

Carl sighed as he stared at his watch impatiently. Already 10 minutes late. Shit. He was used to this kind of tardiness from his girlfriend. But his sister was another matter. She was becoming more and more impatient as the minutes ticked past. Carl was worried she would explode right there from anger!

Cecile had impossibly high standards for the women Carl dated. It was almost impossible for him to find a girlfriend she would even approve of. It had been a small miracle that she'd even agreed to meet Heather at all. It wouldn't have mattered so much if her opinion of him hadn't been so important. It went back to their childhood and was not a habit so easily shaken.

Carl had been dating Heather for a few months now, and things were starting to get serious. The only drawback to their relationship was Heather's job. She was a professional chef, working in one of the city's finest dining establishments. Though the restaurant was upper class, her working conditions were certainly anything but. She worked long, erratic hours, and usually every weekend and holiday.

While her job may have been decently paying, her workplace was understaffed and overworked. Even on her days off, she was immensely exhausted. And she had more than a small temper to boot. Hours of dealing with over-demanding servers and bosses while trying to run a kitchen of imbeciles who were hardly qualified to be there would affect almost anyone's temperament.

After several weeks, Carl had finally relented to his sister's pestering and agreed to have Heather over for dinner. He had been skeptical at first, but he knew Cecile would keep badgering until he relented. To his equal parts relief and trepidation, Heather had planned to cook for them. She rarely cooked at home but wanted to make a good impression on Carl's older sister, something Carl was thankful for. His sister could be mean sometimes but family was important to him.

At last, Heather pulled into the modest house, getting out of her car and dragging herself inside. She tried to make herself up for the occasion, but even the bare minimum of female fashion sense escaped her. She only wore a chef's outfit at work, after all! Besides, she would be cooking for them tonight. She wouldn't have wanted to get nice clothes dirty!

Carl heard the knock on the door and rushed to greet his sweetheart. Cecile tried not to roll her eyes. She hated how lovestruck Carl got over women. It was embarrassing! The women in their family never degraded themselves in such a fashion. Men were only tools for helping them to produce daughters, after all.

Little did anyone outside the family know, all the women of their bloodline had inherent magical abilities. Some might call them witches, as was the term for women with any ability long ago. Cecile had always laughed at such stories. Had any of the women put on trial been real witches, they would have transformed their accusers into all kinds of vermin and easily escaped their clutches!

Still, the members of her coven preferred to keep a low profile. It wasn't any use to reveal themselves to the world when their numbers were so few. And besides, wasn't it more fun to manipulate events from the sidelines, using their abilities inconspicuously to influence a few small instances and see the fruits of their labor over the course of years to come?

Unfortunately, the gift of magic was completely lost on all male children. Carl had grown up in a family of powerful women, only to be treated as inferior to his sister, mother, and his female cousins. Still, he had managed the best he could. He tried to make a name for himself in the human world and had some success in a stable IT job. Naturally, it wasn't enough to impress his family, but he was certain nothing he could do ever would. Besides, he'd met Heather in the process. She was a wonderful woman. Her fiery temper and passion complemented his own nervousness rather well.

Carl greeted Heather with a kiss, the sight making Cecile stifle a gag. She hated such gross displays of affection. Still, a part of her realized Carl needed to settle down with a woman in order to father some offspring. Any daughters he did father would have the chance to carry the genetics for magic. That above all else was of vital importance to the family and coven. So, Cecile had no choice but to put up with the pathetic women he tried to date, in hopes he would give the family what they needed, thus fulfilling his one purpose.

Cecile gave Heather a once over, clearly unimpressed with the sight of Heather's attire. Still, Heather was determined to make this work. She had been warned well in advance of Cecile's...attitude towards outsiders. She didn't care so much about impressing the woman. But she did love Carl enough to try. And besides, her temperament demanded that she rise to the challenge and impress even the pickiest of women.

She excused herself to the kitchen to begin preparing the lobster that Carl had bought beforehand. They were frozen and dead, of course, and Heather had some experience cooking them. She had brought with her a special blend of spices and seasonings for extra effect.

