothman's thick fur.

Somewhere inside the mind of the Mothman, Pete was terrified. He could feel his powerful and monstrous body bound forwards, wings spreading, taking flight as it rose, seeking its target. He shuddered in fear as his instincts - *its* instincts - drove it down, down towards a college-aged woman strolling home after a party. But soon that small kernel of

remaining fear gave way to bestial lust. It was like something from his darkest fantasies. An urban legend striking from the night to ravish a willing woman. Of course, there was also more to it than that, when it came to his fantasies.

The woman was beautiful. Attractive. *Fertile*. Long red hair and pert mammaries adorning her chest, barely constrained by her tight dress. Her curves were womanly, hips wide and perfect for the bearing of children. Of the Mothman's *young*. The creature landed down in front of her, and she was startled, on the verge of a scream. Instinct took over, and the Mothman reached forward, brushing its fur against her arm and the hairs of its chest across her face. She pulled back, struggling, until she broke free.

And then her expression changed.

"What the hell are . . . you . . . doing to me!?! Oohhh, I feel, mhhm, so fucking turned on by you. What - what are you? I-I neeeeed youuuu . . ."

The woman fell into his muscular arms, coating herself even more in his invisible pheromones. Her pupils dilated, drunk with lust, and two hard nipples adorning her two perfect breasts strained against her dress.

"Mhhmmm . . . I don't understand. You're a monster. Monsters are real? But I want you. I need you in meeeee . . ."

The Mothman understood its purpose now. It was a predator, and this woman its prey, lured in by its honeyed effects. She writhed against its dark skin, touching its bulging muscles and grasping at its soft fur. The delicious female prey was at its mercy, and now it could fulfil its new role, and fill the female with its young. Just like Pete had fantasised about in the privacy of his bedroom.

Its immense member pressed against her flat stomach - flat, for now. The woman stared at it in awe, before quickly moving to grasp it, manoeuvring herself until she could slide its impressive girth into her most sensitive place. She gasped and groaned.

"Ooohh s-so b-big . . ."

But still she let it enter her, and soon the Mothman began to thrust, slowly at first, gently, but soon with a bestial lust. Its victim writhed, moaning in pleasure with each pump, legs wide to contain the supernatural cock inside her. It did not take too long for the Mothman to release. It made but a small whisper of satisfaction, cradling its victim's head as orgasms rolled through her. In mere moments, she would be unknowingly pregnant with its spawn.

The Mothman left the still sighing woman on the ground, taking to the air to find food and await the arrival of another female to carry its broods. It would not have to wait long.

The Mothman suspects it has impregnated several dozen women in the last year. Perhaps fifty or sixty at an upper limit. Each female had begged for its seed. Some were womanly and vivacious, others timid and virginal, many others still in the ripening years of middle age, the door of their fertile period just about to close. All fell pregnant.

One woman was a jogger, early forties. The Mothman snatched her up in the early morning, and following their copulation her later morning jogs were interrupted by strange bouts of nausea. She was one of the first, and she lived nearby.

Over the coming months, even as the Mothman found other prey, it still managed to marvel at the older woman's form as her jogs turned to walks, her belly and breasts swelling as the hybrid twins grew within her. Her belly rounded out, and she became filled with delight, even believing that she had been 'chosen' by some divine entity to bear its heavenly young. She disappeared after the birth, moving out of town. The Mothman did not see its young, but it was enough to know they were different, and that the long-term effects of the pheromones worked as well; the mothers of its spawn would find themselves compelled to care for their young, as imprisoned by instinct as Pete now was.

The Mothman saw others. Often kept tabs on its many mates as they grew with children. The first was hard to track down, but it found her across town, flapping on wings to spy in on her second story room. She was confused, frightened as her belly showed the first signs of expanding. But she could not terminate. The pheromones saw to that. She had a reputation, it seemed, as a cruel bully of others. A 'queen bee', she called herself. The Mothman did not have a sense of human, but it did find a sense of . . . appropriateness, in her new fate.

Another, thirty years old, a married woman already with two children. She passed off the growing third and fourth - twins - as her husband's, but the Mothman still had enough humanity to see that she *knew*. She knew, and she kept her window open, hoping to see the Mothman again. Hoping for more visitations: her husband worked late, and her days were chores.

There were many others, including a pair of model twins enjoying a stroll. The Mothman saw them months later heading home with twins apiece in their bellies. Neither seemed too bothered. Perhaps it was what they wanted. Perhaps they were resigned. Perhaps it was a moral punishment for something the Mothman would never know.

A homeless woman viewed the Mothman as a gift, an angel. She bore one of its first, while there was still another three months remaining until its year of transformation was up. It

was human-looking, but there was no mistaking the patches of fur nor the nubs of what would become wings. *The poor woman*, Pete thought within the Mothman's instinctive mind, *she thinks she's the new Mary*. She begged to be blessed with another angel, and the Mothman was all too willing to oblige her. The pheromones were not even necessary.

That was the Mothman's life. It hunted for food, ate scraps or leftovers, slept within trees and among dark forest spaces. And in the evening, until dawn sometimes, it prowled for soon-to-be mates to impregnate with its young. It did so at least twice a week. Pete would often surface, wrestling against the Mothman's instincts, but his victories were few..

And so a year passed, Pete counting the days, the Mothman relishing each of them silently.

The Mothman approached its target, even as it remembered all of this. The target was female, young. Long brunette hair and impressive hips. Her bosom, from what it could tell, was meagre, but they would grow to meet the needs of the young that the Mothman would place within her. It landed smoothly behind her, silently, like the predator it was. She walked without knowing, without appreciating that she would soon be forced to mother the Mothman's young, the long-term effects of the pheromones compelling her to keep the hybrid brood within her and raise it up as its mother.

The Mothman reached out slowly, carefully, and caressed the female's neck with its furred forearm. The woman jolted, spun around in fear, and for the very first time the Mothman experienced fear too. It knew the woman. It knew her well, back when it had been Pete.

It was Cynthia Palls. The female it had once called 'neighbour.' The slim woman in her late twenties who Pete had grown up next door to. Who he'd had a major crush on when he was eight. Who had shown him all sorts of cool stuff, like how to ride a bike, and several classic 80s films that started his fascination with geekdom. The girl who had ambitions of becoming a lawyer one day, and was currently studying to do so. She was the one girl he'd always gotten along with, never a bad blood between them, and though they weren't related, he felt as if she was practically his sister or cousin!

The Mothman took an awkward step back, and Pete's neighbour with her mousy brown hair and round glasses and slim build stared at the creature in horror, followed by growing lust. Pete had never seen Cynthia like this. She had always been driven, dedicated

to her studies, having been a lawyer earlier in life. Now though, under the pheromones' effects, she dropped her bag of textbooks and sauntered over to the creature.

Pete tried to resist. He'd never impregnated anyone he knew. The thought terrified him, even as the Mothman encircled its powerful arms around his slim neighbour. She gasped.

"I d-don't understand. What - what are you? Why am I acting like this? Ooohhh . . ."

Together they pulled at her skirt and panties, revealing her already-lubricated entrance. And then the horrifying, and oh-so pleasurable sensation of the Mothman's girth entering the female, and her cries of confused ecstasy. Pete rallied, but it was too late. The Mothman was winning. Its instincts had a constant and terrible need to breed, no matter the target. Cynthia writhed and moaned, her mind under the lustful effects of the Mothman's secreted pheromones; even if she were aware of the Mothman's identity, those pheromones would likely have her desperately wanting to become pregnant with her neighbour's babies.

They bucked, lowering to the ground as the inevitable build to release approached its end. Pete felt his neighbour's long legs wrap around the Mothman's form, driving the creature's member further into her depths. She grabbed at the tufts of its fur, increasing the control of the pheromones as the first of several waves of pleasure rolled through her.

Suddenly, there was a bright glow. A familiar white light enveloped the Mothman. Pete's mind was joyous. It had been a year! The light began to pull the Mothman away, elsewhere, but as it was pried from Pete's lustful neighbour, the rush of orgasm occurred, and its seed shot from its member. For one long, frozen moment the Mothman looked deep into the dark eyes of his older neighbour, its semen already swimming for her fertile ovaries, and something passed between them. A magical recognition that went both ways. In the aftermath of orgasm Cynthia's eyes went wide. The cool, driven, ambitious woman who he'd always looked up to had an expression of complete shock upon her face.

"Pete?"

The Mothman had no time to reply even if it could have. The light pulled it away, leaving the university student dazed, confused, and shocked, the first of the Mothman's seed beginning to burrow into her ovum. As if somehow knowing what was occurring, she placed a dainty hand over her slim stomach.

"Holy shit."

But by that point, both Pete and the Mothman were far, far away.

Morgan's Year, Part 4: Sasha

Sasha

Sasha squeezed as the impulse to push came over her, and another writhing alien grub wormed its way out of her distended abdomen and out through her birthing tip. She felt the sensitive folds of her soft thorax part, pressing against her alien young until finally it reached the point of no return where more of her inhuman spawn was out rather than in, and the creature slipped easily from her bloated form.

