

The Transformation Convention (Multi TF, TG, RC, Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

It is the Christmas season, and a number of transformees from across the globe have organised for a gathering of changed individuals. Jessica the cowgirl and an altered woman named Sanda Marks are the chief organisers, and they are desperately hoping that this 'Transformation Convention' will allow people who have changed race, gender, body, or even species to meet and greet and form communities. What follows is a series of vignettes featuring characters from numerous stories within this shared world . . .

Transformation Convention

Prologue: Security Detail

Featuring the TG'd spy couple Vivian Fox & Harry Whitt from 'Shaken, Not Curved'

Vivian Fox raised her binoculars as she scanned the large convention centre opposite the rented second story flat they were in.

"No threats in sight yet," she said in her classy British accent. "But who can tell on this particular job? I still can't believe MI6 sent us to run security detail on a Transformation Convention. I swear higher-ups have a bad sense of humour, don't you think? Harry?"

"Sorry, I was rather distracted by the figure of this mission."

She continued to scan through the binoculars. A centaur - a real life centaur - was entering the convention. A large furry woman with four breasts, an udder, and a cowtail and horns was welcoming them in and handing out leaflets. She must be the 'Jessica' woman who was half the brains behind this strange gathering. Boy, she'd been through a strange change. It almost made Vivian less . . . embarrassed by her own.

"Wait, by the figure of the mission? How do you mean?"

"Oh, I just think it's got legs. Very fine legs."

"It's only two days," she remarked. "A straight line job."

"Hardly. It may just be two days, but there are plenty of curves to this mission, Agent Fox. Lots of fine, supple curves."

Vivian twigged on to the fact that her partner was likely not actually referring to the mission. She lowered her binoculars, realising that she had positioned herself with one leg up on a stool, her figure arched forward so that her chest was thrust out and her rear rather

deliciously displayed in her fine agent catsuit. She looked over to see Harry relaxed in a chair, drinking in the sight of her gorgeous spygirl body.

“Oh, you have got to be kidding me. Harry, can’t you try not to be an absolute dog just for one mission?”

“Hard not to be, when there’s such a delicious piece of mail right in front of me.”

Harry raised a glass of what she sincerely hoped was a non-alcoholic cocktail. He was looking utterly dashing in his professional black tuxedo and his hair styled to one side. It annoyed her how damn attractive he was. She always fell for it.

“Hardly ‘male’ anymore, am I?” she quipped.

“Hardly. But then I’m hardly female. I think we both ended up nicely in the roles that MI6 determined we would be best for.

“Oh, that’s easy for you to say. You get to be the dashing heroic rogue. I get to seduce the bad guys for information and wear dresses that show off my breasts.”

“Well, it would be a waste to hide them, would it not?”

She chuckled darkly. He wasn’t wrong on that score.

Vivian stood, stretching her shoulders. She knew she was giving him a show as she flipped her fiery red hair over her shoulder, causing her large breasts to wobble in the low cut of the catsuit, but she’d long since gotten used to that. Besides, thanks to the programming the MI6 had given her when they’d changed her from Jacob Farnes to Vivian Fox, she couldn’t help but show her sexy form off a bit, particularly for her partner. God knows, it had led to ‘closer domestic relations’ more than once. Still, looking at the small rabbit man entering the Transformation Convention, and a freakishly pregnant insect woman who was literally birthing eggs even as she entered, things could have been worse.

“You do look very striking in that red dress,” Harry remarked.

“If this place gets attacked by some freak terrorist nutjob and you’re too distracted to act . . .”

“I think we both know I’m never too distracted to serve King and country. For now though, we have a little time before anything might happen. We’ll need to get down to the convention.”

“How can we get in?”

He raised an eyebrow, and Vivian blushed. “Oh, right. We are literally transformees.”

“And MI6 doesn’t mind us spreading that around here, at least with our fake identities. So why don’t you come over here, partner, and share a little beverage so you can cut the edge.”

She sauntered towards him, hips swaying from side to side in a sensual manner. Again, she couldn’t help it, but her attraction to her partner was clear, despite finding him so damn frustrating sometimes. She crawled up so that her thighs were on either side of his

legs, her chest right before his face. She delicately took the bottle and poured herself a drink, clinking against his.

“Fine,” she said in her attractive tone. “One little drink. Then we get down to work.”

“Or perhaps,” he countered, placing a hand around her waist, “we could do a little *refilling*.”

She groaned at his awful pun, but it didn't stop her from straddling him even closer. She may have once been a man, but thanks to MI6, she was now very empty between the thighs. And something a lot better than martini would soon be filling her up. Such was the life of a gorgeous spy girl. At least it was better than seducing villains.

Though the payoff was often just as explosive.

Vignette One: Convention Opening

Featuring Alex the cowgirl and pregnant Sandra Marks from 'Bessica', the family from 'Wholesome Family', and Caitlin the cowtaur from 'Morgan's Year', & various other cameos from stories.

It was the first ever Transformation Convention, a gathering of the several hundred known victims of transformation from various kinds of causes. Some were cursed by ancient objects, some had their forms twisted by a poorly-thought out wish to a genie, others were altered as a result of a spell from a vindictive ex who happened to be a witch or warlock, and some others simply found their body changing due to some scientific cause such as ingesting a formula, being injected with foreign DNA, or simply being abducted and experimented on by aliens. Well, if one believed in aliens. The jury was still out. The majority of these 'transformees,' as they were becoming known, were female, or males that had been transformed into females, but there was no shortage of men either. Nor was there a shortage of strange forms that these once-ordinary human beings had been changed into.

There were centaurs, monkey-men, insect ladies, cowgirls, busty women of all sorts of races that were once men - some of them pregnant - and not a few men that were once their female partners. There were deer-people, tree people, people with extra pairs of breasts and others with far too many limbs. There were tentacled alien-looking folk, modern-day mermaids, women that laid eggs, and others who were now articles of clothing that could communicate only by thought. Some had advanced in age, many more regressed to their youth, and some had switched places amongst their own family. Others still had merged from two people into one, or grown an extra head that had become their closest

friend. A number of unfortunates had simply been turned into animals and pets, retaining their minds but now half-driven by instinct.

Family and friends of the transformees were of course welcome as well, and given the number of pregnancies it was only a matter of sense that children were allowed too, though some areas were off limits.

The organisers of the event were themselves transformees. Alex Mathers was among the most well known and earliest discovered examples. Once an ordinary university student, she had tried to change her bully into a cow woman as revenge, using a potion purchased from the Wandering Witch. Unfortunately her friend Jessica Fitzherbert had drunk it accidentally instead along with the bully, and ended up becoming a furry, horned, ropey-tailed anthro-cowgirl with four breasts and a large udder, all continually filled with milk. Naturally, Alex had felt guilty, and in the end had drunk a replica potion as atonement. It was awkward at first, particularly since both women fell into estrus and became pregnant - poor Alex with *octuplets* - but in the end the pair found purpose in their new cowgirl lives. Together they founded the site 'FreakMeet.com' which had formed the original basis of the transformee community. Jessica's username was BovineBessica, Alex was DairyGirl, and the pair of them collaborated with others to make this event possible. But while Jessica had a human boyfriend named Derek, Alex was still a single mother to her eight children.

Which is why she volunteered to stay back on the farm and watch over all my little ones while I go 'boy hunting,' Alex thought to herself as she welcomed people into the convention. *She's not wrong, but it's just so embarrassing. Am I really that desperate?*

Her udder gurgled audibly, reminding her that she would need to take a break to pump soon. Without her eight little ones to latch on to her four nipples and four teats, she was filling up quickly.

Well, it wouldn't be half bad to find a man who could help relieve me. Gah, I must be getting in season again. Just focus on the job, Alex. Make Jessica proud. This is as much her project as yours. And Sandra's.

"Someone's deep in thought," came a pleasant voice.

Alex turned, causing her four large breasts to wobble heavily in their cups. She was wearing a custom-made blue dress for her anthro-cowgirl form. It showed, rather daringly, a large tract of cleavage from her upper pair, and had a slit at the back for her tail to go through. Her udder was supported with a custom girdle that helped shift its weight, though it was pressing uncomfortably against it, given the amount of milk within it. The other woman speaking to her was not nearly as changed, but still had quite a noticeable form: she was a short, black pixie-haired woman with an enormous pregnant belly that was easily carrying multiples, not that it looked 'easy' from her expression.

“Sorry Sandra,” Alex said, “just distracted by a few things.” She passed a pamphlet of events and a map to a passing satyr woman. “*Welcome to the Transformation Convention. I’m Alex. If you have any questions, don’t hesitate to ask or come see me. Enjoy your time here, and I hope you embrace your change!*”

Sandra smirked. “Do you need to go pump? I can take over solo for a moment?”

Alex winced from the pressure in her breasts. “I always n-need to pump. Can’t wait till the little ones are w-weaned, maybe then it’ll let down. But it’s fine, I can make it another twenty minutes or so. I want to be here as much for the entrance rush as possible. *Welcome to the Transformation Convention . . .*”

“Are you sure? If you need to make a quick video call for your kids. That’s what I was just doing. I get it, Alex!”

She certainly did. While Sandra Marks had never had the misfortune of going into labor with *eight whole babies* as Alex had, she had carried more than her fair share of multiples, and was currently seven months along with triplets which were the cause of her petite body having such a large belly and her bust being so oversized on her form. She had been the third major collaborator who had started FreakMeet.com and helped kickstart the Transformation Convention, having come into contact with Alex and Jessica online. Her changed hadn’t been as radical as them - she was still entirely human - but she *had* been spiked a potion by her husband who wanted a big family when she was focused on her career. Each droplet meant a future pregnancy was a total compulsion for her, but the man had overdone it. By her calculations, she was going to be getting herself pregnant for another ten years at least, and each successive pregnancy increased the chance of multiples. She already have five kids, and would probably end up with over twenty by the time she was done: her baby-making fever hit literally days after giving birth, and her body healed in preparation for the act. Thankfully, she’d divorced her dirtbag hubbie and found a much better man to be father to the children she was now forced to have.

Alex smiled in thanks, the lips on her cute little snout twisting in imitation of human expression. “Thanks Sandra, really. But trust me, I’m used to it. I don’t want to be anywhere but here. I still can’t believe the attention we’re getting!”

“I know! Isn’t it fantastic! I wish Jessica could be here, but this is more successful than anything in our wildest dreams. Almost makes me glad I’m stuck as a pregnant woman forever. *Almost.*” She pointedly grabbed a chair for herself at the welcome table and slumped back into it. Her babies were shifting about in her overstuffed womb quite visibly. The poor woman looked overwhelmed by the size of her stomach.

“God, I remember that feeling,” Alex laughed.

