

Morgan's Halloween Party (Multi TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Morgan decides she's going to visit a raucous Halloween party on a nearby campus. To spice things up, she decides to spike the alcoholic punch with some extra magical serum, and let everyone's costumes decide their fates. Soon, everyone is being transformed into real examples of their costumes, from crossdressing jocks to two-person unicorns to pretty mermaids.

Morgan's Halloween Party

Introduction

Morgan was feeling bored. For most people, a bored night would simply mean curling up on the couch to watch a good movie or browsing the internet or going to bed early. But Morgan was not like most people, not at all. Morgan was a witch, one who could be very mischievous, leaving a trail of chaos in her wake, especially when she was bored. As a devotee of transformative magic, she loved to use her powers to deliver karmic punishments, such as turning sexist men into busty women who just can't help but be attracted to men, or changing animal abusers into the very species they were cruel to. But the plain fact was that Morgan simply loved using magic, period. And if there wasn't a deserving punishment to deliver, she'd use her powers anyway if she wanted to, simply so she could. Change was fun, and sometimes it was especially sweet leaving someone transformed into another gender, species, or even into a mythological creature for no other reason than poor wording on their part, or an amusing comment, or simply because it seemed poetic.

So, as you can imagine, a bored Morgan was a very dangerous thing. Especially so on the 31st of October, with Halloween celebrations everywhere. Normally, she would be celebrating, enjoying the sight of trick or treaters and indulging in some changes herself, but today she didn't feel like that. She wanted something more . . . vibrant. Which was why she was on a stroll across the nearby college grounds, amusing herself by finding the most raucous Halloween party around; the kind of place that would be ripe for change.

"Hmmm," she said to herself, taking in the options, "now *that* looks like a party."

The fraternity, whatever it was called, was lit up by numerous decorations and lights, and the sound of cheering university students already getting drunk and partying hard. Music was playing aggressively loud, and everyone seemed to be in some sort of costume: there

were the usual sexy nurses and doctors and police officers and the like, as well as the 'oh-so-hilarious' men and women dressed as the opposite gender, terrible makeup and fake goatees and all. But others had more fantastical costumes that piqued Morgan's interest even further: a laughing girl in an upright cow costume, a pack of mermaids with seashell bras, a pair of college bro types sharing a unicorn costume, an angel-devil dating pair, a sexy vampiress, a werewolf, and so on. It was exactly the kind of opportunity that could relieve her boredom.

"Oh, this is going to be fantastic. But what shall I wear?"

With a twist of her magic, her clothes changed around her curvaceous body. Her brunette hair turned midnight black, and her red dress became much more old-fashioned and modest, with a red hood over her head. A basket appeared in her right hand, and ruby red lipstick upon her lips. In moments, she had become the image of Little Red Riding Hood, carrying her apples. With a skip, she moved to the frat. It didn't matter that she was technically a good few years older than these twenty-somethings. After all, her magic made her practically ageless. Still, she made herself look to be about twenty two, which seemed to be the median age of this group. And then, her 'poisoned' apples at the ready, she moved indoors.

Within, the party was even more heightened than she had anticipated. *Everyone* was dressed up and partying and singing and dancing and drinking, splitting up into their various cliques and social groups. The jocks cackled as they set up their booze trains, while the popular cheerleader-type girls were dancing to the music, raising their red cups up to the air. By the kitchen area, a number of elite types in much better-made costumes were quite clearly munching on special brownies and laughing at jokes that would not ordinarily be so funny. But it was evident that this was not just a party for the popular kids on campus, but instead intended to simply be the biggest blast of a party for the whole college. Which meant that Morgan blended in easily. It was a big university; who was to say she didn't belong? Certainly, more than a few male eyes turned her way as she passed. She was a very attractive woman, and not even her modest costume could conceal the impressive shape of her bust or the wide shape of her hips.

"Hello, good looking," a man said to her right. He was an enormous quarterback type, and like several of his buddies, he was wearing a badly-fitting women's dress and sporting terrible makeup on his face.

"Not as good looking as you'll be," Morgan said with a smile. "Can you tell me where the punch is? There's always good punch at parties like this right?"

"Mhm, looking to get a little tipsy, hot stuff?"