It exited into the waiting hands of her attendant caretakers, though even that word was not quite right. In many ways, they were as much captors as caretakers, tasked with ensuring their new 'queen' remained fertile and fecund, constantly swollen with new generations of their species to birth endlessly on their colony ship.

Sasha breathed gently as her body relaxed. She had anywhere between ten minutes to two hours max, she knew, until the next birth would begin. An endless cycle. She wasn't sure how long it had been since Morgan had turned her into this alien broodmare, but she felt it had been almost a year at least. She had tried counting the days, but it was impossible given that she was on a spaceship in the middle of a great void, travelling onward to an eventual new planet to colonise.

And she would be the one having to swell the population of that colony. It was a prospect that terrified her, especially since what she had been able to figure out from the gross aliens holding her as their queen was enough to know she would become *even more fertile* once the colony began in full.

Slowly, she had learned the language of the strange new species she was now a part of. It had taken time, and there was still much to learn, but she was now able to have mostly-complete conversations with them. At first, she had railed against ever understanding these gross creatures, but as her isolation in the enormous red and purple chamber continued, with only the passing stars as a changing sight, she had come to desire communication more than anything. From there, she had managed to mimic their buzzing and clacking, her new mandibles allowing her to replicate their sounds even despite the fact that her face was still largely human. And she had learned enough to make her understand just how much Morgan had visited karma upon her.

It seemed she was now their queen, the only female in their alien colony, and the one upon whom their entire next generation hinged upon with her endless production of larva. The previous queen had died, or something. She wasn't sure. But suddenly she had turned

up to their surprise, and they celebrated and worshipped her for her birthing ability. Her ability to produce their larval young.

All over her body she could feel them suckling away - some at her pair of bloated breasts - one of the few signs that she was once human, even if they were freakishly large - the rest atop and at the sides of her immense form. They clung to her, lapping and sucking at the milk her body now perpetually produced and sweated.

Yes, *sweated*, through what must have been hundreds of little nipples and glands that covered her alien form. She *sweated* the milk out.

As did this almost daily, sometimes *hourly*, she whined; "I don't deserve this!"

But her body didn't listen to her, and the aliens didn't understand her English. Her womb simply churned, causing her to groan in discomfort and more than a little unwanted pleasure, already producing yet another young to fill the recently vacated space. Her instincts told her it was good to breed, and she knew she wanted to do anything but.

Sasha's changes had occurred immediately; from the look in Morgan's eye she could tell the young witch had wanted to see Sasha humiliated. The other three were flung away to wherever they were sent, their bodies beginning to twist and transform, as if they were already elsewhere but able to be seen from this present location. Sasha, on the other hand, stayed with Morgan longer. It didn't surprise her as much as she thought: she had always been the queen bitch, the cruel one, the girl that had been meanest of all to her.

"I'm looking forward to this," Morgan had said.

Sasha felt her body bloat. She clutched her stomach, then her ass, and even her breasts as more and more pressure gathered behind them, and her body swelled. Immense sacs of fat bulged outward as she took on ever greater weight.

"No! No please no!" she cried, reaching out uselessly to Sasha. Her skin began to turn green as the fat expanded, stretched. An immense protuberance emerged from her ass, extending out far behind her and growing in turn. It had a number of rubbery segments, like that of a caterpillar, or a queen ant's abdomen, or a maggot. She groaned and writhed, her green flesh wriggling and wobbling as all of her expanded. As she cried out, partly in pain, partly due to the alien sensations, she closed her eyes. The last thing she saw on Earth was Morgan waving goodbye.

"Enjoy being a 'total weird slut' Sasha," the witch said. "Wasn't that what you called me?"

It was only a blink, but the second Sasha opened her eyes again, everything had changed. She was in a large red and purple room with a gigantic view of the stars. Strange medical equipment was mounted on the walls, and in the centre, where she had fallen, there was a large concave pad of sorts, covered over with a strange gel-like substance that radiated warmth. It was comforting, and that very notion horrified her, particularly as she continued to expand, filling this alien dais.

Figures moved in to view her transformation, but her attention was elsewhere. Her tongue extended and strange new antennae burst from her skull.

"HEeEeeLP MeeeEEeee!!" she called, trying to speak with her new, longer tongue. Her eyes widened as she saw the creatures though, and she began to scream.

They were aliens. It was undeniable. With their green, rubbery skin, long antennae, strangely jointed legs and large purple eyes, they couldn't have been human. They regarded her, chattering amongst themselves as she panicked. They seemed excited, more and more gathering until she had an audience of hundreds in the great chamber.

"Whhy is th-this h-happening to MEEEEEE!?!"

Her ass grew, becoming rounded and bulbous and *pulsating* uncomfortably as it became easily the largest part of her. New limbs erupted from her sides, leaving her with six feeble legs to precariously balance her immense form. Her hair fell out, only to be replaced by strange, tail-like protrusions of flesh that writhed without her consent. She felt her face change shape, eyes growing larger and taking in new colours, while her nose sank into her face.

"My face! You can't take away my face! I love my face!"

She clutched at it, and was shocked to realise she only had three fingers on each hand now; each finger was long and had the same rubbery texture, with the last digit rounded in shape.

"N-no, no no no no this can't be right! This has to be a dreeeammmphhhhm!!"

She was interrupted by further expansion. Her breasts jostled, expanding and ripping apart the last remaining parts of her clothing. Her skin continued to turn green, and her antennae extended further, becoming unbearably sensitive.

But the overriding feature was that of her abdomen, which had merged by this point to become seamlessly connected to her bloated belly. It piled behind her like the thorax of a great queen ant. The aliens garbled in excitement, prodding and poking her as the final stages of swelling occurred, rounding her out until she was effectively immobile, her once delightful breasts swollen out like cow's udders. She was easily six or seven times larger than she had been, but her humanoid torso and head was only slightly bigger - twice as big

at the very most. It was her insectoid abdomen that was the main source of her mass, easily three or four times bigger than the rest of her.

She breathed heavily, her large form fixed and immobile, too heavy for her newly developed legs to haul her up. She turned slightly, and even that was a struggle, and saw the great, jostling green mass behind her. It was like a zeppelin in shape. Her humanoid top was like a pimple sticking out from her bloated alien body.

The aliens chattered about the area, and the stars rushed passed.

Holy shit, I'm on a spaceship, she thought. I'm on a spaceship and I've turned into one of them.

It didn't take a genius to note that the naked aliens all appeared male, nor the way they looked at her so excitedly now. Sasha grew nervous as the last of her bulbous body inflated into place. She felt a burning in her core, an animalistic need she couldn't identify deep in her swollen abdomen. Something back there was seeping, lubricating, and the aliens moved forward with excitement, still chattering happily. Her antennae twitched, telling her something about them, a change she couldn't understand.

"Wh-what are you doing?" she cried, flailing her arms uselessly, "change me back! I'm telling you to change me back right now!"

They ignored her, or more likely did not understand her. Some of the strange beings were on their knees, chattering loudly, almost as if they were . . . worshipping her? Venerating her? Something in their movement and form brought to mind the image of ants scurrying about their queen.

Am I their queen? Holy fucking shit, I'm their queen. Oh, this is bad. That absolute bitch. That cunt. How dare she do this to me!

It was a stray thought, one that terrified her. It was horribly confirmed when she felt something part her sensitive opening at its bulbous tip. She gasped, the feeling alien intense, far more intense than sex usually was for her.

"N-no . . . don't . . . leave me alo-ohhhhh!"

She moaned in pleasure despite herself, her additional legs tensing, her antennae flexing automatically as one of the male *things* behind her entered her. It continued to thrust into her incredibly altered entrance, and she was helpless to stop it. The furthest reach of her hands behind her was over twelve feet away from where the creature was penetrating her, and with each penetration she moaned in unwanted pleasure.

Finally, she orgasmed, as did the creature, and an undeniably sticky glob of *something* entered her. Her rear lips tensed and contracted, carrying her unwanted lover's load deep into her being.

Sasha was in tears at this point. She reduced further to outright sobbing when she felt the next male step forward and push its hardened member into her being. She began outright wailing when she saw that the males had formed a line, and the third brought her to yet another orgasm. Her immense alien body wobbled in horror as one by one she was inseminated by her many suitors. Several of them tried to calm her with soothing massages and soft chittering, but still she cried and wished in vain that this was all a dream. That her beautiful, thin, busty human body could be hers again.

Of course, that was only the start of her fate to come. The males of the spaceship continued to have their way with her, each depositing their load of globule-like gunk into her nethers, until she had been violated over a hundred times. It happened over hours, and she fell asleep when they were still going, only to wake wearily several times to note that unconsciousness was no barrier to the deed.

Finally, after the last aching orgasms of what must have been over five hundred males, the copulations ended. Sasha was fed a strange writhing dish that disgusted her to her core, and yet was horrifyingly delicious.

And so she waited, totally immobile. Too heavy to shift herself, and with nowhere to go. Occasionally her gargantuan body rumbled with hunger, and immediately an attendant arrived to serve her needs. She tried to converse, but the creatures were always confused. They did not know her language, and simply did their best to comfort her.