“Just n-need a second to catch my breath. *Hello there, welcome to the Transformation Convention . . .*”

They were afraid it would not have the attendance it did, but the numbers had blown them out of the water - especially the attending mermaids. And given that it was December, and Christmas was creeping closer, the decision to have a bit of holiday season theming in the proceedings was a bit of a hit. Alex was wearing a silly little Santa hat and a sleigh bell around her neck, while Sandra's dress was flavoured to be somewhat like that of an elf. Others had joined in: a young man and his belly dancer Arabian girlfriend had just entered, the latter wearing more festive outfits than she probably did.

"Carter and Samira," the man said, his arm around his gorgeous and quite pregnant partner. "She's the transformee, I'm her plus one."

Alex wracked her brain. "That's right! She, um, was your former bully until a magical item changed her to be like this, right?"

"Right, my gender and my race and my *life*," the woman replied in a rather sexy Middle Eastern accent. She gestured to her heavily pregnant belly, totally exposed in her half-harem, half-sexy Christmas theme outfit. "And now I am stuck not only being his sexy belly dancing *harem girl*, but also being his concubine and bearing his *wonderful babies*."

Alex winced a little. Quite a few transformees had mental compulsions, many of them becoming perfect partners to former victims. She didn't exactly have huge sympathy for the woman, but it wasn't a nice fate either. "Well, um, congratulations to the two of you, and I hope you have a Merry Christmas!"

"Oh, I have no doubt *my master* will make it very merry for me," she said, rolling her eyes even as she smirked. Clearly, even if she didn't love her new life, she wasn't exactly complaining about the fruits of pleasure her new body bore her. Though the fruit *in* her belly still seemed to bring some frustration, as she was back to complaining as they walked off.

"For God's sake Master, do I really have to dance? I can't believe you signed me up for dancing for this crowd!"

"It will be fun! And sexy. And besides, it's pretty hot knowing my former bully will be showing off her pregnant body like that, now that you're a sexy woman."

"Do you reckon she'll visit the Seminar of Transformed Breeders?" Sandra asked. "I think she could benefit from it."

"Probably not," Alex said. "I think the name is turning some away. At least we got that mantis girl with all the eggs. She's pretty famous, so hopefully it draws some crowds."

"Well, we do have crowds. Just look at the success!"

They had a momentary break between those entering to take it in. The convention had some issues initially with the organising due to many transformees being concerned about safety and about their own changed forms being out in the open. Thankfully the convention scored three major victories that boosted their attendance dramatically. Jackie Gene, once a respected physicist named Jack Gene, had decided to attend. She was now a

'human broodmother' due to a science experiment gone wrong leaving her body with the supernatural ability and constant need to produce large litters of babies each week. She publicly announced that she would be attending the event, aided by several attendees to help manage her condition should she go into labour while there. Ivy Hartridge also announced on social media that she would be attending; the former student whose DNA was spliced against her will with that of an insectoid broodmother was among the most radically changed, with additional breasts, arms, a set of antennae and wings, and a large egg sac trailing from her behind, which holds the many eggs she constantly gives birth to. Lastly, due to several important VIPs from other nations, they'd received word that the British MI6 had actually managed security, though publicly it was just a well-regarded security firm.

She smiled as another crowd of strange and fascinating people approached.

Can't flash a smile due to this darn snout. I really hope they get that I'm smiling.

A whole family approached who looked utterly ordinary: a pregnant mother, her handsome husband, as well as her teenage son and a daughter who couldn't be older than five or so, dressed in pink and looking adorable as she held her father's hand.

"Mommy, that woman is a cow!"

"I know dear," the mother said. "Don't be rude about it."

"I won't! She looks really beautiful! I love your tail, miss!"

Alex could have blushed. "Why thank you! I'm rather fond of it too. Welcome to the Transformation Convention . . . ?"

"Maybel Johnson," the pretty woman replied. "This is my husband Patrick, my son Harvey, and my daughter Dorothy."

Alex couldn't quite remember the group, so she made her guess. "I'm assuming a gender change scenario? Or was it age change? Sorry, there's so many on our list I can't remember."

"Ooh, wait, I know this one!" Sandra said. "Let me guess. They all used to be friends, and opposite genders to boot. There was a haunted house, right?"

"Got it one," Patrick said with a laugh. "We all became a family. My little Dorothy here used to be my big brother, and Harvey used to date Maybel - odd to think about! But now she and I are the parents and they're our children - this next one is the first unchanged."

"Woah, I feel like I need charts to work that out," Alex said.

"It's really weird," Harvey snarked. "But we're used to it."

"Well, come on in. There's talks and conventions on age progression and regression, as well as inter-family swaps. And there's just a lot of people to chat and network with. Come on in and enjoy!"

They did so, and little Dorothy, who had once been a grown man, even jumped and giggled after patting Alex's udder, calling it 'delightful'. Again, Alex was chuffed. Other visitors

came by, including an attractive vampire family consisting of a bosomy pale-skinned matriarch in all-black and her two twin vampire daughters, one with short hair, the other with long. They kept to the shadows, but it was clear that they were also on the prowl.

“Just remember no harming any convention attendees!” Sandra called out.

“I know *ve//* that, my dear,” the vampire woman said. “I am the Lady Abigail, after all. And my daughters Delia and Delilah would never drink blood from the unwilling. What is *ze* fun is *zat*, after all?”

They giggled a bit creepily as one before moving off with an unnatural elegance. Alex got the distinct impression that they were not here to share their stories and experiences so much as to find willing thralls to have some fun with. The one called Delilah even winked in her direction.

“Oh no, she is not trying my cow blood,” she muttered to herself. “I may want a relationship, but I am strictly interested in people who are not undead.”

“A shame,” the woman replied, somehow able to hear her from a distance. “I could have shown you such *vonders!*”

Alex gave an ‘eep!’ and turned on the spot, while Sandra just cackled.

Reminder to self, beware of sexy vampirella types. They are not only creepy, but have super hearing too.

More continued to arrive. Alex got to work helping attendees locate their name badges and made sure to pass a pamphlet to each. A pair of absolute bimbos named Janet and Melody appeared, both so lacking in intelligence that they apparently practically *required* their current boyfriends to help them around. It wasn’t even proven that they were transformed, but something about their curse made it impossible to express themselves, so Alex had given them the benefit of the doubt. They were already gossiping about having sex with one of the local centaurs out of their boyfriends’ hearing. Alex smiled politely as she helped them, but she couldn’t help but imagine what it would be like to be a human woman again, without the milk-filled udder and swollen sets of F-cup breasts. Her tail whipped behind her in frustration.

A completely naked male centaur stepped forward, parting the crowd slightly with his presence. He was powerfully built, even on his torso, which was itself quite hairy as if he were very Greek, though his skin was more sun-scorched brown than naturally olive. A pretty woman rode on his back, her arms cradled around his rippled abs, smiling softly.

“Uh, I’m sorry sir,” Alex said, trying to put on her most confident snout-smile as he looked down on her, “but you may need to put something on, you know, to cover up.” She couldn’t help but sneak a look. Holy shit, how is this woman not ripped in half already? The centaur. “Ma’am, I won’t speak rude to ya, on account I can see ya gone gotten changed yer own self, but this is the way I be now.”

Alex stood her ground, trying to rear up and look as commanding as possible, her bosoms jutting out against her overalls and her hooves firmly planted on the ground.

“Sir, it took us a lot of effort to even get this convention off the ground, and the owners of this space were very clear that to the best of their ability, the transformees should dress appropriately.”

The centaur rotated his torso enough to look at his woman, who was climbing up slightly to catch his eye. They both laughed rudely at this, which made Alex deflate somewhat. Her upper left nipples squirted a stream into her padded bra, and she bit her lip with her flat molars to try to avoid showing her annoyance.

I've fucked up here, haven't I?

“I'm sorry ma'am,” the centaur continued, “I should'na be making fun of a fellow farm-folk like yerself, 'specially one so fulla milk. I can assure you I am meeting that particular clause by dressin' to the best of my ability.”

He indicated his form dramatically while the woman dismounted from him and approached.

“Howdy, I'm Cynthia Banks. I should be on yer list too. Used to be a man till the Wandering Witch turned me the way I was always supposed to. This is my boyfriend Stan, Stanley Walton.”

The name triggered a memory from the list in Alex's head of various attendees: Stanley Walton, former horse breeder turned into a centaur himself by a curse from the Wandering Witch Tila. As part of the curse, his body was irrepressibly compelled to impregnate his various fillies as their stallion, and to reinforce his new role as a breeder stallion, he was magically incapable of wearing clothes.

Alex slapped her forehead with her hand-hoof. “Shit, I just remembered. I'm so sorry. Would you like help finding your name badges?”

“All good, I'll get 'em for 'im,” Cynthia said with a slightly hostile smile, and the two moved on, the centaur giving her a passing smirk as he 'hoofed it' away.

Great, just great, Alex thought. Her phone buzzed, and she checked the message. It was from Jessica.

'How ya goin hun? Found a nice man with an eye for udders yet?'

Alex rolled her eyes and quickly typed a response. *Was going great until I pissed off a centaur. Wishing u were here. How r the kids?'*

'They're fine. All eight are playing with the farmhands. Owen is teaching them how to play football.'

Alex chuckled. *'That'll be a disaster.'*

'They're in good hands. Now go find a nice man to be your next baby daddy. I'm getting sick of being so preggo without my friend around to make me look good.'

Alex just laughed. Jess would stop at nothing to find her a man, but the truth was, as much as she might want it, Alex knew that being an a heavily uddered cowgirl constantly making milk already reduced her dating pool some, but having eight kids as a result of a one night stand when she first started transforming would make it impossible for her to find love. Sandra seemed to sense her dismay a little, because she placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“Hey, you’re doing great, okay?” she said. “Take it from one mother to another.”

Alex gave her a smile - well, the closest approximation of one her snout could provide. “Thanks Sandra. Jessica is just pushing me to find a man, and I really want to. I just don’t know if I’ll be able to. I mean, look at me. What kind of guy wants *this*, especially when I’m already a mom to a heap of kids?”

Before Sandra could answer, Alex turned to the next person. To her shock, it was another cow woman.

Only this one was a full *cowtaur*. Her upper half was dark-skinned and bereft of fur or snout, though she did have horns. Her breasts were colossal though, and barely restrained by her farm shirt. Her lower half was all cow though, complete with an udder that put Alex’s to shame. It was dripping visibly on the floor. The woman, who looked like she would have once been a pretty cheerleader or model type, adjusted her glasses.

“Caitlin,” she said in a frustrated monotone. “Caitlin the Cowtaur. I was changed by Morgan the Witch. Morgan the Bitch, more like.”

“Oh. Um, yes. I think I remember you from the list.”