Heather quickly mapped out everything in the kitchen, noting the locations of all her equipment. She set to work, making sure all her supplies were in place before washing up. She

wanted to be fast, but above all, she needed to be precise. Much like in the restaurant business, both were essential.

“Not bad, little brother,” Cecile smirked. Yet, Carl recognized the condescending tone in her voice. She might have been at least somewhat impressed, but only to the level she could feel towards a human.

Carl could only lower his head in shame. He wouldn't dare talk back to his sister. He'd learned his lesson early in life. His sister had a habit of inflicting a series of cruel punishments on him whenever he spoke up. It had been years since he'd felt such harassment directly, yet he was adamant that he did not want to experience it again in his adult life.

Cecile only smirked at her brother's cowardice. Men were fragile creatures, their egos so easily bruised. He was so inferior, it made her sick sometimes. He couldn't even use magic! She was determined he be reminded of his inferiority at every turn. It was his lot in life, after all.

A loud crash from the other room broke her from her silent reflections. Cecile shook her head in frustration, feeling a little disgusted. That girl her useless brother brought home was supposed to be a wiz in the kitchen. She did it for a living, after all! And yet from the sounds of pans falling and the muffled cursings, Heather seemed as much a clutz as anyone she could get to cook for her off the street! Useless!

Yet, Cecile, for her part, did stop to compose herself. She didn't want to stoop down to the level of mere humans, knowing they weren't worth it. They lacked her abilities, after all, and could not be faulted for it. A few spells and Cecile could easily whip up a far superior dish. But, she'd agreed, for whatever reason, to allow Heather to cook for them. It seemed to matter to the two of them, and there was a certain level that she needed to be on their good side, that she might have access to any nieces the pair produced.

And she would have been able to hold her temper, Cecile was sure. That was until the massive *bang* of one of her pots hitting the floor caught her ears. Damn clutz. She was going to ruin Cecile's kitchen before she even started what poor excuse she considered cooking. Such genes did not belong in her family. What had that idiot of her brother been thinking, dating someone like this!? He needed to do much better for their bloodline!

In the kitchen, Heather swore under her breath as she picked up the pot of boiling water she'd carelessly dropped. A week of double shifts at her work had left her more than a little burned out, fatigued and careless. She scanned the area for a mop to clean up the remaining water, not wanting to experience the shame of requesting one from her host. Though, surely, the

pair had heard such a sound and knew exactly what had transpired. She was so fucking embarrassed!

“What’s going on?!” A shrill woman’s voice rang out as Cecile stormed into the room. Her haze swept the mess and let out an angry yell. “You’re supposed to be a fucking chef and you make this mess in *my* kitchen! What right do you have to be here! Carl deserves much better than *you*!”

Heather was more than a little pissed off at the outburst. She had made a little mistake and this woman was already treating her worse than her bosses at work! Sure, it had been more than a little mess, but she was willing to clean it up. Worse, that witch had the gull to insult Heather’s worth as a girlfriend. Heather didn’t fucking need this!

“What the fuck is your problem!” Heather yelled as she shoved past Cecile and into the living area. She glanced at Carl but she didn’t think he even deserved an explanation at this point. She would talk to him when she calmed down, maybe. But for now, she was done. No amount of apology would have her back in the kitchen to cook for such a bitch!

Cecile watched Heather storm out with rage in her eyes. How dare a mere human touch *her*! She went to raise a hand to strike the woman with a bolt of energy when she stopped herself. No, she could do better than that!

Cecile stepped out into the main room in time to watch Heather donning her shoes and jacket. She could tell how pissed off the woman was. She may have been a mortal, but damn if she didn’t have some spunk. There was potential there, after all, as a worthy mate for her lineage.

A fitting punishment was all that was needed. Nothing permanent. Just enough to teach her a lesson about disrespecting her betters. Putting her in her place was all that was required. Cecile couldn’t really blame the poor girl, after all. Witches were all but unknown to mortals. Still, she intended to instill some fear in her. And she had just the thing in mind

“Not sticking around for supper?” Cecile asked, a mocking tone in her voice. She was trying to get a rise out of the other woman, and from the expression on Heather's face, it was working perfectly!