She continued to eat and exist for what felt like days. Her body rumbled further, and within her immense abdomen she felt discomforting squirming sensations, a churning of activity that she couldn't make sense of. She thought it was maybe indigestion. After all, this horrifying body Morgan had cursed her with had yet to defecate. God, already she missed her old life so much. Even the act of pissing and shitting was making her nostalgic. There was a growing pressure to push something out from within her, and it was driving her mad that she had nothing to expel.

She wished in vain she had been nicer to Morgan. Or better yet, killed her.

The strange feelings deep inside her large form continued, and only grew more and more distracting. She continued to beg, prey, lash out and curse Morgan, demanding the universe give her old body back, but instead her captors only chattered with fascination as her body - already large - began to *expand*. It was subtle at first. But soon Sasha woke each day more immobile and fat and alien, somehow feeling even more overburdened that day before. Somehow *fuller*.

"Uuuuggghh," she moaned one day as they brought in more alien food for her. It must have been nearly a month, but time was impossible to keep track of. All she knew was that she was ravenous recently.

"Sooo fuulll, but soooo hungry . . ."

Her male attendants stroked her flanks as she uselessly rubbed at her stomach, now far too large to even remotely reach much of her bloated belly, let alone her rear. She moaned intermittently, useless legs kicking, clutching those parts of her body she could, from her rigid antennae to her enormous, heavy breasts which had begun to ache. Her once-doughy alien skin had become taut and full, bloated out so that more and more it looked like some terrible egg sac full of young.

That's exactly what it was, except that as a new member of this species, Sasha had no way of knowing that her now-hyper fertile body was growing unbelievably gravid with *live* spawn. No way of knowing, that is, until she could no longer deny that the strange squirming within her were the first of her soon-to-be-born alien babies.

She fell into labour on her thirty fifth day, she learned later from the aliens, and had been in labour ever since. She cried as she pushed and birthed her first, her breasts leaking life-giving milk, her thorax sweating more of that substance as well. By then she was so full of squirming, so stuffed with jostling, writhing life that it was unbearable. She grunted and groaned as she pushed the first of her many children, belonging to hundreds of different fathers, out from her insect-like womb sac.

"Uugggghh, oooohhhh, aaahhhhh, g-get OUT!"

She shouted and wailed and cried as the process continued. Infant-sized grub-like young emerged mewling into the world before crawling along her abdomen to nourish their blind selves on her milk.

Her immense breasts became engorged with the thick green substance, and from then on she always had two of her children tug-tugging away rhythmically at her greatest source of sustenance.

And still she birthed.

And pushed.

And groaned.

And cried.

And whined to anyone that would listen, that she didn't deserve this.

And cursed Morgan to hell for making her this way.

But mostly, she birthed. Her brood grew into the hundreds, the process never ending. For every little grubling that emerged into the world, she became intimately familiar with the

rapid development of another in its place. Soon she was constantly covered in a blanket of her own dependent spawn. They littered her thorax, sucking at her milk from the many teats that lined it, or from the sweat glands that produced it, while her older, more developed children suckled deeply from her breasts, which now numbered four; one heavy pair below the other. The upper ones were now easily bigger than her own head each, and given her enlarged size, that made them practically the size of basketballs.

Every moment was an overstimulation. Impregnation, gestation, birthing and feeding. And, of course, requiring constant food to generate her endless pregnancies.

That was Sasha's life, for an entire year.

It was a year later when Sasha felt another set of jostling within her incredibly fertile thorax.

"Ohh, calm down back there. Give your momma some rest, please."

She knew it did her no good. Already the slow contractions were beginning for the next little grubbling. She sighed, patted her prodigious upper bosom upon which two of her more developed young suckled greedily, and made a motion for her feeding nozzle to be lowered.

She was a very, very big eater these days. She had to be. Her body would keep gestating her alien young whether she was fed or not. She had tried to starve herself into not producing several times in that first month and all it did was give her agony, as well as startle and frighten her many male caretakers.

Sasha rode out the contractions, which were no longer painful and now just mildly discomforting if resisted. After a year of perpetual pregnancy she had grown accustomed to knowing when to patiently wait out the early movement of a young, and when to push. She was an expert in birthing by now. Her young crawled over her as they always did, finding various teats to suck upon. She could feel her green milk being extracted from dozens and dozens of pores across her bloated surface and sides.

The nodule lowered for her to feed, and she guzzled down the delicious soft concoction. She'd hated it once, thinking it tasted like toothpaste. Now she couldn't live without it, literally, associating it with the powerful instinct to produce. She relished the taste, almost as if her new body was programmed to.

"MMmhhmmm," she moaned, sucking it down.

Her form tensed, and her opening parted. She grunted even as she fed, and used her thorax muscles to gently glide her latest of thousands of grublings into the world. She groaned even as she fed. It was pleasure and horror at the same time.

Sasha was tired. She was miserable from birthing. She was sick of her unjust fate. She dreamed of killing Morgan, of turning that bitch witch into the very form she possessed now. Forcing *her* to birth these damned grubs endlessly. Make *her* be pregnant with thousands of weird alien grubs.

She ruminated on that thought as her latest little grumblin crawled out of her opening and clung to her rubbery skin, shifting blindly in search of a vacant teat to suckle. It found one within minutes, and began to nurse, and Sasha sighed gently as she felt a particularly full gland of milk finally being relieved.

A door to her chamber dilated open, and a grown male entered. She could sense his presence with her antennae, and his arousal. She rolled her eyes.

“Come to fuck me, have you?” she said in their alien language.

“Yes, my Queen. You must be mated for the good of the colony.”

“Uughh, fuck this life! Fuck it! Hurry up then! How many matings must I put up with today?”

He clacked an answer, and she shivered in instinctive anticipation and irritation. He had either said the word for fifty or one hundred and thirty. Their number system made no sense to her. Either scenario was scarily possible.

“Fine, just fuck me. Form your damn line. Just - UGGghghh - catch this grub for me.”

It was just as she sighed that a great white light enveloped her, and she felt herself being pulled elsewhere. Her alien attendants chattered in horror and shock, moving to her grotesque, swollen sides. Her six useless legs writhed in confusion, and in moments she was elsewhere, along with several hundred of her nursing young still clinging to her.

“Finally!” she screamed, not even realising she was still speaking ‘Bug.’

Morgan's Year, Part 5: The Reunion

The warehouse was spacious and private: Eve had seen to that by turning the nosy, bigoted owner into a female border collie and giving the new dog to a nice suburban couple with a male of their own. She sat down on the folding chair and waited. It had been exactly a year, and Morgan never missed an appointment, especially not one she relished so much as this. She checked her watch, gingerly adjusted a couple of extra seats, and chuckled to herself as she considered the arrangement she had set up for her little meeting. Daniel would sit right next to her rather easily, and with a flick of her wrist she added a layer of hay to the floor on her right to accommodate Caitlyn. Pete had a stool beside Daniel, but for Sasha, she simply left the cold warehouse floor for her. After all, the 'queen bee' of their high school - now queen bee in an altogether more biological way - would need a *lot* of space.

Morgan sat, checked her watch for the time, and smiled as the last seconds ticked away before they were all reunited.

A flash of white. A series of startled cries.

They were back.

The four transformees were suddenly sitting or standing around her. Morgan regarded them with a smile, and a little surprise. Daniel, now a petite Japanese lady in a stylish kimono, held a swollen pregnant belly in her hands. *My, you've been busy Dan,* Morgan mused.

Caitlin the cowgirl towered thanks to her bovine lower half. Her breasts were enormous, jutting out from her humanoid chest. She was naked but for a tied shirt that barely contained her massive melons, and her udder swung between her hind legs as she cried out in response to something else. She was looking behind her, afraid of something seemingly about to happen.

Pete the Mothman sat silently upon a stool, his muscular insectoid form regarding the others. Morgan bit her lip. He looked quite handsome. It only took her a second to realise it was the emanation of his breeding pheromones, and she waved a hand to dispel their effect. *Thanks the gods, I don't feel like having kids just yet, especially not little bug babies.*

Speaking of . . .

"YOU!"

Sasha's amplified voice echoed through the warehouse, a wet strain accompanying her alien vocal cords. The others - with the exception of the Mothman Pete - shifted away in

horror at the immense alien brood queen, her abdomen rippling with the movement of over a hundred young.

"Morgan . . . you'll pay for thisssss," Sasha moaned, and there was a wet pop as a little yellow grubbling the size of a newborn babe erupted from the lips at the end of her thorax and shifted onto her back, where it began suckling.

"Oh my God, what the fuck is that?" Caitlin cried.

Dan cried out something in Japanese, clutching his heavily pregnant stomach protectively.

The Mothman just stared.

Sasha rolled her dark eyes, her large body positioning her humanoid torso at least a story above them. "Who the hell do you think I am, Caitlin you COW!"

"I may *currently* have the body of a cow, but ohmigod, Sasha, what did she do to you?"