The woman crossed her arms under her colossal milky breasts. Like her udder, these were bigger than Alex’s equivalents. Alex also noticed that her cow belly looked rather full . . . and jostling.”

“I need my name badge,” she said brusquely. “Pass it to me already. I need to know where the Morgan convention is too.”

Alex dutifully passed the note up. She wanted to feel a kinship to this other cow woman, but she clearly wasn’t having it. “The Morgan Meet-Up, as we’re calling it, is two doors up on the right. Big auditorium.”

The bovine woman snorted. “Good thing Sasha’s not attending. No room is big enough for that alien bug queen now.”

She began to walk away, her heavy hooves making loud steps upon the ground. But then she paused, sighed heavily, and shifted slightly.

“You say you can’t find a man just because you’re a big cow woman and constantly making endless milk and you’ve had a few calves? Pull your tits in. If I managed it with *my* body, you can do it with yours. Hell, I bet you won’t even need to seduce a farmer’s son. That gets complicated.”

"Th-thanks," Alex said, genuinely meaning it.

"Whatever. I just hope at least some other transformees have it worse. Like that bug lady over there."

She moved away again, but Alex found a small trace of hope returning to her. As she stood there, handing out pamphlets and name tags and feeling her breasts and udder slowly but surely fill with milk, all she could do was sigh softly.

"Maybe I can find a man . . ."

Vignette Two: Aliens Are Out There

Featuring Amber from 'Team Player' and Serellis from 'Alien Space Babe.'

"Bullshit they are," a snarky woman said, walking past. "Aliens are, like, sooo not real."

"Amber, you literally used to be a guy. You were the football coach!"

"Yeah, but, like, I have Lumin's Syndrome. That's all science and stuff. Aliens is all science fiction. There's no way that's real."

The woman speaking was Amber Becker, the incredibly attractive and very voluptuous trophy wife of Brandon Becker, one of *the* star football players in the nation. She was wearing a cheerleading outfit for old times' sake, even if she had given up that career to be wife to her attractive dark-skinned husband and mother to their children. But everyone knew that she had once been Richard Starre, the original football captain with a great future ahead of him until his genetic condition had made him a submissive bimbo hottie who craved her alpha-boyfriend's cock. Not that Brandon minded: he hated her when they'd been male rivals, but now he adored her, particularly how she pleased him each morning. Coming here was the least he could do for her, though she seemed dismissive of parts of it.

"Sure Amber, but we literally passed a bug lady here. And a pig woman. And a magic bra that could talk and claimed it was once a man."

"Yeah, but magic is totes different. It's got rules! Aliens are just wayyyyy too out there. Take that from a gal that used to be, like, a dude and stuff, and has given birth and everything. There's no such thing as aliens."

"That's interesting to hear," came a third voice, also feminine and sweet. The trophy wife and football husband looked over to see a dark-haired woman in her early twenties smirking in their direction, her arms folded over one another. "Hi, I'm Serellis. So you really don't believe in aliens? Why would they have a whole convention room for aliens and alien transformees if they didn't exist?"

Amber just scoffed. "I'm Amber. And look, I'm not, like, the sharpest bulb in the drawer, but I'm pretty sure that cow in the room is just a cow."

She gestured into the large convention room, which was currently occupied by a few UFO freaks and what appeared to be a large cow chewing cud in the corner.

"You don't believe that this cow used to be Monica Parsons, the girl who was supposedly abducted by a UFO and changed? That guy Brad Sears eventually wrote a book about it and tracked her down in the field and everything. She can spell with her hooves in the dirt."

Brandon shrugged, putting an arm around his bride. He actually wasn't too invested in the argument. As far as he was concerned, he was here for his wife, and also to appease her own feminine vanity about still being utterly sexy even compared to other Lumin's Syndrome sufferers. The change had certainly given her a pride in her body after a time.

"One cow is not proof. That's, like, claiming I'm proof enough of Lumin's, where there's also that rogue biker chick, and that weird cult lady who's always making babies with her apartment neighbour, or that blonde lawyer whose boobs aren't as big as mine."

The black-haired woman with the glasses frowned slightly. She had a man beside her, probably her boyfriend, who also had black hair. He was wearing a 'The Truth is Out There' shirt like a true UFO freak.

"I mean, you would have seen Jasmine the Bug Queen on your way in though, right? She was literally *infused* with alien broodmother DNA. It's why she's part of the breeder's convention and can't make it to this alien one: she keeps pushing out alien eggs to build her hive."

"Ew, that's, like, totally gross! But also not proven or whatever. I mean, she's not a *real* alien, is she?"

Amber grinned, clearly having achieved her victory. If there was no alien, how could there be any proof? Far better that the convention be reserved for actual transformee situations, such as football captains who ended up becoming hot wives of football captains instead. Not that she was unhappy about how she'd ended up.

But the other woman made her feelings of debate victory fade. She looked to her partner, the UFO nerd, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Well Derek, honey, should I show them an alien?"

The one called 'Derek' sighed. "Up to you dear. If you want to risk the wrath of the Agency giving us another not-so-subtle reminder about Earth security, I leave it to your hands."

"I'll owe you a heap of diaper changes for the little one."

"Fine. Do your thing, Serellis."

"Please, you know you love it. You love it way more than my human form."

Amber was about to ask what on Earth they were talking about, when she was suddenly confronted by something very much not of this Earth. In mere moments, the woman named Serellis changed, her skin turning a lush forest green, her nose slimming, her breasts changing so that a third one developed between her current pair. A long, thick, prehensile tail with its own soft two-digit hand slid out from her backside, while a third eye grew in the centre of her forehead. She even had a set of antennae on her head, tipped with little balls that looked rather adorable. No longer was a human standing there, but instead what could only be a green-skinned alien space babe. She gestured outwards with three-fingered hands.

“You were saying, Amber?”

Amber choked on her words, not knowing what to say. “You - you’re an actual - you’re an alien . . .”

The alien woman grinned. “Yep! Green skin and tail and ability to run up walls and go invisible and everything. There’s more of us than you might think. And for what it’s worth, Amber, I recognise you from the television. I was a big fan of your old plays. In fact, we actually went head to head in one game.”

Amber’s eyes bulged. “You - what?”

Serellis extended a hand and shook the shocked woman’s. “I used to be Chad Penwick, before alien tech changed me into this. It seems we both ended up as women - I just ended up an intergalactic sorta gal. Still, pretty darn interesting, wouldn’t you say?”

“Very interesting,” Brandon marvelled, putting a hand on Amber’s shoulder to keep the surprised beauty steady on her feet. “That’s a crazy coincidence.”

“C-crazy,” Amber stuttered. “You were Chad Penwick? You!?”

Serellis giggled, and gestured to her three-breasted form. “And here I am, in the green flesh. But I have to be going. I’ve got an Alien Convention to be part of. I’ll even be speaking, though I won’t give as much away to them as I have to you. Consider it a bit of old football respect between team rivals! Ya’ll have a good day now!”

And with that, she waltzed into the Alien Convention room, her alien form on full display. Derek passed them a little more awkwardly, shrugging.

“I guess the truth is really *in* here, all along!” he joked.

But then Serellis yanked him closer to her with her tail, and the doors closed.

“Are you alright Amber?” Brandon asked.

She took a heavy breath and fixed up her hair. “I’m, like, totes fine. Whatever! Let’s just get to the Lumin’s Meetup. And then you can find me a private space to fuck me up against the wall so I don’t feel so totally embarrassed.”

Brandon chuckled. “Or we could do that in the reverse order?”

“Mhmm, that’s a better idea. Ohhhh, I love being your hot woman.”

“My hot *human* woman.”

“And thank Gawd for that! C’mon, let me get you your Christmas wish. One that doesn’t involve weird aliens!”

Vignette Three: Morgan’s Meeting - Creature Comforts

Featuring numerous characters from the Morgan the Witch collection, including the transformees from ‘Morgan’s Year’, ‘Morgan’s Night Out’, ‘Morgan’s Halloween Party’, and ‘Driving Like Animals.’

A good number of transformees and family members of such had congregated in a large room dedicated to victims of Morgan the Witch. Many in the transformation community knew about the busty, beautiful brunette with a fickle attitude. She was a witch specialising flesh-changing; she just *loved* to change people’s forms and minds, often for disproportionate retribution for actual or perceived slights, and other times just for the hell of it under the weakest excuse. Sometimes she just claimed she was ‘helping’ people. Occasionally, it was all three excuses wrapped in one.

“Huh, so you got changed into a cow too, huh?” Caitlin asked. She was the cowtaur who had entered earlier, and was looking more than a little miffed at the fact that even among this motley group of freaks, she stood out more than a little. Something to do with having her lower half be a heavily engorged cow’s body (she’d just had to demand a convention attendant fetch a milk pump they had on hand and drain her overly full udder just twenty minutes ago) was enough to do it. The fact that her boobs were massive JJ-cups larger than her own head also did it. More than a few guys looked at her upper half pleasingly, then recoiled at her lower half.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m well fucking aware, thank you,” she said to them. “Now get out of my way or I’ll slap you with my damn udder!”

But now she’d come across two individuals who’d been changed like her. One was quite bovine just like her, albeit not in a centaur-like configuration. She was a heavily pregnant cow-woman, upright on two hooved legs and with four large sloshing breasts that were dripping milk, nearly equal in size to her own. She also had a massive udder swinging between her legs. Like Caitlin, she had a pair of horns and cow ears, but whereas Caitlin’s upper half at least kept her gorgeous dark skin, this woman was totally covered in the black and white fur of a Holstein cow. She was also very, very pregnant.

“Yeah, I got changed,” the woman said through her snout.

“Let me guess, you can’t wear clothes either.”

The cow woman was totally naked, clutching her large belly as her tail wagged behind her. “What gave it away? At least you get to wear-”

“A fucking bra. Maybe a tight top. That’s all I can muster.”

“Huh. She really did a number on us, huh? I’m Bryce.”

Caitlin wasn’t lacking in smarts, she could put two and two together. “Used to be a guy, huh?”

The cow woman sighed, causing her four large breasts to wobble on her shoulders as she did so. A large baby in her stomach shifted, making obvious movements.

“Yep,” she said.

“Same for your friend here?”

She indicated to Bryce’s friend, who was also naked and even more absurdly pregnant. Unlike them, she wasn’t cow-like, but instead a porcine individual, with a pink skin, pig ears and a wide snout, six huge breasts on her front, and a very wide set of hips. She oinked a little as what was obviously a litter shifted within her.

“Nghhh,” she groaned, clutching her stomach. “Y-yeah. I’m S-Scott. We were driving like . . . animals, is what she claimed. Morgan, I mean.”