Heather was shocked. Who did this bitch think she was? It was one thing to insult her fallacy in the kitchen, but to come out here and antagonize her? She went to yell but held her tongue. She could see Carl out of the corner of her eye, almost cowering at the aggressive energy

permeating the room. She didn't want to show him this side of her. He had done nothing wrong. It was not his fault that his sister was such a bitch!

"You're not good enough for him, you know," Cecile said as if reading her thoughts. She wanted to see how the woman would react, to ensure she was truly worthy breeding stock.

That was all Heather could take. She threw on her shoes, resisting the temptation to walk over and strike the woman. She at least needed to leave before she did something that everyone regretted!

"You bitch!" She yelled, turning to slam the door.

"You really are boiling mad," Cecile said, a smirk. It seemed from her clumsiness in the kitchen, Heather was terribly inadequate at cooking lobster. Perhaps a stint at being one would help her learn to improve her technique, and cool her down in the process!

Carl stared in shock at the glowing energy around Cecile's finger. She wouldn't, would she? But he was all too aware of the extent of his sister's powers and the hair-trigger at which she would use them. Age had not tempered the cruel streak Cecile had as a child.

"No don't!" Carl yelled out. But it was already too late. The beam of nearly invisible energy had sprung from Cecile's hands and struck Heather, leaving her frozen in place momentary as the magic sunk in.

"What the hell?" Heather asked, not having seen the invisible energy. But she had felt something burning strike her, she was sure. What was that psycho woman doing pointing a finger at her? What had she done?

"It's simple, my dear," Cecile said, in that same condescending tone that Heather had come to hate. "I'm just putting you in your place. You see, I am what you would call a witch. It is an abhorrence for one of your kind to speak up to me like that. Yet one that is easily corrected. You have such a boiling temper. I'm just helping you cool off a bit with a simple transfiguration spell!"

Heather felt a little dizzy as something began to wash over her. Her abdomen began to twitch and ache slightly at the woman's words. It had to be a placebo reaction. She knew that kind of bravado was bullshit, that such things were not possible.

Still, she couldn't ignore the continued discomfort in her abdomen. It was as though something was inside of her trying to crawl its way out. Yet, no amount of food poisoning or cramps could account for the sensations that were assaulting her insides.

Suddenly, a sharp pain overtook her, and she cried out from the shock and agony. She sank to the floor, the pain in her chest growing worse and worse. It was almost like something was inside of her, trying to crawl its way out. Yet, that was insane, wasn't it? What was going on?

Indeed, something was tearing its way out of the flesh of her stomach as Heather felt the pain of its penetration. She cried out as whatever it was pushed further against her skin, piercing through their confinement and growing still. She could even fucking *feel* the damn things moving! She didn't know what they were, but she shivered as she felt them touch the sides of her shirt.

Despite the pain, she needed to see what was happening. She shucked off her shirt, not caring she was exposed in front of the other woman. Yet, she was not prepared for the reality of the situation, and Heather screamed as she stared at the alien limbs tearing out of her abdomen. There were three pairs of dark green protrusions sticking out from her chest, growing longer as she watched. What the fuck...!?

As she watched, two pointed edges took shape at the ends of each growth. Though immobile, they resembled for all the world like little fucking claws! The spindly appendages grew longer before her eyes, as though they were a natural part of her anatomy. Still, they had room to develop, and Heather could feel every snap as what could only be described as joints popped into place all along their edges. Though Heather was no expert, they looked like the legs of some kind of insect!

The sight of the massive limbs bursting out of her abdomen was nearly enough to make her faint. She had to be hallucinating. Yet she could feel every inch of the new limbs as they grew longer, reaching similar dimensions to her arms. They flailed widely, her ability to control them absent. All she could do was scream in terror as they moved against her will.

A tingling sensation from his scalp left Heather crying as her hair began falling to the floor. Her tears cascaded down her face, leaving a wake of greenish skin along her skin where they touched. As the last of the follicles fell to the floor, Heather could feel something poking out above the bare skin of her forehead, almost as though taking their place. Yet, in her current state, she was too afraid to touch it.