Dan's hand flew to her petite mouth in shock, managing to make the connection.

"She turned me into a fucking monster, you bitch!"

Morgan raised her hand like a teacher, issuing silence. Pete just murmured, the Mothman's inhuman voice a mere muffled. Caitlin crossed her arms beneath her immense breasts and stepped backwards from Sasha, her udder jostling. They each stared daggers at one other.

"I turned her into her worst nightmare," Morgan said. "A big brooding alien preggo. Her slim shape is gone. Her cheerleading is a thing of the past. Her adoring male admirers are far from the kind she would hope, and she is so removed from popular society that she's literally halfway across the galaxy, at least just before I summoned you all here." Morgan stood. "Let me get this meeting started. In case people are confused over who is who and what the rules are, let me introduce your new selves to one another properly. For now *Dan*, or should I call you Daishi? - I return to you your ability to speak and understand English."

Dan's feminine eyes went wide with understanding.

"Dan here has spent the last year as a Japanese noblewoman in the middle ages. I transformed you this way in order to make you understand how powerless it feels to be a woman being pursued by men who take you to be inferior as a point of fact." She chuckled. "Of course, I didn't expect you would take to the role so readily."

Dan blushed furiously, hugging her swollen belly as if she could make it go away.

"I had no choice," she whispered in a lilting, melodic voice.

"Holy shit, Dan, that's you?" Caitlin explained, "you got fucking knocked up?"

It could not be possible for little, lithe Dan to turn any more red, and yet she did.

"My twins," she whispered, and yet it echoed around the room.

Pete the Mothman extended a caring arm and patted Dan on her petite shoulder. The woman cried gently, but didn't stop cradling her mound.

Morgan smiled. "How lovely Dan. Or do you prefer Daishi now? I ask because this is the first and only chance each of you will have to return to your old bodies and lives."

"Oh big fucking whoop!" called out Sasha. "I'm giving birth constantly! I've been pregnant this whole time! I'm a fucking alien broodbitch here!"

"Wait your turn," Morgan snapped, but the alien broodmare just groaned - another contraction was building.

"I . . . Daishi is what I'm used to," Dan said, lowering his - her - head.

"Interesting. Anyway, Pete - currently the urban legend The Mothman - has spent his past year inhabiting this role. The creep loved science fiction and horror so much - and preying on women - it was time he experienced it in full."

The Mothman shrugged, stooped over like in a depressed slouch.

"I bet you've left a trail of bulging bellies in your wake, haven't you Pete?" Morgan said with a smile. She turned to Caitlyn. "And you, Caitlyn, any idea why I made you a cowgirl? A *real* cowgirl?"

Caitlyn stamped a rear hoof upon the hard concrete. "I *assume* it's because I always called you a fat cow."

Morgan nodded with a smirk. "Correctamundo. Plus you made fun of my 'big cow tits', as you once tastefully referred to my chest. I figured it was a fittingly ironic punishment to leave you with a far larger set of milkers of your own, both on your chest *and* between your legs. And I can see you're quite . . . productive there."

The collective eyes of the group fell to her chest, where two large dark patches were growing on her tight shirt. Her milk was soaking through.

"Oh no, you are leaking. I am starting to do that too," Daishi said.

"Shut up Dan you preggio freak. Ugghh, oh fuck," Caitlyn complained, trying and failing to obscure her spillage. Milk droplets fell loudly from an increasingly full udder. "This is totally over the top Morgan! I'm so fucking sick of making all this fucking milk!"

"Well, soon will be your chance to change back. Or not, depending on your plea." She turned to Pete, the Mothman. "Pete, I give you back full control of your body. The Mothman is dormant for this meeting, and you now have the capacity to speak."

The Mothman clutched its head, and for the first time since they were all transported, spoke.

"Oh thank God, thank God. Oh thank Jesus fuck. I can speak again. I'm in full control again. Oh God, my own neighbour. Cynthia, I - and everyone else. All those women . . . I didn't mean to! I'm sorry!"

"The fuck is the nerd freak talking about? Caitlyn said.

"Wait your turn Caitlyn. Pete, why did I make you the Mothman, a figure who spurs lust in unsuspecting women and leaves them with bulging bellies?"

Sasha's jaw dropped, and her useless legs skittered in shock.

"Wait, wait, wait - fuck, I feel another baby forming, ugh! - are you trying to tell me that king-of-the-nerds Pete Lentis has actually managed to get laid? And looking like that? I guess it is an improvement!"

"At least I can still walk!" Pete yelled back. "You don't exactly look like cheerleader material anymore Sasha!"

"Hey! That's my friend you're talking about, virgin."

Pete stood, and Caitlin trotted forward, bosom wobbling and fists out.

"Ahem."

Everyone went silent as Morgan waited.

"You haven't answered my question, Pete."

The Mothman sat back down. "Um, you made me this because of . . . because I spent a lot of time objectifying you, and also you knew I was a big fan of urban legends."

"So I figured, why not turn you into one yourself, and make you a slave to your instincts. Didn't like it too much, did you?"

The dark, tall, muscled form of Pete stooped down like an embarrassed pre-schooler.

"No, I didn't. My sister . . . my neighbour, my childhood friend Cynthia, just then I saw her. I couldn't help myself. I think . . . I think I got her pregnant."

Daishi gasped.

"And last, but certainly judging by her mass not the least, we have you Sasha," Morgan said. Sasha's body squirmed, her immense womb and ovipositor stretched to fullness with the many alien young growing within. "Why Sasha, are you a giant alien bug queen?"

"Please Morgan, you've got to change me back. I hate this life. I hate this body. I hate being pregnant all the time. I hate that I give birth every day and I've got these *things* always drinking my damn milk I can't stop making. Please let me change back, please! I want to be thin and human again! I don't want to keep making babies for these gross grub people!"

"These 'gross grub people', as you so gently put it, are the Thalaxxians, a distant alien race who are travelling to found a new homeworld after their last was tragically

destroyed by their expanding sun. It is a long journey near its end, but tragedy has struck; they've lost their queen, the prime producer of their kind. And since you didn't answer my question, I'll answer it for you - I turned you into a Thalaxxian broodqueen to take away your prized body you loved so much, and keep you swollen and pregnant and forever in labor so that you would always be what you said I'd one day become: a knocked-up freak whose only prospects were making more babies.

"And now, everyone here gets one chance - just one - to tell everyone why they should be the ones to turn back. Because I'm only going to choose one of you."

A silence fell across the room.

"You - you can't do this!" Caitlyn screeched.

"It's not fair! What if we've all redeemed ourselves!? I need to see if Cynthia is-"

"I should be the one changed back!" Sasha cut in, "Ohmigod, I've spent a whole year birthing these, like, grub things! It's really gross and I hate it!"

"Yeah? Try being a fucking cow! The family I'm staying with view me as nothing more than a milk machine. And right before I came here they were sticking a fucking rod up my cow vagina to get me with fucking calves!"

"Oh god . . . my own best friend when we were kids. And she recognised me. I know she did . . . I know she did. I just, I couldn't resist her. And now I've knocked her up as the Mothman!"

Sasha's immense and gravid alien form shifted, and she grunted as another child began to form within her. Her numerous grublings suckled audibly from her teats, most loudly from her most 'ordinary' two pairs upon her humanoid torso, where two of her larger, more developed young clung and suckled at her green milk. They were the size of perhaps a three year old child each, and Sasha ran her hands over them, indicating the madness which her body subjected herself to.

"How can you even consider anyone else Morgan? I'm sorry, alright? I'm, like, super sorry! Please, I can't spend another second as this giant gross alien prego. I can't even move! I promise I'll never cheerlead agin!"

Caitlyn reared up on her hind hooves for a moment, her front ones kicking out against Sasha's bloated size. The cheerleader-turned-alien-broodmare yelped, and a grubling was dislodged from her opening out of sheer shock. Dan/Daishi squealed as it landed on the floor next to her.

"Are you kidding Sasha? We used to be friends, but even I knew that Sasha Hastings never apologises to anyone! Even me!"

"Yeah, well try being an alien preggo for a year, it totally, like, changes you! I swear I've changed Morgan, I'll even invite you round for our pool parties. God, I miss swimming. Now I just - OOOHHHH - make babies, like the one I can feel growing against my left side *right now*."

A squeamish Pete managed to move to the mewling grubling and lift it up to latch against one of Sasha's many teats.

"Um, here you go," he said awkwardly. "God, please don't let anything like this be growing in Cynthia."

Its little legs clung to her bloated skin, and soon it suckled alongside dozens of its kin.

"Ahh," Sasha sighed, "thanks, weirdo. It hurts if I these things don't drink enough of all this stupid milk I make."

Caitlyn crossed her arms and pouted, her head turned down as if to show off her pointed horns. "Milk? MILK!? You want to talk about milk Sasha? I make fucking *gallons* of it by the day. Every morning I wake to a full udder and my tits full too, and it aches to even trot - that's right, because I have to *trot* now - to the milk pumps. And it all goes to pay the stupid farmers I live with. You want to talk about milk? I'm *literally* a cash cow!"