Bryce nodded. “She decided to punish us by *making* us animals at a local f-farm. We’re always g-getting pregnant. She summons a minotaur for me-”

“And a boar-man for me,” Scott finished, blushing a little on her chubby cheeks. Despite their frustration at their fate, it was clear they had some . . . base feelings about the matter.

“Ugh, at least you get fucked by animal men. I just get fucked by the animals. The farm I ‘work’ at producing milk makes sure I’m often calving for them. They’ve got a bull.”

“My sympathies,” Bryce said, stroking her roundness. She winced at the fullness of her udder, and Caitlin found she did indeed sympathise back for once, despite her usual angry attitude. “I give birth to full calves. Not fun.”

“Litters f-for me,” said the overly full Scott. “S-so many piglets. It’s b-been four years, but she s-says we’re like this f-for life.”

“And we’re going to live a l-long time,” Bryce added, milk dribbling from her breasts. “A long, long time.”

Caitlin sighed. “I think I’ve got a regular lifespan. Good, I think? Lucky us, huh?”

“At least she gave us to Tila the Wandering Witch. She’s not bad. Oink! She let us go to this c-convention. Can’t change us back though - oink!”

At that very moment, the crowd around them parted, the attention turning from the farm-themed transformees to something even more extraordinary. Caitlin blinked at the sight of an approaching unicorn of all things. An actual, white-haired unicorn with gorgeous silver

horn. It even seemed to glow slightly. Next to it was a dog-girl of sorts with three pairs of breasts, wearing light black clothing and a collar that named her as Roxy. She was holding hands with her boyfriend; a human man.

'So this is where all the animal people are congregating, right?' the unicorn spoke into their heads.

"I think so," the dog-girl called Roxy said. "I hope we're not intruding. My nose could sniff out other people like us. I'm Roxy. I used to be a German Shepherd. Before that I was an ordinary human gal."

She held out a hand. Bryce and Scott shook it, and Caitlin did after a moment, stepping forward on her heavy cow body. "Charmed. But you're not like us. You're just a woman who has fur and a snout and a dog tail, or whatever. It's not like you have to be milked constantly."

Roxy took the insult in stride, shrugging her furry shoulders. "Maybe, but do you have to chase cars and catch frisbees in your teeth? Do you feel a need to chase the mailman and bite his leg with your sharp teeth? Do you have to resist the urge to pee on fire hydrants or run after random cars? Do you need to ask your boyfriend to put you on a leash and take you on walks?"

Her boyfriend smirked. Clearly this wasn't a reality he minded. Caitlin frowned a little.

"Okay, fine, sure, I guess it would come with its own difficulties. I'm guessing you pissed Morgan off?"

"Called her a bitch at the club. So now I'm the bitch. Well, she made me a full German shepherd for four years first. Chad became my owner. My *master*. Apparently I adapted well enough - having a litter of puppies was super weird though - that Morgan took pity on me and changed me into a halfway state. So now I'm what you might call an 'anthro-dog.' It's the best deal I'll get, I guess. It's actually not that bad. I enjoy being a dog-girl now, even if it took a while to get used to being, you know, a woman and stuff. Also part-dog. Chad here is awesome though, so it's all worked out. He's still my master, but at least he's also my boyfriend. Isn't that right, *master?*"

Chad smirked. "Right as rain, pet."

She shivered, clearly loving being called 'pet.'

"Yeah, Scott and Bryce here were driving like animals, so there's that," Caitlin said. "I was one of her original bullies. Called her a 'cow' often. So, yeah. I think I've got it pretty hard, all things considered. All that milk-making and calving and living on a farm in the middle of nowhere while I have no one to date but the pervy farmer's son. And said boyfriend has to milk me. All the time. So I still have it harder."

'If it's a competition of who has it harder, then I have it hardest by far,' the unicorn spoke into their minds.

"I'll take being a unicorn over a - oink! - pregnant pig woman!"

"Same, but for being a cow lady," Bryce said.

Roxy chuckled, clearly knowing something they didn't. Even the unicorn whinnied a little in amusement.

'They don't know, do they?'

"Want me to tell them?"

'Please do. I hate having to explain it to people.'

Scott's ears flapped. It sounded like the unicorn had two different voices, somehow. Both were female, but one was lighter and the other lower in tone. Roxy huffed in humour.

"Unicorn here is two people. Caleb and Lenny. They were at a Halloween party that Morgan visited. They were wearing a two-man unicorn costume and she thought it was hilarious to combine them.

'I was the lucky one. I got to be the front half. With the head and eyes and everything. Lenny on the other hand . . .'

'And I got the misfortune of being the damn backside. You know, the butt. And the pussy.'

Caitlin coughed. Even Bryce and Scott, whose fates were pretty arduous, had to wince. No one needed to be a genius to realise what *that* meant. Morgan didn't just like to change people. She liked making sure they had plenty of sex and sensation with their body. Which meant . . .

'Yeah, I've been fucked by stallions. Many, many times. Stupid life as a horse pussy.'

'Hey, you've got the back legs as well. And the tail!'

'And the ass! Thank God unicorns don't poop! Of course, if this cow centaur lady is complaining about getting mounted frequently by a bull, then imagine my life.'

Caitlin, for once, had no sardonic reply. She looked over her heavy cowtaur body, which thankfully wasn't calving for once. For all its constant milk production, at least it wasn't a fate like poor Caleb. Or especially Lenny.

"Well, I guess I don't have it *too* bad," she said, making light of her situation for once.

"At least I'm not like my old friend and Morgan's other bully Sasha," the cowtaur boasted. "She got turned into a big alien broodmother on some planet elsewhere."

"Yeah," came a voice passing by. "I can't *imagine* how much that would s-suck - nng!"

All eyes went wide - except for the unicorn who obviously knew this individual from the Halloween party night - at the sight of a bee-woman passing. Her enormous rear abdomen was swollen with eggs and sitting on a wheeled tray that was being managed by two drone-attendants, also insect-like. Her breasts leaked honey, and her antennae twitched as she birthed an egg into a waiting servant's hands. She was massively bloated in

pregnancy, and required entire swathes of the crowd to move for her as she made her way to meet and talk with others. Even by the standards of Morgan's changes, this woman was massively changed.

'That's Evan, from the party,' Lenny said from the unicorn's rear. *'She used to be such a shy dude. We used to bully her. Now she's, like, a bee queen and stuff. Has a whole retinue and everything. Lucky.'*

"Very lucky," the bee woman said, gesturing for a servant to clear the way for her. "Just royal, in fact. Now move, peasants. I've got to go lay a heap of eggs."

"Oh," Caitlin said. "Um, sorry."

At least *someone* had adjusted well, and seemingly come right out of their shell. Evan completely owned her new queen bee existent, even as bloated and pregnant and productive as it was. It made Caitlin wonder if she could ever get to that point.

She didn't know it, but nearby was a rather plain looking woman who wasn't plain at all. In disguise, Morgan moved through the crowd, amused at the various changes of all the individuals from previous years. She smirked at the gorgeous gorgon with her snake hair that she'd made at a Halloween party she'd infiltrated, and at the constantly egg-laying queen bee type she'd made of a socially awkward woman at the same event. But seeing the cowgirls all together, alongside her unicorn and dog-girl and pig-woman and so on, gave her such fits of nostalgia that she couldn't resist.

"You all look so lovely!" she said as she passed. "I'm so glad you recognise your blessings!"

Everyone gave her a weird look as she passed, not noticing the brief little spell that flung from her fingers. It wouldn't kick in for twenty minutes or so - she wanted to stay incognito for now - but given that her old bully Caitlin was finally coming to terms with her situation, why not make her even more productive? The same for Bryce and Scott! In just a little while, they'd all be fleeing to use the pumps thanks to the extra milk production she'd just boosted them with. And just because she had a soft spot for Roxy, she'd give her a brief rush of libido to go get mounted doggy style by Chad.

And Lenny and Caleb? She didn't do anything for them. She'd probably done enough there, she'd decided. Well, perhaps one little thing. She upped Lenny's pleasure response. She still didn't really care to turn the sentient unicorn rear back into a human, but why not make her enjoyment of being mounted simply *magical*.

"I really am such a generous witch," she said to herself. "Now to peruse the rest of my work . . ."

But Caitlin and company had no idea, and simply kept chatting with others, finally having new acquaintances to share their experiences with.

Vignette Four: Morgan's Meeting - Reunion

Featuring numerous characters from the Morgan the Witch collection, including the transformees from 'Morgan's Year', 'Morgan's Night Out', 'Morgan's Halloween Party', and 'Driving Like Animals.'

Raven Ratherson was the first of the planned meeting group to arrive, bringing her boyfriend Aaron along in tow. The Morgan the Witch Meetup room was full of all sorts of strange transformees - thank goodness she hadn't been turned into one of the busty mermaids being wheeled around, for instance. They were quite a hot sight, their own merman leader at their head, each of them competing for his attention. Back when she'd been a guy she would have lusted after them, but now they were more of a fascinating sight than a libidinous one. Besides, she had *some* public standards to keep up these days, thanks to a certain responsibility.

Raven was a short, gorgeous looking goth girl wearing a thick black miniskirt and black leather corset with large leather lace boots. Her short dark hair was styled in a pixie cut, and she wore dark eyeshadow and dark red lipstick. She shifted nervously on her feet, her impressive DD-cup boobs swelling in up from her tight corset with each breath. Her little boy Logan - the cause for her trying to act a bit more appropriate - held her hand, a little daunted by the influx of people and keeping close to his mommy.

"Are you sure we're in the right spot?"

Raven looked up at her friend-turned-boyfriend and baby daddy. It was still an oddity to be so much shorter than him. Once, she'd been the taller one. Now she was short. Short enough to be thought of as very cute despite her Goth and heavy metal aesthetic.

"Of course we are. We're just here first because you insisted we leave early."

"Nothing wrong with being on time. You just need to hurry up with the makeup."

She punched his arm. "I was also getting Logan dressed, you might remember, while you kept playing 'upsy daisies!'"

Logan's eyes lit up as he looked to his father. "Can we play upsy daisies now?"

Aaron looked to Raven, who simply crossed her arms over her chest and rolled her dark eyes.

"Fine. I think I see Samantha anyway, I'll go say hi."

Aaron began throwing a cheering Logan into the air and catching him again as his goth girlfriend wandered over to a slim woman a few years younger than her with short brown hair.

"Sam, hey it's me, Raven!"

The woman turned and smiled, looking surprised and overly-flustered. Raven realised it was because she had three small children about half a year older than her two year old; two girls and a boy.

"Raven, it's good to see you!"

She stepped forward, pulling her triplets along with her.

"Are these you kids? Uh, your friends? Your friend-kids?"