As though an unavoidable onslaught, her mouth began to ache, and her screams of terror were cut short as her vocal cords tingled and disappeared. She tried to scream over and over but no sound came out. She could only continue to cry wordlessly as something tingled near the base of her jaw. Her silent panic was clear on still-human features as more limbs began erupting out of her mouth, her chin, and her neck. It felt like dozens of little arms were rapidly developing, all moving randomly at their birth. She could only stare in horror as more burst forth from her still-pink human skin. It was a nightmare she wanted to wake up from!

Almost thankfully, her view of them began to blur as her eyes became irritated, not just from her tears but from the next alteration to her form. Heather could feel her eyes bulging like all the veins and connections were hardening and literally pushing her eyes out of her sockets. She was slowly being granted a wide view of her body, now able to see the discoloration in her skin start to spread from her face. The image was proceeded by a hardening of her skin, changing composition to something meant to entirely support her structure.

Even the alterations to her vision could not hide the reality of what she now had to bear witness to. She could see every new limb flailing as even more poked out from around her mouth. It was harder to count them all given her limited vision. Heather would have continued to weep if she could have, though the ducts no longer had that ability. She wished she didn't have to see the horrific changes!

All of a sudden, her eyes went dark, as though granting her wish. Yet, she nearly panicked from the sudden blindness. Though they could no longer detect light in the way she had cherished, Heather could still feel them weave wildly on her still developing stalks. After a few moments of effect, she realized that could still see, though her vision consisted of a thousand scattered images that were all dark and blurry.

Another pop resonated from her forehead as the antennae on her head made themselves known with new sensory connections formed in her former skull. She could feel two pairs waving around, detecting all sorts of vibrations whose source she couldn't even begin to guess at. She could somewhat discern where things were, especially large moving shapes that were likely humans.

Yet, worse of all were the vibrations coming from her still-changing body. Her nose had pressed out to form the beginnings of a crustacean rostrum. Her mouth shrank as her lips faded away, forming a small O that was in reach of the first pairs of her new maxilla. Her neck melted away, joining her head to her torso as the thick greenish-brown carapace covered the rest of her face.

Next, her hands began to ache as the fingers fused into a single solid mass of immobile flesh. The same greenish exoskeleton started coating her former hands as it formed ridges and bumps along the base. Her thumb thickened and bulged out with the new carapace, losing its range of motion. With a wave of despair, Heather realized she could only click the masses of flesh open and closed in frustration. Thankful for her inability to see, Heather was still aware she was losing her hands, feeling them shifting into lobster claws.

Deep down, she was certain that was what she was becoming. Even though she could no longer see, the feelings from her changing body lead her to no other conclusion. That, with the witch's words, began to sink in as her reality.

The changes marched relentlessly forward as her arms began shifting composition to match the other pairs of decapod legs. Her elbows snapped out of place as several more joints started popping up along their length. Her shoulders slumped forward as they formed the same indentation that attached her other legs to her body. Her still-human legs snapped with the same arthropod segments as the toes fused into clawed appendages. All the bones and muscles dissolved as the hardening exoskeleton took over the functions of support.

With a series of cracks that ran up through her lower body, Heather fell forwards, her legs no longer able to support her. Yet she was already shrinking, and the fall was not that impactful with her multiple limbs to support her. She stood firm on her legs as her claws waved helplessly in the air.

The changes centered in her stomach as her organs began to dissolve into simpler shapes. Her heart, her stomach, and her lungs all melted and reformed into a one-way system to provide circulation through her body. Heather felt that such should have killed her several times over, but, mercilessly, the process kept her alive, forced to be a lobster for perhaps the rest of her life if the witch willed it so.

Perhaps most embarrassing so far, her ass started to balloon outwards as the ends formed a pair of flattened ridges, a crustacean telson. Her back stretched out into several segments, each growing more and more gill filaments along their bottom. With lungs gone, Heather started to realize in horror that it was hard to breathe, that her body was failing to get any air! She wouldn't die, not yet. But she couldn't exist on land indefinitely!