Sasha roared, her immense form jiggling. "At least you aren't, like, pregnant all the time! I don't remember what it's like to *not* have contractions!"

"Or forced to *get* women pregnant all the time!" Pete said. "At least your transformations only target you! Do you have any idea how many poor women the Mothman has gotten pregnant? Christ, there are suburban moms and yoga trainers who are going to give birth to Mothman kids any day now! I've sent at least three French uni students back to Paris with babies in their bellies! One was having *triplets*! My fucking elementary school teacher gave birth to mothman baby! And I couldn't do anything to stop it! I couldn't stop any of it - I couldn't help myself."

"A solid argument," Morgan admitted, "I may have gone a little far in your particular case Pete. Mind, I'm a witch of punishment, and I occasionally like my punishments to be doled out without discretion. Plus, your instincts gave some children to those deserving of punishments and blessings. But certainly he and Sasha are right, yours is the only transformation that doesn't come with the burden of new life, Caitlyn."

The cowgirl placed her hands where her hips would ordinarily be. "Well, I'm sure all of you will be absolutely happy to know that the Cawilton family have decided to get me fucking bred! Like I already said, the only reason this stupid cow body isn't already at work making calves is because Morgan pulled me out of there while they'd jammed an insemination rod what felt like three feet inside of me! And they tell me they plan to keep me

calving in order to 'pay my board', the absolute fuckers. And their stupid son can't stop feeling my bloody tits up." Her tail flicked angrily. "Please Morgan, can't you change me back? The Cawltons say that after a first pregnancy a cow's milk production goes up for life. I'm already their best damn producer, and these things already fill up so damn quick!" She lifted her enormous breasts up, which promptly responded each by spraying white streams of milk onto the floor. Caitlyn couldn't help but moo.

"God, so much milk!"

"Yeah?" Sasha yelled, her antennae curling in anger, "you want to talk about milk. Try, like, sweating it bitch! I don't even know why I have these stupid big tits out front when every other part of me is already making milk."

Morgan spluttered, capturing everyone's attention but the traumatised Pete. She recovered.

"I'm sorry Sasha dearest, did you just say you've got no idea why you produce all that lovely milk at your front? Why those bigger Thalaxxians always draw themselves to your chest instead of elsewhere?"

The former buxom blonde gave an expression of confusion upon her green face. Sure enough, there were four larger grublings affixed to her two large pairs of tits, drinking greedily. "N-no?"

Morgan rolled her eyes.

"They're the upper caste brood, you moron. You've been the mother and milk maid to countless Thalaxxians already and you still haven't worked that out? For the coven's sake Sasha, the milk in those two huge pairs of tits on your chest is special; the babies of yours that drink it develop into smarter leader caste members of the hive, like your servants." Sasha's jaw fell, and she regarded the four parasites drinking hungrily of her milk upon her triple-J cup tits, clutching them closer against her chest.

"The ones that feed me and take away my babies, they're, like, my babies too?"

Morgan grinned. "Some of them sure are, they don't take long to fully grow. And in a year or two you'll experience another feature of the transformative effects of your milk; it makes your babies grow into virile alien studs. Useful for when you need a conga-line impregnation again."

"But that's, like - !"

"Inhuman? Alien bodies, alien philosophies. They do it different."

"That's fucking disgusting!"

"For humans, not Thallaxians."

"You think this is funny?" Pete snapped, coming out of his trauma, "I heard my own old best friend, the girl who grew up right next door to me, fucking orgasm! I felt her hold me while I was inside her!"

His large body rose, his four muscular arms gesticulating in anger.

"I can't be stuck like this! You've got to change me back Sasha, I'll do anything. I'll stop looking at weird porn, I'll never creep on a girl again, I'll give up masturbating. I just need to be human again so I can see if my friend is okay. Please."

"Shut up Pete," the two women said in unison. They continued to ramble and compete over whose bloated, milk-laden body had it worse. Pete stood, muscular insectoid-hybrid body flexing, and the two girls quieted.

"Daniel," Morgan spoke softly, "you've been quiet, why should you be the one to change back?"

The dainty pregnant Asian blushed and cradled her large belly bump, so big on her frame, and held it gently.

"I want to turn back. I do. I want to be a footballer again. Go back to my life and family, but . . ."

There was a long pause.

"Yes?"

Dan/Daishi looked up, and Morgan was shocked to see tears forming in her eyes. "I don't know how or why, but I love my lord husband. I was terrified of getting pregnant, but now . . . I want my babies to be safe."

She breathed heavily, and managed to stand, assuming the stance that all pregnant women do in their third trimester, her hands supporting her back. Her belly was enormous with her twins. She moved to Morgan, a serious look upon her face - discomfort from her full-term babies, perhaps discomfort at being a pregnant woman, but also something else entirely.

For just a moment, Morgan readied her hands for a spell as Dan/Daishi waddled awkwardly toward her, then lowered them, as the now-much shorter former footballer wrapped Morgan in a tearful hug.

"I'm sorry, Morgan. I'm so, so sorry. I should never have said the things I said about you. About any woman. It's taken a year of living as one with almost no rights to understand how stupid I was. I'm sorry."

Morgan could feel the gentle pushes of her former bully's babies pressing against the walls of her womb. It didn't happen often, but she found herself genuinely moved, and wiped away a tear of her own.

"Thank you Daniel, or is it Daishi now? It will be Daniel again soon regardless. While the others have squabbled, you are the only one I actually believe has changed. And so, I will give you back the life you desire."

"WHAT!?" screamed Sasha and Caitlyn. The latter was so agitated that her breasts squirted twin streams of milk, and her scream turned to a moo.

"Sorry everyone, but Daniel here is the only one to have redeemed himself in my mind. And so . . ."

She clicked her fingers. There was a purple flash, and suddenly parts of Daishi began to contract as others expanded. Her swollen belly smoothed flat while muscles bulged. Her olive skin turned white, eyes widened and became blue, and muscles grew from her slim frame while her hair retracted, becoming blonde.

She groaned in her high, melodic voice, but it soon dropped to a masculine grunt as she - or rather *he* - clutched at a change between her legs.

"That'll be that famous Daniel Smitherton cock all the girls went wild over. Happy to see it again?"

Finally Daniel stood again, his 6'1 height returned, his fit athletic frame, his raw masculinity in all its glory. His kimono shifted to jeans and a shirt to complete the look.

"Wow," he exhaled, admiring his form.

"No fair!" shouted the others, but Daniel didn't seem to hear them.

"I can have my life back Morgan? Really?"

Tears welled in his eyes, and he ran his hands over his form. His fingers lingered over his taut, six-pack abs, where moments ago his babies were nestled in his womb.

"Man, feels weird to be a guy again. Even weirder to not be pregnant."

"I'll bet," Morgan replied.

"Yeah . . . wow. So I'm Daniel again. I can go back to my life?"

"Till death do you part from it. Daishi will be just a bad memory."

He nodded. "Yeah, just a memory."

"The door to your old life is just behind you."

Daniel looked at it, then to his stomach. He stood, awaited on baited breath by the mutated crowd, and walked slowly, almost reluctantly, to the door. He opened it, and hesitated at the threshold. Morgan waited.

"What, what will happen to my babies?" he whispered. The question echoed across the room. Once more, his fingers traced an arch over a pregnant belly that was no longer there.

"It will be as if they never existed, because Daishi will have never existed. Your babies won't have died Daniel."

"It sounds like they would have. Sounds like splitting hairs."

"Maybe it is. But that's how it is Daniel. Enjoy your old life, and treasure the lessons you learned as Daishi."

But Daniel didn't move.

"What . . . what if I was to stay as Daishi?"

Morgan raised an eyebrow, curious. "Really? Why would you want that?"

Daniel's brow creased, and he blushed.

"Like, oh my god," Sasha said, "Star of the field Daniel Smitherton totally misses being preggers with twins! We used to go out! You're so hot and you want to be a preggers Japanese girl again? What's wrong with you?"

"I doubt you have the empathy to ever understand Sasha," Morgan snapped.

"She's right. I don't want to lose my babies."

"Are you sure Daniel? Because there's no coming back if you do decide to return to being Daishi. No take backs. If you regret your choice you won't be able to change it, and I can't promise it will be the easiest life. You may love your twins, but childbirth will be without any anaesthetic, and I can't promise that you will be a simple mother of two; reliable contraception doesn't exist in that time and place, and your husband may give you quite a brood to mother over. You may have a round belly more often than not for the next decade or two."

Daniel gulped, clearly conflicted.

"I . . . I know. It's a stupid decision. It makes no sense. And knowing that if I do do it, that I'll be agreeing to be a woman for the rest of my life, even let him have fuck me and knock me up more times . . . it's stupid."

His hand clenched a fist over his stomach.

"But I have to. I have to be a good mother to my babies. The ones I've come to love as they've grown inside me, and my babies yet to come. I want to stay as Daishi. Please, change me back, send me back to my lord husband, before I can change my mind again."

Morgan smiled, and it was a genuine, well-meaning smile.