Morgan the Witch had cursed Samantha to become pregnant with her three best friends, and she was forced to carry them as babies for the amount of time it would take three single pregnancies in a row back to back to complete, all while being stuck at the end of her third trimester. With triplets, mind. Raven knew Samantha back from their transformee counsellor's meetings, but hadn't seen the woman since she went into labour right at the end of one of the meetings. The Transformation Convention gave a great opportunity for them to come together for the Christmas season; Samantha even had the kids dressed up like elves, while she was wearing red and white.

Samantha blushed. "Yeah, these are them: Daisy, Harry, and Winnifred."

They were cute kids, whispering and chuckling among themselves, but it was clear just from their eyes that they had retained most of their former memory and intelligence.

"Hey kids, how's it chilling?" Raven said, only to mentally facepalm. Even after getting accidentally knocked up and going through the painful birth of her own, she still had no idea how to get along with kids.

One of the girls, Winnifred, looked her way and said "you've got bigger tits than Mom!"

The other two giggled.

Samantha went red. "Winnifred, I don't care how smart you are, don't you ever talk like that." Surprisingly it seemed to work; the girl clamped down, looking disappointed with herself.

"Sorry about that. They've got the knowledge and memory of young adults but the impulse control of toddlers."

"I'll say, how much do they remember?"

"We can talk, you know!" cried the little boy, but a harsh look from Samantha made him stop and mumble "sorry Mommy."

"Mommy, ha! That's a phrase I never expected you group to call me. You were my drinking buddies, and now here I am having to cart you around and make sure you get fed at dinner time. Why don't you play in the ballpit?"

One had been helpfully provided along with climbing equipment for kiddies. It made sense: a lot of Morgan's victims ended up pregnant. There was a lot of discussion that she had a kink for making people go through this massively impactful transformative process. The three didn't need any excuse to run the short distance to the play area, and took off immediately, calling out a quick "thanks Mommy!"

Sam sighed. "Ah, they grow up so quick. Again."

Raven placed her hand on Samantha's shoulder. "They seem to have taken to it well, how are you going?"

"I'm jealous of those lucky mongrels," Sarah mumbled. "They get to relive childhood while I'm still trying to wean them off my tits. Did you hear them call me Mommy?"

"Yeah, my little one - Logan - calls me Mama."

Samantha stared past Raven to spot her son. "He looks cute! How are you and Aaron doing? Did you two tie the knot?"

Raven blushed. In the past few years, it was already strange enough to have been turned from an ordinary man to a short, busty goth girl, but Morgan had also made her addicted to having sex with her best friend. If they didn't go at it at least once a day in some fashion, she became super duper horny, and it drove her crazy when it got to that point. But of course, they had been careless one time, and what had started as a necessary fuckbuddy situation got a whole lot more complicated when she was dealing with pregnancy tests and morning sickness.

And that was when Aaron confessed he was in love with her.

It had thrown her for a loop, but she had tried to work out her feelings with him. Really tried. And the effort to adjust had paid off; now when she looked at him she had to mentally shoo away the swarm of butterflies in her stomach. She blamed all the hormones left over from pregnancy.

"No, we're still 'dating' technically, I suppose. We live together now though, and we're raising our little boy, so we're basically married. I'm not sure I'm ready for actually tying the knot though. I'm not sure I'll ever be. Wedding dresses, you know."

Samantha gripped her hand warmly. "You're doing a good job. Besides, you can always wear black when you go down the aisle."

"Oh, I couldn't *not*. It'd be fucking rad. What about you? How are you dealing?"

"Ugh, don't talk to me about that. The little buggers remember just about everything from before they got zapped into my womb as my little bubs, only they still can't help but see me as their mommy. It's so weird. Plus, try dating as a single mum with three kids."

Raven scoffed. "Try dating as a woman who used to be a man."

"At least you only have one kid."

Raven rolled her eyes. "Oh trust me, Aaron is already bugging me to give Logan a little brother or sister."

Aaron piped up, even as he was handling Logan. "I just think he'd love to have a baby brother or sister! Besides, you did so well with the first pregnancy!"

"Dude, I had to push a *whole human being out of my vagina!* It was seriously not cool, and it's freaking weird enough on its own without knowing I was supposed to have a dick."

"Bad word, Mama!"

"Sorry Logan."

"Samantha, Raven, it is so happy to see you!" called a voice. They both looked to see a very, very pregnant Asian woman waddling towards them. The overburdened lady's stomach was stretched out far ahead of her tiny body, and she clutched it with one hand as she waddled heavily forward, panting a little with her burden. Her husband travelled beside her, pushing a pram with two sleeping little babes in it.

"Oh my god Chen, it's been so long!" Raven declared, moving forward to hug the woman. Samantha joined her. "Holy shit you are so big! Sorry, bad language Logan, I know."

"I be very big!" Chen smiled in embarrassment. "It is the triplet! Third pregnancy but baby five, six, and seven." She pointed at where each child was located in her distended belly. "Three boy, all identical."

Raven was amazed at the size of the former male racist's stomach. Being changed by Morgan into his own greatest racial fear had certainly done a great deal towards ending his prejudices, given that he - or rather, her - body was now totally subservient to her husband Fred and his desire for a large family. Raven looked up to Fred who was checking on the two sleeping twins. Her eldest two must have been with a babysitter. As a classic dad, he was wearing a gaudy striped Christmas sweater, perfect for the season.

"I hope you're being a caring and supportive husband to this one Fred."

Chen just leaned back against her husband, who placed his hands around her overfull womb. "Do not worry Raven, Fred is good husband and has very loving to me."

"It's true, I take good care of her," Fred said, before kissing his wife on the lips.

Raven raised an eyebrow at the incredibly pregnant stomach of Chen Hwau. "Yeah, I can see that."

Chen just chuckled. "No worry for me Raven. I love Fred, I love baby. Used to be so full of hate, but now I am truly happy."

"Yeah, now so full of baby."

They all chuckled, including her husband.

"It's true," Fred said, "Chen has taken to motherhood like a fish to water."

Chen smiled infectiously as she swivelled on the spot, cradling her gigantic stomach lovingly. "It true, I always so angry before. But now I am so happy and love to bringing life into world."

Samantha shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know how you handle it Chen! Three kids was enough for me."

Chen smiled out the corner of her mouth, as if remembering an embarrassing story. "Well, can be uncomfortable sometime. Need to pee often."

"I sympathise," said Samantha, patting her slim stomach where three children once resided. All a result of her refusing to budge and let Morgan the Witch pass on the sidewalk. "At least you only have to carry those three for nine months instead of nearly three years like I did."

"But you look so good now!" Raven said, giving a light-hearted punch to Samantha's shoulder. "You've lost all that belly weight."

"I feel better too, but now I'm so damn busy being a single mother to those brats! I can tell they've got most of their memories and know who I am, and they're so damn smart, but sometimes they're just absolute brats. Not to mention all the breastfeeding!"

There was a chorus of agreement from Chen and Raven on that point. The three women - two of them once men - laughed.

"God, we're the fucking preggo parade," Raven chuckled.

"Hi Aaron!" Chen said, and Samantha pitched in to say hello to Raven's former-friend-now-boyfriend.

"Hey Samantha, looking a lot better than when I saw you last!"

"And a lot smaller too!" she said. The poor girl was so overcome with her triplets at the meeting where she finally went into labour, but her body still carried the signs of her elongated and large pregnancy. Her breasts were clearly quite large and slightly sagging, and her body had assumed a more pear-like shape. And while she didn't tell anyone else, her stomach still had a pooch and many large stretch marks from before she gave birth.

"Why hasn't Raven got a ring on her finger yet, Aaron?" Samantha snickered. Raven turned bright red.

"No comment," Aaron laughed.

Chen change the subject. "Ohhh, so cute little baby! Yours?"

Raven's face lit up at Chen's words, even if they were not grammatically always clear. Morgan had made it known to the former white man that as an Asian babymama, she would *never* get her full English skills back, so she could experience life as a permanent foreigner. But now the attention was on Logan. The cute little goth with a sizeable chest spun

on the spot and gestured for her little boy to come forward. He was just a few months off two years old.

“Everyone, meet Logan, my beautiful little boy. Say hello Logan.”

Logan nervously waved to the two other women and Fred. The group waved back. The three women continued chatting, slowly forming a tight circle of gossip and storytelling while Fred and Aaron looked on.

“We’ve done pretty well by ourselves,” Fred mumbled nervously to Aaron. Aaron regarded him, looking with love at his Chinese wife so round and full of his children.

“Yeah, I think we have.”

“Does . . . does Raven ever get frustrated?”

Aaron sighed. “A little. She’s more or less accepted herself as a woman now. Hard not to do when you’ve got a son I suppose. And she’s getting more used to the outfits Morgan’s spell makes her wear; you know, all the Goth stuff. And the metal music she now loves. But there are times she gets a bit sad. How about Chen? Raven tells me she used to be a guy named Mark, I think?”

Fred smiled. “Yeah. I felt real bad for him at first. I know he was a racist and abusive person, but Morgan was going to do something even worse to him if I didn’t take him on as my wife. She’s always so . . . subservient to me. Submissive. Filling all the stereotypes she once had as a man. I know she can’t help it, and she tried to fight it nearly all the way through her first pregnancy, but when she gave birth to our twin girls, it was like something just switched inside of her.” He chuckled. “I swear, it’s like she actually wants to keep getting as pregnant as much as she can. I’ve never seen a woman love her children as much as she does.”

Aaron frowned, wishing Raven would be up for just one more baby so that Logan would have a sibling. He’d never push her on it, but he wished his girlfriend was willing to experience pregnancy one last time.

He, and the rest of the group, was interrupted by the shrieking arrival of a young woman in a tight pink cocktail dress yelling “hey my beautiful bitches!”

The women all called out “Sita!” and moved to embrace her. The young Indian-American girl had an enormous bust, bigger than even Raven’s by far, and was clearly happy to show it off. Her boyfriend Greg was with her, smiling as she bounced with joy and embraced each girl in turn, her chest jiggling violently with each motion. Each of them knew that Morgan had cursed a sexist drunk groper to fuse with the previously flat-chested Sita. Now he was stuck as an amazing pair of luscious tits that she showed off constantly, and always made sure let her string of lovers grope, fondle, suck on, and even climax on. The man, whose name was Dylan, felt everything Sita felt in her chest, and could

see through her eyes. He retained his mind entirely, and could speak telepathically, but only to the woman who he was now a part of for life.

"Oh my God Chen you are so amazingly pregnant! I'm so happy for you. And you look so much better now Sammie, how are the kids?"

Samantha sighed. "A handful, but I'm getting used to being a mum."

"At least you can get drunk now, girl. And holy shit, Raven, you look so cool girl, your tits look amazing in that corset."

Raven beamed. "Thanks, I love it too!"

"I need to know where you got your makeup from, it's to die for."