As best as she could tell, the change was nearly done. Heather could feel her asshole and sex shifting, her slit merging with her anus as it stretched forwards towards her last set of legs. Her anus began to melt into her vagina, the ending to her digestive tract forming just within the opening. Most disturbing of all, her reproductive organs began shifting uncomfortably inside her.



Her shrinking body trembled slightly as something began to form inside, what she assumed was the beginnings of eggs. Despite the horror of her changes, it felt almost orgasmic to feel arthropod eggs forming inside of her. That realization sent an unexpected shiver of pleasure through her, a stark contrast to the disgust she so far felt towards the process.

Her body continued to shrink as what was left of her bones dissolved into nothing and the greenish-black carapace spread its way over her body, serving as the external skeleton that she now needed for support. Within moments, all that remained of her former human body was a live lobster, lacking the reddish shade of her already cooked brethren in the kitchen. She tried walking, though was hilariously slow and unruly on the carpet in the room.

The visible changes done, Cecile laughed at the sight of her handiwork. Watching the former woman squirm and writhe as she turned into their dinner was very amusing. That would teach her for back talking a witch!

Stunned for the entire process, Carl finally found his voice as his girlfriend's form finished changing into a bottom feeder. He had been fearful of horrific changes happening right before his eyes. But at last, he came out of his stunned stupor. Cecile had gone too far this time!

“What the fuck! You can't do this! Change her back now!” Carl yelled, standing up with his fists balled. He had no fear for his own safety at the moment, feeling only rage at the line that Cecile had crossed.

Cecile looked at her brother with some degree of admiration. It was the first time he'd ever shown a backbone in their entire relationship, not since she had literally taken it from him by turning him into various bugs in their youth. Yet, the novelty was quickly wearing thin. He needed to be put back in his place.

That now-familiar glow appeared on her fingertips as she smiled her powerful, malicious grin and fired the same bolt of energy directly into his chest. Carl had no time to react as he felt the changes slowly encroach over his form. His sides began to burn, and he cried out in agony as what he knew to be his new crustacean limbs began bursting out of his abdomen. The clawed appendages began squirming wildly as they pressed uncomfortably in his shirt.

Cecile gave him a wicked smile as she walked over, pulling up Carl's shirt and exposing the greenish-brown multi-jointed limbs. He could feel them move, feel even inch and segment, yet he had no control over them.

Carl stared in horror as the fingers on his hand began to fuse, forming a single mass that was overtaken with the now-familiar discoloration. He tried desperately to wiggle his fingers but was unable to keep them apart as the hardened carapace spread up his hands. With a sickening realization, Carl knew the bones had melted under his skin as he lost the ability to flex the structure.

“Cecile...” He moaned as new joints opened up under the hardened masses that had been his hands. In horror, he flexed his useless lobster claws open and closed slowly. The disgusting greenish exoskeleton spread up his wrists and had destroyed his former range of motion.

“Now, now, little brother. You know better than to mess with me. Your punishment will be the same as your bitch.”

“Don’t worry though, I’m not going to use either of you as my dinner. That would defeat the purpose of my punishment. And besides, I am quite sure you’d taste foul! Rather, I’m going to keep you both as my pets!”

Different colored energy sprang forth from her fingers as a large smooth tank appeared in the center of the room. The tank filled with saltwater, pebbles, and other ornaments at the bottom. Cecile picked up the other flailing, dehydrated lobster and placed her in the tank. Heather sank to the bottom, her clawed feet finding purchase on the sandy surface. Her gill slits started billowing around in the water, filtering the oxygen and allowing her to breathe.

Carl could only moan as his arms snapped with several new joints, the bones and muscles all melting away as his arms flailed wildly. His shoulders merged into his chest until he was left with only a pair of indents to house the new clawed limbs. The changes moved down his legs as they cracked into decapod shapes and he sank to the floor, his claws clacking from the impact. He groaned as his ass began to recede and his back stretched out to form his new abdomen. Dozens of gill filaments sprang out from the individual segments as his swimmerets began flailing wildly as were the rest of his new appendages.