"By the coven Daniel, you have changed so much more than I had imagined. Very well, Danie - Daishi, I return your form and your children to you."

She waved her hand, and much quicker than last time Daishi's form reverted, long shining black hair extending, skin taking on a yellowed tone once more, form slimming, face remade to be demure and beautiful. Daishi regarded her body with a smile, hugging it as two

small breasts grew in and her clothing turned back into a kimono. A gurgle started in her belly. Daishi gasped with delight in her soft melodic voice as her stomach slowly expanded, expanded, expanded, her middle filling out until she was positively overfull once more with twin babies. Her chest filled in a little more softly, ready to feed the children that could arrive any day now.

"My little ones," she said, holding them, "thank you Morgan. Thank you so much."

"Thank you Daishi, for proving that you can change. Because of you, another member of this group may be turned back."

Sasha, already grunting due to the jostling litters in her belly, suddenly gasped in interest. Caitlyn was trying to ignore the immense build up of her milk, but she trotted forward in excitement. Only Pete remained where he was, still ashamed.

Morgan turned to regard them, holding up a single 'stop' motion before facing Daishi again.

"But first Daishi, I will grant you a magical boon to aid you in your new life." She waved her hands, and Daishi gasped as magic enveloped her briefly. "From now on Daishi, you will be blessed with perfect health, as will all of your children. You and they will live long natural lives, and your bodies will heal from many injuries easily. You will suffer no complications in your pregnancies or births, and even in your old age your body will retain much of its youth and beauty."

Daishi looked overwhelmed. She bowed in the traditional Japanese style.

"Thank you," she said, her lilting accent returning, "Morgan-san."

It was a genuine smile, full of a mother's joy, and still a little of a former footballer's slight embarrassment at taking on a housewife's fate. She looked to the others in the room, her gaze lingering on Sasha, Daniel's former girlfriend.

"It's not fair," she whined. "We used to worry about *you* getting *me* pregnant."

Daishi gave a sad look. "We have both changed so much Sasha. I wish you the best of luck, and I hope you come to love your many babies as much as I love mine."

"You used to pick on me," Pete said, "and call me a girl. Say I was into guys. Man, the way some things work out."

Daishi rubbed her immense belly, looking down to where she could no longer see her toes once more.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I hope your friend will be okay, Pete. I will pray for all of you. Goodbye."

Morgan waved a hand, and Daniel-turned-Daishi dissipated into another place, to another time, leaving only the audible squirming of Sasha's womb and the dripping of Caitlyn's breast and udder milk to echo across the warehouse.

"He-he didn't decide to be normal again!" Caitlyn exclaimed, her overly-buxom chest wobbling with each excited gesture, "that means one of us can still change back!"

"Yes! Yes she's right! Morgan, I've suffered so much like this, you should change me back!"

"No, me!"

"Me!"

"Oh shut up," Morgan said. She clicked her fingers. "Here, enjoy it while I make my decision."

There was a collection of gasps and groans as forms shifted and shrank and turned humanoid. Sasha's immense alien girth deflated like a balloon, and she groaned in pain, shock, and discomfort as her dozens of spawn poofed out of existence, and her rubbery green skin contracted in, her four arms melding to become two, four spindly legs fusing also. Caitlyn's cow half contracted, reducing to two lithe legs, while her milky bosom drained its excess milk in impressive spurts, accompanied by her cries. Her horns retracted, and ears lost their fur and took on human shape.

Pete groaned as he lost his wings, his additional arms, and his impressive musculature. His overly-large penis withdrew, becoming average-sized once more.

Each of them stood, back in ordinary clothing: Sasha in a cheerleading uniform hugging her hourglass buxom blonde person, Caitlyn in heels and high fashion blouse and pants, Pete in jeans and a button shirt. They regarded themselves and each other with amazement.

"YES!" Sasha screamed, twirling about and feeling her slim body and slim stomach. She celebrated with a cartwheel, executed to perfection, and bounced on her feet. "Oh I'd missed this body. I thought I'd never get to be like this again!"

Pete was relieved, looking over himself in awe. "Finally . . ."

Caitlyn, however, maintained a dark look. "Is this permanent?"

Morgan laughed, and it echoed across the warehouse. "Of course not! Now I get to choose which one of you to stay this way. I just figure it would be fun to remind you all what you've been missing."

"God it feels good not to have an udder full of milk. My boobs are not stupidly over-sized."

"And I have, like, no babies moving around inside me all the time. I can't go back Morgan! Please, I can't go back!"

Pete was quieter than the others too. "I have full control again. Even when you gave me my voice back I could still feel the Mothman trying to take over."

Morgan folded her arms, looking smug. "I'm glad you're all enjoying it. My, my Sasha, you look pretty comfy without a hundred little Thalaxxians nursing at you."

Sasha smiled uncertainly, unsure of what to make of the comment. Unlike the other two who stood still to take stock of being human once more, the former cheerleader sexpot couldn't help but move back and forth, bouncing on her heels and delighting in how comparatively weightless she was.

"I can't stand this," Caitlyn spat, "I already know you're not going to fucking choose me Morgan. You hate me. Why make me suffer being human again if you're just going to grow a massive milk bag between my legs again."

"I'm not lying Caitlyn. I'm genuinely deliberating here."

The girl fumed, silently hoping but outwardly defeatist.

"Ohhh I love it so much!" Sasha exclaimed, "I always had the best bod but I never knew how lucky I was. Thank you Morgan!"

"Don't presume you've won either Sasha. Pete is still in the running."

"What, that weird nerd with the strange fetishes?"

Morgan gave a bloodcurdling grin. "I'm a weird nerd with freaky fetishes too. Or have you not noticed how many of my changes involve people getting knocked up? Now, to determine who gets to stay as you are, all you have to do is tell me what you plan on doing if you remain human. That's it. I'll judge the most worthy."

Silence reigned in the room.

"Well, um . . ." Sasha started, "I'll be a lot nicer, for sure Morgan. Also, I'll do better in my life choices! Um . . ."

She trailed off into uncertainty.

"Yeah, real impressive Sasha."

"Shut up Caitlyn! I'm trying to think."

Caitlyn chuckled. "Well I know exactly what I'll be Morgan. A lawyer. A damn good one too." She ran her fingers through her hair, adjusting herself to be more confident. "I won't waste my life being a bully bimbo like you Sasha. I'll make something of myself."

"You'll be making calves is what!"

"Says the girl who's pushed out over a thousand fucking grubs!"

"You bitch! You used to be my friend!"

"None of your friends actually liked you Sasha. We just wanted your popularity."

"Like you could get it!"

"No wonder Morgan made you a giant preggo alien. You're a complete slut Sasha, no matter which galaxy you're in!"

"You wanna go, bitch?"

The two women continued their verbal catfight while Morgan turned to the meek Pete. "While those two are at each other's throats, what would you do Pete, if you were to remain human for the rest of your life?"

Pete was silent for a while, looking everywhere but Morgan's face.

"I think . . . it doesn't matter as much what I do, so much as who I am. I've got to be a better person for my family, and stop blaming others for my insecurities. Stop venting online. And I've got to do whatever I can to redeem myself for what the Mothman - what I - did to my friend. To Cynthia."

Morgan extended a hand, and Pete flinched, until he realised it was extended to shake his. The two fighting girls paused their combat to look on in horror as he tentatively took Morgan's hand, and the two shook it.

"It's decided then Pete. You get to stay human. Which means, after just five minutes of enjoying human comforts again, it's time to change these two back."

Magic leapt from her fingers and arced straight into Sasha's stomach. It gurgled horribly, the buxom blonde groaning as her skin turned green. Slowly, Saha's pretty human body began to expand, puffing out and gaining extra limbs and many bloated milk ducts.

"NNOOOOOOEEEEUUJERRGGHHH!"

"Too late Sasha, this is your punishment for being such a horrible bully. You're going to spend the rest of your life pushing out little Thalaxxian grubs as their broodmother and feeding them from all those fat teats and productive glands you have. And given that Thalaxxian broodmothers live for over five hundred years, you have literally lifetimes to get used to your new, better fitting role."

Sasha blanched, her bloated, grub-filled form wobbling beneath her. "No! Please don't leave me like this! I don't want to stay like this, all I do is give birth everyday, even when I'm asleep! It never ends, it just goes on and on and - ooohhh UGHH!"

Her alien abdomen pulsed, and Sasha clenched her features as her body once more forced her to push one of her many spawn into the world.

"Oh God," whispered Pete loudly.

"S-see?" Sasha panted. She bit her lip as the alien grub found its way onto her abdomen and clung there, like a spider hatchling. She knew by now that it would soon lap away at her sweat, which secreted a milky substance to keep them fed.

Morgan simply gave a smug grin in response.

"Sorry Sasha, but it would be irresponsible for me to leave all your beautiful little spawn without their big bug mummy. They literally won't survive without you and all that life-giving milk sludge you secrete. So it's time to send you and your adorable grub babies back to where you belong now, so you can keep building your new colony. Ta-ta!"

"Nnnoooooo-uggghh!"