Raven, who had become more and more accepting of her femininity, happily started gossiping with the girls over their makeup, while a bemused and amused Aaron and Fred looked on.

"Oh my God, girls, how awesome is this convention right? Did you see that hot centaur guy? Too bad he's taken - no offence Greg. And that girl with the wings is too cute!"

"The woman at the entrance was like a cowgirl or something," Sam said. "She had like four boobs, and I think she might have had an udder or something pushing out her outfit. I didn't want to stare, but it made me not feel too bad about my changes."

Raven crossed her arms. "I guess being an ordinary girl isn't that bad compared to some I've seen. Like that scientist who keeps giving birth. Yuck. One was enough for me."

They each paused to look at the wider crowd. The mermaid girls with their mermaid king were lapping up all the attention, though someone had started playing some music in a corner, and what looked to be some sort of fembot with silvery platinum skin was breakdancing and, of course, doing the Robot shuffle, before dragging a female lover over to dance with her. A 1950's pinup wife looked on, clapping at the proceedings.

"That's the Halloween party group," a succubi with red skin and a scanty black leather outfit said as she passed. "I'm guessing you guys used to be girls like them?"

"Most of us," Raven said, to which the succubi nodded.

"Cool goth look though. I'm Gabriella. I was always a woman. I got turned into a devil lady because I was dressed as one for Halloween. My boyfriend is an angel. We make it work."

"That's pretty cool."

"It is. Tell me if you see a lamp around here though, my buddy became a hot genie, but I need to summon her out again."

"Might be in lost and found," Samantha suggested. "Cheers. She goes with the gorgon and fembot group, as well as the housewife: Natasha, as she goes by now. Hey, at least your goth style is cuter than hers, right?"

Raven thanks her, and the succubi moved on.

"Okay, she was fucking awesome," she said. "Damn, why couldn't I be a devil? At least she's right about me not being a 50's housewife. Cheers for not having that fetish, Aaron."

Aaron just shrugged, before placing Logan on his shoulders. "We might go see the mermaids in a moment. Logan wants a photo with them."

"How be Dylan?" Chen said to Sita, only to put her hands to her mouth as she realised Greg was with Sita and may not be aware of the Dylan part of Sita's change. Before Morgan went on her magical rampage, Dylan was good friends with Greg, but Greg had not witnessed his friend's transformation into a perfect pair of F cup boobs, now merged with Sita's chest. Afterwards, Sita had slept with Greg, all while Dylan screamed in her head: first in fear, then reluctant pleasure. And while poor Dylan had felt the touch and grope of many a man since, Sita had ended up going steady with Greg, and the two had remained together for some time.

Chen looked to Sita in worry, but the girl just grinned. "It's all good now, Greg knows, don't you hun?"

"Yeah, she told me a while back. I didn't believe her at first but then she could tell me a heap of stuff only Dylan - uh, Danielle - would know. It came as quite a shock."

Sita reached out and planted her boyfriend's hand over her prodigious chest. Her nipple stiffened in arousal.

"But not so big a shock that you wanted to break up with me and these, huh Greg?"

He gave an embarrassed smile, while Sita simply grinned cheekily.

"The truth is, Danielle - that's what we've started to call *her* now that *she's* a pair of very female boobs - has more than gotten used to her role now, and the touch of her buddy's fingers all over her, haven't you Dylan? I mean Danielle."

Her eyebrow raised as Dylan gave his mental response to her. "Well that's just rude, Danielle."

Greg chuckled. "Still the same old Dylan I bet."

"Danielle, remember babe?"

"Danielle, yeah."

"I'm sorry, isn't it a bit weird," Aaron asked, "you know, knowing that's your best friend in there." He pointed at Sita's deep, deep cleavage to emphasise the response. "Isn't that a little bit wrong?"

The four transformed women, including Raven, gave him the dirty eye.

"Rude Aaron. You wouldn't understand," Raven said, "you haven't been transformed."

"Sorry, I didn't realise it was an in-group thing."

And it was. It was the reason for the convention after all, for those who had had their forms altered to be able to share their experiences, the kind that normal people could never hope to understand. And it wasn't for 'normal people' to judge either. Already, one preacher who'd infiltrated the convention had been given the kick - a hard one by a usually horny satyr woman - for trying to call God's wrath down upon them.

"It's okay Raven," Greg responded. "I was very uncomfortable with it at first too. I imagine Dylan was too. He still is, from time to time. But all the wishing in the world won't stop him from being Sita's boobs now. Besides, this way we still get to hang out together . . . sort of. We watch *Star Wars* and get to talk, with Sita working as a translator."

"God, if I have to sit through one more of those boring-ass *Star Wars* movies," Sita mumbled, "and don't you complain, Danielle. You know I'm wearing this top because you said it was the best one to show you off. Or do I have to jiggle you to get you to stop complaining?"

Sita began bouncing on the spot, her enormous bust wobbling heavily on her chest and drawing every male eye, including a passing salamander man who had to hurry along faster. Raven elbowed Aaron, and even Chen gave an annoyed look at her husband Fred. Finally, Sita stopped.

"Sorry," she laughed, "sometimes it's the only way to get Dylan - Danielle - whatever, to stop. Makes him/her all dizzy. Sorry, we're both just a bit hormonal since the big news."

She gave a dramatic pause, giving Fred a loving look before bringing her hands to her belly. "We didn't plan for it, but we're pregnant."

Chen and Samantha gasped.

"You pregnant? This is the wonderful news!" Chen declared, waddling forward to embrace the big-boobed girl as much as she could given her own triplet-filled belly.

"Congratulations Sita! Congratulations Greg!" Fred declared. The other concurred, though Raven had harsh private words with Aaron regarding how this was no reason to get his hopes up for another baby.

"We're so excited," Sita said, kissing her boyfriend's cheek, "I'm finally joining the preggo squad. A little late but maybe Rave and Sam can get their eggos preggo again so we can go through it together?"

Samantha and Raven gave a chorus of no's.

"Fine," Sita said, "it'll just be me and Chen. You're having another batch once you have these three right Chen?"

Chen blushed, looking to Fred as the former racist male rubbed her enormous womb. "Yes. I will be having lots of babies with Fred."

"Well then, it'll be you and me at least. And Danielle - you'll get used to the name Dylan - you'll get to go through it with me. I bet you never thought you'd soon be filling with milk to feed your best friend's baby huh?"

Sita cackled as Dylan gave his response.

"He says he's going to make me leak something fierce by that point."

Greg chuckled, and gave a mild pat of his girlfriend's left boob, which wobbled slightly.

"Yep, same old Dylan alright."

"Except these days you don't mind sucking on him do you Greg?"

The group gave a collective groan.

"What?" Sita asked. "TMI?"

It was at that point that Alex the cow woman approached the group, her hooves click-clacking on the floor of the convention centre, and her bosoms and udder clearly bouncing with each step despite being restrained by the built-in support in her dress. She had welcomed them each in, but now that the convention was in full swing, she was making the rounds, nervously making sure everything was going alright.

"Woah, speaking of boobs," whispered Samantha as the milk-laden cowgirl approached, tail swishing with anxiety.

"Hello everyone!" Alex said, waving a hand-hoof awkwardly, "I hope you're all having a good time?"

"Yes, thanking you. We are having many happy time," Chen said, rubbing her distended womb gently where it pushed out her dress."

"I'm so glad," Alex said, tail wagging a little more excitedly, "may I ask when your babies are due?"

"God, I'm glad I don't get that question anymore," Samantha mumbled to herself.

"Just two months to go," Chen said lovingly, continuing to rub her stomach. "It is the triplet, so I am very full."

Alex smiled. "Oh wow, I sympathise. When I first changed, I got pregnant with octuplets! I'm Alex by the way, one of the organisers behind the event."

They greeted Alex, and Sita was shocked. "Ohmigod, did you say octuplets? As in, like, eight babies at once?"

"Yep," Alex grinned, curling up her snout's lip and crossing her arms between her prodigious pairs of bosoms, "my beautiful eight angels. As you can imagine with this body, I was having to pump a lot in the leadup to birth."

"I'll bet," Raven said. Her young one ran back to see.

"Mommy look, cow! Cow lady! Cow or a lady?"

"I'm both," she said, somewhat sheepishly. "Had a run in with the Wandering Witch that left my friend like I am now. I'm not a Morgan girl, but just checking in on everyone. It was my fault, so I decided to become like this as a sort of penance, I suppose. I hope you are all having fun?"

"We are!" Sita declared, putting an arm around her boyfriend and staring at her own immense cleavage, enough to rival the cowgirl's. "Aren't we?" she said sweetly to her living bosom. Greg confidently placed his hands beneath his former friend, lifting her cleavage higher.

"Ignore her," Samantha said, "and pity her poor boobs. We're enjoying ourselves, thank you."

"Yeah," Raven said, "but is there any place to grab a bite?"

Alex's tail swung back and forth in pride. "Just over here, I'll show you if you like. We have a great deal to offer!"

Chen's blimp-like stomach gurgled loudly, and the former white male-turned-Asian babymaker blushed deep red. "I think the triplet are very hungry now."

Samantha and Alex couldn't help but laugh. "Been there! I'll go get my triplets from the ball trip. We can see if we can find Roxy around here somewhere, and it'll be a full reunion!"

They moved on, following Alex's lead. The reunion had gone well, and they were looking forward to meeting other transformees also. Certainly, the kids were excited to see all the strange sights, and for once Alex herself felt more a subject of admiration, as Logan continued to pepper her with a toddler's questions. But looking at how many of this group were couples, it made her wish she could find someone too . . .

Vignette Five: Helping Hand

Featuring Mia and Alexis from 'Wishing for the Right Girl' and Piper and Denise from 'Meant to Have'.

The convention had its own LGBTQ+ stands out in the main area, and this had become a staging ground for others adding their own letters to the expanding alphabet. After all, there were now those who identified as different species (appropriately enough, given one was literally a dragoness woman and another a very pregnant mantis girl, the latter a result of a science experiment gone wrong). Plus, there were many more who had changed race and were dealing with their new cultural approach to life, and expectations upon them due to said race change and how they were treated by others.

Helping people adjust and providing pamphlets, advice, and general connections were two pairs who had just happened to come to the convention with the same idea. Both had gone through racial changes to some degree, not to mention gender and sexuality changes. And both had even been changed by the same entity; the adorable and excitable wish-granting and accident prone pixie named Hazelheart, who was also in attendance.

“By the grove, this is soooo exciting! I can’t believe how many other people there are who have transformed and have had their lives changed all for the better! It’s just - just so wonderful!”

The little pixie practically *exploded* with energy, pixie dust scattering around her and causing tiny, miniaturised fireworks to set off.

“Hazelheart, watch it! I don’t want you setting off more changes by accident yet again!”