Most embarrassing of all, he could feel his cock shrinking as his balls retracted into his body. His penis opened into a long cavity that swiftly merged with his shrinking anus. Though his member and balls were gone, he instinctively knew that he was still indeed male. Something inside him ached with need, stimulated him inside and out. He grunted from the horrific realization. He couldn’t be aroused, not like this!

“Stop this...turn us bac-...” He moaned as his mouth started to shrink, his voice suddenly lost. It was no matter anyways. Cecile had no intention of listening to his pleas. His ears were shrinking as well, and he could no longer hear the buzz of the fridge or even his sister’s cackling.

Cecile regarded him with a bit of sympathy as his hard exoskeleton spread up his back and over his chest, condensing the many segmented legs. His heart, his lungs, his bones, his stomach, all of that was turned to mush inside of him. All that remained was a simple system for one-directional clear fluid to nourish his insides.

Carl felt hair fall away as the skin crawled up his head, reducing his neck to nothing as his head began to fuse with the rest of his thorax. He could feel two pairs of antennae sprout from the hardening flesh, waving in the air and picking up vibrations all around him. His nose pressed out into a rostrum as his mouth shrank. He stared in horror at the tips of all the maxilla that were pushing their way out of his changed mouth and chin.

The last thing to change was his eyes. He wondered if that was intentional; had Cecile wanted him to suffer by seeing the horrifying changes before losing his eyesight? His eyes dimmed and faded as the new blackened orbs pushed out slightly on their new eye stocks. He would have been thankful for his partial blindness, but the images of change were already burned into his mind forever.

Carl couldn't see anymore, but he could feel Cecile standing over him. He was still aware of the slight pressure against his body and realized that Cecile was picking him up to be placed in the tank alongside his former girlfriend. His suspicions were confirmed from the cool rush of water as his body came alive, moving in the water like his body was meant to.

Carl felt around the tank, sensing the vibrations all around in his antenna. He was aware of more of his surroundings than he had been on land. He could sense one other in the water with him, one of his kind. There was an almost arousing scent, causing a further stirring in his genital pore. It was a female, he realized with certainty

Heather, meanwhile, was now aware of the male in the tank with her. She, too, felt powerfully aroused, needing the eggs swelling inside of her to be fertilized. She crawled forward, touching her antenna against his as she determined the size of the creature in the tank with her. He was larger than her, certainly a male.

The mating act was rather quick. Using his claws, Carl lifted Heather on her side until she tipped over and flailed on her back. He then crawled on top of her, positioning his genital pore over her swimmerets as the feelings of pleasure rose to a crescendo. His body trembled as his

pore injected a small quantity of sperm onto the female's swimmerets, just as lobsters had been designed to do.

Heather could detect every feathery appendage catch and carry the male's deposit as it was guided towards her own genital opening. She felt the sticky fluid being propelled inside of her, and part of her brain was immensely content. Bits of pleasure welled from inside her body as her eggs were ejected and came into contact with the life-giving fluid. She would lay them soon, once they were fully fertilized and ready.

Having successfully mated, Heather slowly righted herself in the tank and proceeded to join the male, who she somehow knew was Carl. Her thoughts started to slowly fade under the simple desires of the lobster mind alongside her own. Both lobsters moved their maxilla, trying to catch bits of detritus in the tank that they would consume for food.

Cecile stared at the two lobsters in the tank, watching them flail around trying to regain their bearings. She wouldn't leave them that way forever, of course. She just wanted to put the new girl in her place along with her insolent brother. They would soon know better than to stand up to her!

Still, she found it amazing to watch them mate. Perhaps she'd wait until the eggs were produced before she changed them back. Raise and force them to eat their offspring years later. Wouldn't that be a shock!

In truth, she rather liked the brazenness of Carl's new date. Assuming she'd still want to stay with him after they changed back, of course. Not everyone would wish to date someone in a witch's family, especially after spending a few days as a lobster. Still, she could always erase the girl's memories, leaving a well-earned fear and respect instilled in her subconscious. And perhaps a disgust at eating lobster and the need to go swimming more often, Cecile thought with a malicious grin.