The look on Sasha's face was one of equal parts agony, shock, and distraction as her body forced her to birth another of her many spawning young, even as a bright light began to envelope her. She reached out with her slime-coated alien fingers, but it was too late. She was gone in a flash.

Caitlyn whimpered, trying to run away, but instead falling backwards as a massive protuberance ripped out the back of her pants, steadily gaining mass.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck! Please Pete, give up your spot for me - Nnngghh!"

Two bovine legs grew from the mass as her shoes exploded off to reveal hooves. Her breasts ripped free from her shirt, swelling, and once more horns and cow ears developed. A heavy udder descended, accompanied by a bellowing "MOOOO!" from the girl.

"Sorry Caitlyn," Morgan said, "you'll be a prize heifer for life now. Best learn to enjoy it."

"You bitch!" the cowgirl cried, "you fucking monster bitch! Turn me back you weird little freak, NOW!"

Morgan just guffawed, strutting forward to face a clearly frightened Caitlyn and held her forefinger and thumb together in the cowgirl's face. She trotted backwards automatically, a look of fright on her features.

"No . . ."

Morgan smiled. "Oohhh yes. I was happy to leave you to live out a sad little existence as a half-human heifer Caitlyn, but you seem to have learned nothing from your experience, so I'll dial up the punishment a little."

"N-no! Please Morgan, I'm sorry, I-"

Morgan snapped her fingers, and magic lanced from them to cover Caitlyn.

"Too late heifer! If you're going to complain I'm just going to bless you with some more changes; namely, an upping of your already prodigious milk production . . ."

Caitlyn groaned as her breasts surged forth even further, dipping even lower under gravity near her navel. Her long dark nipples lengthened and grew. Her udder swelled, forcing her hind legs further apart.

". . . and since you were no big fan of the prospect of calving, and in fairness to Sasha's own pregnant punishment, I think it would be a good educational experience to up your fertility by an order of magnitude. When you go into heat, you'll soon find it unbearable *not* to be pregnant. And you'll want it straight from the source too; a nice big bull cock to cum inside you. None of this 'insemination rod' crap. You'll love getting mounted, no matter how much you hate it."

Caitlyn looked as if she wanted to die. Her udder gurgled, milk production already ramping up, but rather than make a final plea, she lowered her horns, and began to charge.

"FUCK. YOU. MORGAN!"

She disappeared before she made contact, back to her fate on the farm. Even Morgan looked surprised. She took a moment to comport herself before turning to Pete, still in human form.

"Well, congratulations are in order Pete, you're the default winner of today's proceedings. Have you learned your lesson?"

Pete shook visibly, terrified of saying the wrong thing. Morgan smirked, and continued speaking.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to change you back Pete. But given you didn't exactly *earn* your reward, I'm attaching some strings to your newfound freedom."

Pete gulped. "Strings?"

She advanced close enough that her own impressive chest pressed against his. She was shorter than Pete, but seemed so much taller in that moment. She tousled her dark hair and smiled, her equally dark eyes full of mischief.

"Just a few," she giggled. "After all the care you've shown to your friend Cynthia, how could I not aid the pair of you. The *pair* of you."

Pete had no time to ponder the meaning of her words. With the flick of a wrist she teleported him away.

Morgan's Year, Part 6: Another Year Later

It is time. The twins are being taken care of, though Daishi only uses the nursemaids when strictly required, preferring to feed them at her own breasts instead. She has spent another year in the life of a Japanese noblewoman, and this time she has found total acceptance in her role. So much has she accepted, in fact, that her waters have broken a second time, her body swollen once more and on the cusp of childbirth. It had not been expected, to be pregnant again so soon after the first birth, but true to Morgan's words there had been no complications of health for her twin boys, or for herself, nor for this second of pregnancies. It was still a shock, of course, but in truth she found herself ever more delighted. She was fulfilling her role as a noblewoman, and providing her husband with celebrated heirs.

And so Daishi cries out, legs spread wide as her attendants see to her every need. Her lord husband is not here; he is out in the countryside, ending the rebellion from an ambitious minor house. She has received word that he is near to returning, and that their house is secure once more. It gives the former football player strength as she is urged to push, the children within her ready to enter the world. Daishi is elated, even through the pain, that once more she is bearing twins into the world. A magnificent gift for her husband, and a sign that she chose rightly to remain in this timeline, as the Japanese wife of a powerful *daimyo*.

She knows what she has given up; the adoration of the crowds, the modern conveniences, the power and respect that comes automatically with being male. And on some dark nights she feels the call to be male again, and wonders what life would be like had she chosen differently. But when her children feed from her breast, or stir within her belly, or even now in the grips of her pain, begin their passage out of her and into the world she has chosen to remain within for them, she knows in her heart she is joyful to be a woman.

The old Daniel could never understand. He was a womaniser, but then he never knew what it was to be the single object of someone's absolute love and lust, to have a powerful man hold him safely, and desire him so utterly fiercely. The many women in Daniel's life never satisfied him for long, but as Daishi, her lord husband and her children satisfy her so completely that even in the grips of the occasional masculine embarrassment over her new form and life, she cannot bring herself to ever wish herself back.

Her attendants once more tell her to bear down and push. She cries out, bringing forth all her might as the womanhood Morgan cursed her with parts further, and a new life enters feudal Japan, and is added to the noble household she will be the mother of for life.

Caitlyn moos in response to Aurelia, her first calf, latching on to her udder and suckling at her milk-filled teat. She sighs, adjusting her cowgirl hat as she flicks some flies away with her tail, trying to ignore the feeling of bloatedness that no doubt signals that the latest dose of insemination organised by the Cawilton family has been a stirring success. At least, that's what they may think. True to Morgan's word, Caitlyn couldn't help herself from sneaking out while in heat and letting Hercules the bull mount her night after night until her estrus ended.

The cowtaur broodmare bites a bit of hay, sighs once more at the strange lot of her new life, and waits for Curtis to make his way down from the house to have his fun with her. It is, after all, the small pleasures of life that keep it worth living, even if they come from a horny boy with unusual tastes. It's not like she can go anywhere else now that her body is permanently set, and the Cawiltons are nice enough when they aren't making her pregnant with bull semen. She doesn't have to pay for food, drink, or board - how could she? - and they still feed her well. Sometimes they almost treat her like one of them. All she has to do is give them milk - something her body gives her no choice or relief in anyway - and bear healthy new calves into the world from their strongest bulls. The latter she has given up arguing on. All she can do is get her small revenges, like showing off her much-too-impressive bust to a jealous Sarah, making Bill all kinds of awkward with them too, and of course, taking her pleasures from an increasingly infatuated Curtis. She strongly suspects he is gearing up to slip his own sperm into the insemination rod in a few years, once he gets up the courage. He's certainly fantasised about it out loud enough, and it gives light to another prospect too; families like his have a thing for shotgun weddings, after all. Maybe if she got married to Curtis she could have more power to negotiate better quarters.

For now though, she exists for milking and calving. And she hates Morgan every moment for it, and will do so all the more when she feels the alien sensation of a calf within her beginning to stir and her waters break between her hind legs. Pushing a newborn cow calf out of her body was deeply unpleasant the first time, and she already knows she'll be doing it again in eight months.

For now, she attaches the pumps to her breasts and feels the sweet relief of being milked, knowing that whenever Curtis arrives, there will always be more for him to taste. After all, her body has literally been made for milking.

And it has plenty more to provide.

Sasha births and births and births and births and births. Her existence is one of straining, breathing, grunting, and pushing. Every hour, she can feel her body swelling with her grub-like children, their little many-limbed, pale-yellow bodies forming within her from a thousand thousand thousand inseminated eggs, each timed to perfection by her broodqueen body to replace the next. It never ends. In her dreams, Sasha finds some freedom, but in even then, her wonderfully agile human body often bloats and transforms mid-dream, life jostling within her alien belly, until she realises that life is shaping her dreams and she either wakes pushing yet another life from her abdomen's opening, or she simply births them in her sleep, her dreams doing their best to mirror her endless reality.

In some ways, it is kind of amazing; she can always feel life forming within her, their many kicks and movements indicating they are soon to enter the world. She constantly sweats the milk that they lap up, sustaining her children until her many attendants judge them healthy enough to be moved from her abdomen and belly to make way for the new additions she is pushing out.

In other ways, it is a horrifying fate, especially knowing she is doomed to perform it for hundreds of years to come, only to eventually be replaced by one of her many, many daughters whose body will transform to take up the mantle of broodqueen. And yet, there is a small, detestable part of her that takes some smug satisfaction in bringing all this life into the world. At being the centre of attention for an entire species. A selfish enjoyment at being a Thalaxxian *Queen*. After all, Sasha the human had always loved being the hot, beloved, centre of attention with the rockin' bod. It was why she was the head cheerleader. She loved nothing more than having all the boys be into her and being able to pick who she wanted at whim.

In a strange sort of way, Morgan has failed to take that from her. She is even more in the centre than ever - the Thalaxxian males practically worship her! - and she gets to choose which to inseminate her, to give variety to the colony. And while she can't exactly dance anymore, she still has a rockin' bod - at least by Thalaxxian standards. They love their queens big and round and fertilised.