The gorgeous dark-skinned woman with long, perfect black hair indicated to the many transformees around them, some of whom had been transformed directly by Hazelheart. Her name was Mia, and she hadn’t been changed by Hazelheart, but her now-wife Alexis certainly had. She was the busty blonde bimbo type next to her, wearing a Barbie-style pink miniskirt and casual tee that fit tightly over her large bust.

“Yeah, like, that’s a totes lot of pixie dust you’re scattering around, Hazelheart. I don’t want you to turn me into a man again! I, like, super duper prefer being a hot blonde lesbian.”

She did indeed. Alex had made a wish to be the right kind of lover to Mia when *he* had seen her at a bar. Hazelheart had granted the wish, not knowing that a) Mia was a total lesbian, and that b) she was into super peppy blonde bimbo types with high libidos, despite being an intelligent and witty person herself. It had been quite the surprise for Alex to slowly become Alexis, but she was more than happy about the situation now. She was Mia’s sexy trophy wife, and the two couldn’t be happier - or more ‘active’ - together.

“I’ll try to contain my excitement!” the pixie said, fluttering around in a loop. “Ohhhh, but there’s so many wishes here. I’ll have to try really, really hard not to accidentally grant one and transform somebody!”

“Yeah,” said a nearby mermaid in a wheelchair, her lesbian lover pushing her around. “Bad enough I already turn into a mermaid whenever there’s a full moon. I don’t want you changing me further.”

“Sorry Sammy!” Hazelheart expressed to the gorgeous mermaid with her blue hair and equally blue tail and blue-scaled bra. She was indeed gorgeous, but most of the time each month she was Samuel, an ordinary working man. “At least you kinda met your perfect love at the aquarium, right?”

“That’s the one reason I can put up with this.”

“The first of two reasons,” her girlfriend corrected, hugging her around the shoulders and kissing her cheek. “You know I also am *very* into your mermaid form. It keeps things fun.”

The mermaid Samuel - currently ‘Sammy’ - blushed a little. “Fine, it’s not all bad. At least I’m not attached to a merman like those other mermaids I saw passing before, right?”

“Right!” Hazelheart exclaimed.

Still, Mia just sighed. “Just be careful. We’re trying to attract people to try and deal with their changes, especially changes in gender, sexuality, and race, and help them grow accustomed to their new selves. Hard to do that if you change them all over again!”

“It would be totes hot to see though,” Alexis butted in. “What? C’mon Mia, I’m just dying to see more of Hazel’s magic at work. I mean, we ended up super duper happy right?”

She gave a long, incredibly passionate kiss to her wife, and for a moment the two were pressed up against one another, until someone coughed, causing the two to part. Mia was a little embarrassed with herself, but Alexis was grinning from ear to ear. She *loved* giving PDA, especially since it managed to put a cute blush even to Mia’s dark features.

“Um, did you guys say you were giving out pamphlets and support to people who have changed race, gender, and all those shenanigans?”

Mia nodded, pushing some hair behind her ear. “Absolutely! Do you two need help?”

“Actually,” the woman inquiring said, her female lover stepping in beside her. “We may have some overlap. We’re in the stall down the hall, doing the exact same thing! We came over to investigate, and saw that Hazelheart is with you - the exact same spirit that changed us!”

Hazelheart managed to stop her fluttering for a moment and take in the two strangers, who it turned out were not strangers at all. They were Piper and Denise, formerly *Pete* and *Dorothy*, an old retired couple who had gotten a new lease on life when their wishes to experience the ‘life they were meant to have’ made them into their true selves; a gorgeous pair of lesbian lovers. Not only had Pete and Dorothy changed back into their early twenties again, and Pete switched genders, but the formerly small and frail Dorothy had become the very tall and athletic Denise, her form powerful and her skin a Mediterranean olive. In becoming Piper, Pete had gained vibrant red hair and an incredibly busty chest. She was short, cute, and unbelievably feminine in her new existence, and had come to adore being handled by her now-dominant partner. She was also completely into girls now, despite changing into a woman. The two had gone from Pride allies to Pride members very quickly.

“By the grove!” Hazelheart shouted giddily, racing through the air to hug their faces individually, “Piper and Denise! I can’t believe it’s you! This is just AMAZING!”

Mia and Alexis looked on befuddled (especially the latter - she wasn't exactly stupid, but she was definitely distracted by Piper's red hair and her bust before Mia jokingly ribbed her). Hazelheart spun about in the air.

"You all simply have to meet each other! Mia and Alexis, meet Piper and Denise. Oh my gosh, it's so funny. I really thought I'd screwed up both your wishes, but you both ended up such cute couples!"

"The absolute cutest," Alexis said, thrusting out her chest and tousling her perfect blonde hair.

"Well, perhaps a runner up," Piper said, returning the gesture cheekily by flipping her red hair about.

"Calm down girls," Denise said, looming over them. "You simply have to tell us your story. I can't believe we all got changed into lesbian couples by the same pixie and never knew about it. We should join up in the shared Pride cause."

"Well, we're more focusing on general adjustment," Mia said.

"Of course! We can help out with that side of things though; we could combine stalls to give us all a louder voice, right? Besides, we love meeting new couples to make friends with."

"Oh, totes the same!" Alexis said. "And it's so, sooooo cool to finally have another couple we can, like, swap stories of change over!"

"Yeah, tell us what happened to you? I want all the details!"

The two couples began doing just that, going over the changes they'd had, the accidental results of Hazelheart's wishes, and their ultimate happiness. It didn't take long before the two pairs were laughing and swapping stories, including many amusing tales of both Piper and Alexis getting used to their new, rather impressive busts, including some wardrobe accidents in public and amusing anecdotes about dealing with their first periods. Piper shot back with the hilarious story of how Denise experienced racism for the first time, only to not realise it was directed at her, leaving the perp utterly befuddled. The fact that her figure could bench press the man only made it funnier. The fact that they were technically much older let to a few other tales of their older style of speaking causing humorous misunderstandings, while Mia had Alexis crying from laughter as she recounted how completely gaga she went on her first full shopping trip and nearly bought half the clothing store - well, the *pink* aisle, anyway.

"Oh dear," Denise said, wiping away her own tears. "To think all this mayhem came from this wonderful pixie. Thank you Hazelheart, you've done such a great job of - wait, where did she go?"

The four of them looked around, only to spot her flinging pixie dust over a rather ordinary man walking alongside his plain girlfriend, who herself got a bit of pixie dust on her.

The pair coughed briefly, breathing in the magical dust, before Hazelheart returned with a grin.

“Sorry, sorry, sorry! It’s just - I could hear their thoughts! They both wanted a new partner and weren’t happy, so I’m making them perfect for each other! Only . . . I hope I didn’t give the wrong body to the wrong partner . . . oh dear. I might have. Um . . . does the light-skinned man look like the kind of guy who wants to be a beautiful black woman?”

The two couples looked at each other, all four individuals sharing a grin.

“Here,” Mia said, thrusting out a pamphlet. Denise did the same. “Might want to give them these. It might be a good adjustment for them. I have a feeling our new super stall might be busier sooner than later.”

Epilogue: Wrapping Up

Featuring Alex the cowgirl once more from ‘Bessica’, Mary and Pauline from ‘Taking Responsibility,’ a brief cameo from the cast of ‘Erutell’, and a new transformee . . .

A literal dragoness and gorgeous medusa-like gorgon complete with long serpentine tail exited to the convention. They were followed by a succubus and a king and a queen, the last one with their own retinue and followers, as well as royal children in tow.

“Back to Erutell Castle, dear?” the king asked.

“Yes please, *my king*,” her instincts made her say. “I have need of the royal bed to relax. *Among other things.*”

The dragoness smirked, as did the medusa. They too planned to retreat to their cave for some fun. The succubi was already getting ready to fly. Her babysitter was seeing to her little demoness toddler, and she wanted to reward the handsome man with some very *fiery*, very *heated* passion. Payment in currency was so boring for a sex-starved succubi, after all. And to think all five of them had once been ordinary people who just happened to play the wrong cursed game. They weren’t unhappy about it now, even if they got more attention than they had once been used to. Certainly, they weren’t bullied anymore.

They were among many others who were leaving as the conventions wound down. Many of the talks, stalls, and convention events had been a huge success. Certainly, the *Living Your Best Breeding Life* event was among the most successful, which even Alex hadn’t anticipated. She’d popped her head in - she’d born octuplet calves, after all - and it hadn’t just been a few women with loads of babies, but many other transformees doomed to a life of perpetual pregnancy, huge litters, traditional ‘wivelyhood’ as they terms it, or even

some stuck with babies frozen in development in their bellies for years on end. Ivy Hartridge the mantis woman had laid nearly twenty eggs in the last eight hours alone, and her talk about adjusting to life as an insectoid broodmother with her own hive had been surprisingly moving. Deeply so, in fact. Her advice had more than helped others, including the former man whose discovery of the God Particle had left him as a *her*, with a body literally *primed* for breeding, and constantly birthing every few days in big litters. Litters that were far too big to fit in her belly, and yet by some physics-based insanity somehow did. Still, not everyone could be impressed. Even if men who had been turned into 1950's style housewives who were destined to be barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen walked out gossiping and sharing helpful tips and tricks to mentally adjust, some felt the whole thing was a waste of time.

"That didn't help at all, sister! Not at all! I was hoping someone could *undo* this damn curse of yours!"

"My curse? You're the one who did this to yourself! It was your attempt to punish me for being a so-called 'slut' that backfired when you screwed up the spell. Now you get to pay for it!"

"That doesn't mean I want to k-keep birthing - nnggh - babies every few days just because you keep having unprotected sex! Do you have any idea how many k-kids your ways put into m-me!?"

The two women talking were ones Alex remembered from the invite list.

Hang on, I think I recall those two. The incredibly pregnant one is Mary, and that's her sister Pauline. If I remember correctly, Mary tried to use a spellbook to teach her sister 'some responsibility' for being a partygirl, but something backfired. Now, whenever Pauline has unprotected sex, it's her sister that gets knocked up. And worse, the magic means her body can be full of babies at different gestational ages. And even worse, Pauline finds it almost impossible not to have unprotected sex, or to resist it at all. Geez, and I thought Sandra had it bag.

Mary groaned as her enormous boulder of a belly shuddered within her loose maternity dress. She had to cling to her slimmer sister, whose own figure was unburdened from pregnancy, and now always would be.

"Ohhhhhh, I th-think I'm going into l-labor."

"Again?"

Mary shot her sister a glare. "Yes, again! Because you probably had sex with two different men in one day nine months ago, meaning I'll give birth *twice* today! This is my life now!"

"Well, at least your husband is okay with it. And can afford it. Plus, you've got housemaids."

“Nghh, hardly the point! I’d like to s-see you have to endure l-labour all the t-time like I do! God, I c-can’t remember when I h-had three days - ahhh - of just being labor free. Not pregnancy f-free - I have to wait for menopause for that - but just p-pregnancy free! Ahhhh!”

She stopped, grunting, sweat pouring down her head. She turned her face to Alex, was briefly surprised by the oddity of a cowgirl again, and then recovered.

“You th-there! C-call me an ambulance! My w-water just broke, all thanks to my ridiculous s-sister!”

Pauline just sighed, helping her sister sit while Alex quickly dialled 911 on her phone. She was much better at using her hoof-hands now.

‘911, what’s your emergency?’

A very weird one, she thought, looking at the incredibly pregnant woman huffing and puffing, her milk-laden breasts stretching the top of her blue maternity dress. The poor woman had over hundred children by now, and would continue to have many, many more. *A good thing her husband is rich at least, right?*

“Thank G-God you’re taking a c-couple of these!” Mary sighed, wincing through a contraction. “Finally, you’re actually t-taking responsibility - argh!”

Pauline held her hand, slightly amused at her sister’s condition. “Well, I finally decided I wanted a kid or two. Just one or two though, sis, nothing more!”

“Well m-maybe stop having sex so I can stop having so many b-babies!”

“Sorry, your magic curse, my need to have babymaking sex, sis. At least you get all those government grants too, right?”

“That doesn’t help with l-labor! Ohhhh, here they c-come!”

Oh shit! Alex thought, rapidly communicating the situation to the emergency number. The birthing ward staff had already left, so this was necessary.

“C-come help already!” Mary demanded, and the poor cow-woman, who wasn’t exactly a trained midwife, was forced to trot over, her udder and boobs jostling, and help.

That was a nightmare, Alex thought.

Poor Mary had birthed twins the old fashioned way, but apparently was due to birth another one that night, maybe two depending on how frisky her sister had been nine months ago. Unfortunately, the sounds of babies crying had sent her milk production into absolute overdrive, causing her udder to be completely full to bursting. It had been a long twenty minutes in the bathroom using the pumps she’d hired. In the end, she’d produced *gallons* of milk.

Just part of my life as a goddamn cowgirl, udder and four huge tits and all.

She exited out into an empty convention centre, empty but for Sandra Sands who was helping directing the other remaining occupants; the convention staff who were helping pack up. Apparently the underwire support garments for transformees with radical breast expansion or udder growth had been a huge hit, as had the flexi-clothing a company had designed to accompany those with extra limbs and tails. They'd even sold quite a few of the milk pumps, one to Caitlin the cowtaur who had snapped that the ones on the farm weren't nearly as comfortable on her teats or breasts. So, last minute surprise births notwithstanding, the whole convention had been a success. There had even been quite a few generous donations to the transformee recovery fund they had set up, as well as random Christmas gifts for transformed children (this included those who had been unbirthed and reborn as children, or otherwise de-aged).

So why, after all this success, do I still feel kind of empty?

Alex smirked, her snout drawing back a little in her new bovine smile.

Well, metaphorically empty. This body is always full of milk. I can feel it filling up right at this moment. Stupid overproduction from hearing babies cry.

But she knew the reason: she had gone into the convention with the naive hope of meeting someone. It wasn't that she as if she were unhappy. She had accepted her life as a furry cowgirl, udder and extra pair of breasts and waggy tail and all - hell, she rather liked the tail, and the horns. Some days she even liked the fur when it shined or kept her warm in winter. But her best friend Jessica was also a cowgirl like her, with adorable anthro-calves like her, only Jess (or Bessica, as they jokingly referred her as) had a man in her life. A husband. Someone who saw past her cow-half to the woman behind it.

No, that's not true. He loves all of her. He doesn't look past her cow-half, he embraces it. A little too much, if you ask me. The man doesn't want for milk.

Her udder gurgled, filling up.

Man, even just a regular fuckbuddy to suck me dry instead of having to rely on my kids' sleep schedules would be nice. Too bad there aren't any men who found an octomom cowgirl like me all that-

"Alex! Finally, a moment to get you two to meet!"

Alex turned on the spot, perhaps a little too fast. It was lucky that her tail worked as a nice counterbalance to heavy udder and boobs, because otherwise she would have tipped over. Before her was Sandra, her pregnant co-organiser, her hands proudly on her hips as she smiled. Beside her was an individual who immediately took up *all* of Alex's attention. He was a tall (really tall, like *seven feet* tall) minotaur with a head that wasn't too bullish, but definitely possessed a half-snout like hers, and a wider skull. He had a lush dark brown main to complement his forest brown fur, and he was topless, wearing just cargo shorts that fit tightly over his muscular thighs. In fact, all of him was muscular. Deeply so. As in, *eight pack*

and a chest that could crush steel when it flexed kind of muscular. His biceps looked like they had biceps, though it was also just because he was a massive guy, not because he was grossly overmuscled or anything. Instantly, Alex felt her body light up with hormones; the kind that were *very* attracted to the man she was looking at. He extended a three-fingered hoofhand much like hers, and she couldn't help but notice as she took it that his gorgeous green eyes were taking in her whole figure, and lingering on her udder and breasts. Unlike other men, he wasn't looking with bizarre curiosity, or disgust, or just amused fascination. No, there was something deeply appreciative in the glint of his eye.

"Hello," he bellowed, voice impressively low. It almost made her loins tingle. Actually, it very much did. "I'm Carter. My flight was delayed, so I only just made it."

"I'm - I'm - I'm A-Alex," she said, finding it difficult to get her words out. *God, he's got muscles. He's huge. I wonder how big his - ugh, stop going into estrus, Alex! You're a mother or eight, he won't be interested!*

"A pleasure to meet you Alex, I've heard so much about you from Sandra and Jessica."

Sandra grinned, clearly impressed with herself for setting this up behind Alex's back. Alex glared only briefly, not really angry, but certainly surprised.

"Well, Carter. Um. It's great to meet you. You're a centaur? I mean, a minotaur?"

"Certainly am," he said. "Played the wrong puzzle game and answered the Riddle of the Minotaur wrong, so I became one. I actually used to be Caitlin, believe it or not."

I really can't, she thought to herself. *His musk alone is the manliest thing ever. Thank God for having big bovine nostrils, because this is damn addictive. How could this hunk have ever been a woman?*

"Wow, I can - I can barely believe it."

He bellowed out a laugh, and she laughed pathetically too, caught up in the moment.

"Lots of people say that," he said. "But you know how it is, you adjust. You didn't change gender, right?"

"No, I just - I mean, I was a fit girl. I can't exactly run anymore - udder and all."

"It's a beautiful udder."

She would have blushed red as a raspberry if she could have through her fur. Instead, her ropey tail wagged side to side in joy.

"I'll leave you two to get to know each other," Sandra said smugly, exiting stage left. "I'll take care of the rest of the pack up!"

She waddled off, clutching her stomach, leaving the two bovine transformees to take each other in. Alex's heart beat in her chest. More than that, her fat nipples were stiffening just at the sight of this minotaur. She struggled to think of what to say.

“Um, looks like you missed the show, sadly. I’m sorry you couldn’t make it for all the good bits.”

Carter then did literally the sexiest thing she could have imagined, and did it casually. He leaned forward, placing a muscled arm up against a wall, and loomed over her with a confident smoothness, his abs right up close, his eyes gazing over her form.

“I don’t know about that,” he said easily. “In fact, I think I arrived at the perfect time, Alex. Forgive me if I’m forward - minotaur instincts, you know - but you really are the most beautiful woman.”

She gulped. *Holy shit. What - what do I even say to that? I used to be good at this! Jessica was the plain girl who sucked at flirting and dating! Am I that rusty? Ugh, this is a dream and a nightmare. Those muscles . . .*

“I - wow, thanks. Not many people call me that. I mean, the udder puts them off.”

“Most people are idiots. Your figure is amazing. Maybe I’m just biased as a minotaur, but you really look hot. Again, I’m being forward here, but Jessica and Sandra practically paid for my flights here all because I kept asking about you.”

“Y-you did?”

“Oh yeah. They told me that you were hard-working, funny, adaptable, and most of all a loyal individual. All qualities I like. And besides, I won’t lie, the pictures of you kind of drove me crazy. They didn’t do justice to you though. You’re a lot more woman up close.”

Oh God oh God oh God oh God, don’t fuck this up.

“I’ve got kids!” she blurted, immediately fucking this up. “Eight of them. Um, you should know that. I, uh, got very ‘in season’ during my change. I don’t know who the father was. Some guy at a club before I went all cowgirl. They’re at home. I love them. They’re my precious calves. It’s just me raising them, a single cow. A single mom, I mean. Um . . . you should know that. Sorry.”

Fuck. I am royally hoofing myself later.

But to her surprise, Carter just bellowed that laugh again. “They also told me you were honest. And I should tell you something about myself too. When I was Caitlin, I was a childcare worker, and I still am as Carter. I *love* kids. They don’t scare me at all. In fact, I kind of wish I had some of my own, you know. But that’s getting ahead of myself. I’m just saying that, well, would you like-”

“*Would you like to go out with me on a date?*” Alex blurted out, barely able to contain herself. She was bouncing nervously on her hoofs, causing all four breasts to wobble in her top. Carter had definitely noticed, and was smiling.

“Alex, I would love nothing more,” he said. “In fact, if you’d like to leave now, I know just the place that sells the best vegetarian burgers in town. Well, my research tells me such anyway. Care to join?”

Oh, I care to join. I care to join absolutely, you sexy minotaur hunk. Get your head back in the game Alex, and don't screw this up. I am totally going back to the farm in a few days and I'll be telling Jessica I've got a hot minotaur boyfriend. Maybe even a future daddy for my babies, if things go right. Mhmmm, or a daddy to future babies . . . wait, those are estrus thoughts. Don't jump the gun, moron!

Thankfully, Carter's hoof-hand around her waist helped her adjust herself to the present as he led her out of the convention. She passed Sandra, who giggled to herself happily.

Thank you, Alex mouthed as she passed.

He's packing! Sandra mouthed back, making an amusing gesture that Carter couldn't see. It made Alex all the more eager to get out of there. In fact, her udder and breasts were already tightening with produce at the thought of coupling with him.

"So, Carter, what's your policy on milk?" she asked him idly as her udder began to fill up further.

The minotaur looked at her and grinned. "Would you believe me if I said it's my favourite drink in the world?"

Alex beamed. *I think this is going to go very well*, she thought.

"Good, because if this dinner goes well, I might be up for serving some drinks later, if you know what I mean."

Carter knew alright. Suffice to say, drinks were had that evening. Quite passionately too. As far as Alex was concerned, the Transformation Convention couldn't have gone better. And Christmas joy had come early. And often.

The End