She is halted from that thought. Her bulbous abdomen quivers as another little alien baby emerges through its end. Her four arms grip tightly to the pillowed dais and she briefly shut her eyes as she strains to birth it.

“You there,” she speaks in fluent Thalaxxian, her long tongue enunciating the alien language ever-clearer. “I need food, now. Something roasted with those spices I like, and a sweet drink.”

One of the Thalaxxian attendants named B’lu’rsd swiftly moves to attend to her every need.

“And get at least two drones to massage my milk ducts,” she commands, “Be quick, your *Queen* is hungry.”

To her immense satisfaction, her attendant skitters ever faster out of the developing complex they are constructing around her. It will be an immense colony, the first of many in this new world they have settled. And she will be the absolute centre of it.

Her womb squirms as yet more life begins within it, and life already preparing to enter the world. The broodqueen breathes slowly as she examines the mirrored walls, admiring her own alien form for the first time since Morgan had transformed her.

“So I’ll be number one of an entire world so long as I birth a *ton* of kids? Hmmm. Maybe, just maybe I can get used to this.”

But whether that sentiment sticks or not, she continues to birth the colony as its ever-fecund queen.

Now, and for a long many years to come.

Pete stretches his legs on his walk through the park. He is happy to be human again, to not be driven by instinct, to be able to live his own life with this second chance from Morgan. He often thinks of Sasha, Caitlyn, and Daniel, and how their second chance was denied, their new bodies theirs forever. He’ll never forget the sight of Sasha’s enormous, truly alien body as it struggled to birth the many young within it, nor the former cheerleader’s look of horror as she was flung back to her new species, doomed to live like that forever.

To think she’s giving birth constantly right now. When I’m old she’ll still be birthing. And Caitlyn as that cowgirl hybrid . . . what a life.

No one, including Caitlin he imagined, would ever have imagined her spending her life on a farm. Not that she had a choice now, he supposed. He just hoped the farmhands

treated her well and kept her milked. She seemed pretty overflowing in the short time he got to see her new bovine body.

Though apparently she's getting bred . . . which part of her would even get pregnant? Both? Ugh!

At least Daniel seemed happy to remain a woman, excited for the life that grew within her. Strange to think the jock bully football star who once bullied Pete for his nerdiness from time to time was now a centuries deceased Japanese noblewoman. Pete had actually done some research on her, and managed to track down a historical record of the Daishi that he is pretty sure is the former-Daniel. Daishi Sazura became a much-beloved and respected wife and mother. Renowned for her fertility, she ended up giving her lord husband thirteen healthy children, eight of which were boys, and all of whom survived to adulthood and went on to great achievements.

I hope you were okay spending over a decade of your life pregnant with some dude's babies, Dan. Though I guess you lived in great comfort . . . for the time period. Especially since you lived to ninety-three.

And yet, compared to all of them, Pete has gotten off comparably light. The Mothman is a part of the past now. Gone, but never forgotten.

After all, Morgan has ensured some parts of that life will forever linger as a reminder .

. .

When he returns after his early morning walk, Cynthia is in the kitchen.

"Morning neighbour," Cynthia says with a smile, before planting a kiss upon his lips. She wraps her arms around his neck to draw him closer. "I've made pancakes for us. Our little ones are craving them!"

For a moment a spike of fear goes up his spine that she is pregnant again, but her half-smirk reassures him.

"Not that, *neighbour*. At least . . . not yet. Still eating for just one. I'm talking about our moth babies."

She means Jen and Marcus, the Mothman babies she has birthed three months ago; a product of their chance union. His stomach growls, and she giggles a little. Her reaction makes him blush with guilt and embarrassment.

"Someone's hungry."

"That sounds amazing, Cynth. Truly."

She smirks, pressing herself against him. "Still trying to deny your feelings for me, huh? What, because we're tangled together by all these hormones? Because I was forced to carry your beautiful bug babies? Because we grew up as neighbours and friends, and we never meant to be lovers? Well, I *like it*. Stop worrying."

She kisses his cheek and saunters off to serve his plate, and to his deep shame he has half an erection. He knows if he tells her she'd get right down on her knees and sort that out for him. Which is why he doesn't say it.

He regards his new lover's form, dresses as she is in a set of blue panties and tank top that reveals her slim stomach. The pheromones go both ways between them thanks to Morgan's influence; he can't help but view the former girl next door, the one that helped him through hard times as a kid, who had such ambitions of her own, in a totally new light. In these last twelve months he has seen her with wanton arousal, much to his own disgust.

Before his change, he and Cynthia had drifted apart when she pursued the career life while he holed up in his parents' basement playing videogames. He had, to his shame, even insulted her when she was undergoing puberty, mocking her for having no breasts. In return, she had attacked his own manhood, having never had a girlfriend that wasn't pixelated. It was the cruel stake that nearly drove a wedge between them. In truth, she had been his first friend.

Now, thanks to Morgan's lingering effects and his former neighbour's monstrous pregnancy, they can't keep themselves apart. They'd tried, at first. Cynthia had even bickered and snapped at him, particularly as her middle swelled, but it became clear that anger was her intentional way of distancing herself from him. And even that couldn't last forever.

One lonely night, when she was just four months along, she crept into his bed at night, nestled against him, and whispered the words he would never forget.

"I'm tired of fighting this Pete. I'm tired of fighting us. Let's just accept it. *Together.*"

And so he had. He'd been too weak-willed to even argue back.

Now, a year later, he had come to appreciate his former friend's form, particularly since her pregnancy. He had once seen her as an unofficial big sister, but now he viewed her in an altogether more taboo way. Her hips had widened considerably to birth their children, giving her a smooth hourglass figure, and her breasts had finally come out of hiding, swelling to a generous B-cup. A C-cup, when they were fuller with life-giving milk.

He'd stuck by her once he'd turned back, out of obligation to what he'd done. It was only weeks of strange feelings on both their sides - lingering glances, held hands, oddly warm

words exchanged - that they realised the pheromones were still in effect. At this point, both had accepted they were never going away.

Sometimes humour made the situation more acceptable:

“Classic Pete; the only girl you can land is the one you grew up next to.”

“Classic Cynthia, so busy it’s easier to screw the kid from the old block than get into the dating scene.”

They both laughed. It was part of their new dynamic, as common as their lovemaking.

In the present, Pete eats his pancakes. They are just okay. He has a feeling that when it comes to the rest of their lives together - because indeed, he and his lover are no doubt going to have to remain a couple - he will be the house husband and stay at home dad to their little moth babies. Those little tykes are growing everyday, their inhuman features not yet totally pronounced and easily hidden, but certainly something they’d have to deal with as they grow. It was easier to think of them as human, for now.

Cynthia jolts him from his thoughts as she takes his plate from him.

“The preparations are nearly ready,” she grins. “Soon you can say goodbye to Cynthia Lentis, and say hello to Cynthia Mable!”

She draws in close, pressing her breasts against his back and hugging him from behind. She whispers sensually into his ear. “And then we can just give into the pheromones and just accept that we’re stuck to each other for good, *neighbour*.”

Pete feels his member stiffen at her touch. Cynthia wants to get married. Has already planned the whole thing. He remembers she had always wanted to get married once her career was established. Now that that particular plan is shot, she still wants a perfect white wedding. Both of them know it is only a matter of time before their carelessness blesses her with a bulging belly, and she wants to be married as soon as possible before that happens again. And if that means, in this new life of theirs, that she will be marrying not someone she loves, but instead someone who’s pheromones aggressively target her physiology and arousal, then so be it. She’ll just have to roll with the punches, fall in love if not lust, and commence the legal proceedings so it can all be official. Everything from here will follow her life plan; no doubt she’ll even be *encouraging* him to get her pregnant so she can have her desired four children. Five, if she doesn’t get two girls and two boys for parity.

Pete tries to smile, and finds he can manage it. He knows Cynthia; she is driven, hard-headed, adaptable, and will always achieve what she aims to achieve. For her, becoming compelled to be her nerd neighbour’s lover is just an obstacle in the road to her

succeeding in life. He almost admires her ability to derive some enjoyment from her compelled situation..

And as she walks away, hips swinging wide, off to feed their little twins, he hopes one day he can enjoy their union to the full too. Even if it means that once more, he is manipulated and under the thumb of a woman completely out of his league. A reward with its own punishments.

Exactly the kind of fate Morgan has intended for him.

Morgan enters a new city. She loves cities. They are so full of life, excitement, culture and crime. And also rudeness. And banality. And pettiness. And snobbery. And bullying. All the spices of life and sin that require punishment, especially disproportionate punishment. A year ago, she punished a group of former bullies. She hardly cares what became of them: their fates are their fates, to deal with as they desire or fail to. What concerns her now is the fresh excitement of new bullies, new rude customers, angry assholes, and belligerent tourists. So many to transform and change, and so little time.

“Time for another magical night,” she says to herself.

She walks into the night, a smile upon her face.

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