"I'm looking to get *everyone* a little tipsy," she said, grinning sweetly. It wasn't a lie. "It'll be a fun change of pace I think."

He gestured to where the punch was, and she headed in that direction. To her shock, someone slapped her against the ass. She turned and gazed up at the muscled jock, whose hand was still hovering near her rear. He was smirking, his mates chuckling. A few of the mermaid girls also found it amusing, already cosying up against their boyfriends.

“That one’s for free,” she said, recovering. “Next time, *I’m* the one that will be doing the slapping.”

There was an ‘oohhh!’ from the amused crowd, and she moved on. She had to push past the annoying two-man unicorn costume first, of course.

“Sorry lady! We’re coordinating two people here!”

“Yeah, and I’m the horse’s ass, ha!”

They seemed to find it hilarious to bump and knock into people left and right.

“Don’t worry,” she replied, shifting past. “You’re going to be working a lot better together in the future. As one, even.”

“Okay, weirdly cryptic lady!” the ‘head’ said, before the pair began galloping over to the living room to grab more drinks. They were tipsy enough as it was. Morgan was already looking forward to that change. She followed behind them, through the thick cluster of costumed people. A boyfriend-girlfriend pair wearing shared clothes to make them look like a two-headed creature cussed her out for getting in their way, while the girl was flirting in a ridiculous way with two of the boys near her.

“Go on, guys! Give my *udders* a tug! Oh yeah, bet you’d love to milk me good, wouldn’t you?”

She gestured to her fake udder, pulling the teats in an obscene fashion.

“Oh, I bet they will,” Morgan said to herself. Then aloud, she spoke to the sexy vampire: “That is one awesome costume, by the way. You might come out of this pretty okay.”

“Th-thanks?” the confused woman said.

“Not much bust though. I’ll make sure to have that fixed. Try the punch later.”

The vampire looked confused, as did werewolf and the devil-angel pair who received similar compliments. But Morgan didn’t stay to explain: she was too busy moving to the punch and getting in line.

“This is an awesome party, right?” a man said ahead of her.

“It is! What are you dressed as?”

The guy looked a bit awkward in his large costume. “Um, I mean I was a bit late ordering my costume, and the shops only had this queen bee costume left. So, uh, I guess I’m a King Bee?”

Morgan found it hard not to smirk. “Well, I’m sure that’s true. Do you mind if I try the punch ahead of you? I got to the party late.”

She gave him her sweetest, most flirty smile.

“Oh, of course! Y-yeah! Get in. I don’t know a lot of people here. I’m not, you know, that popular. Did you want to hang out or something? I don’t have a lot of people to catch up with here.”

“Sorry, I’ve got to go and watch stuff go down,” she said. “But don’t worry: you’re going to be very, *very* popular soon. Remember, you’ll catch a lot of flies with honey, and suitors too. Besides, you’ll have your own hive. Bzzt bzzt!”

“Um, cool?”

Morgan stepped ahead of him and stepped up to the table of punch. She grabbed an apple out of her basket and placed it in the first bowl of punch, then repeated that with each of the other bowls as well. Each apple bobbed within, slowly infusing the alcoholic punch with a transformative magic that would turn each individual who drank from them into a representation of their costume. And to make sure that they all did indeed drink from the punch, the apples had a secondary incantation placed upon them; a unique magical pheromone which would entice everyone in the building’s radius to have a taste.

“All done,” she said.

“Not going to drink any?” King Bee asked.

“Oh, I couldn’t do that. Red Riding Hood is too pure! But you enjoy it! Everyone should enjoy a good Halloween Punch!”

She giggled to herself and walked away. She’d continue to hang around and enjoy the chaos, but from here on out, the story was now *theirs!*

Story 1: Queen Bee

Evan was starting to feel a bit weird after drinking the punch. It was really delicious, and he had started hiccuping from the buzz; he wasn’t a big drinker. He had continued to move through the party crowd, trying to make the acquaintance of those around him, but never quite fitting in. He was a short, scrawny nerd with thick glasses and ridiculous costume that had a big bee butt that made it hard to manoeuvre about, so while he was dressed as a queen/king bee, he certainly wasn’t a social butterfly.

And yet, after just twenty or so minutes of awkward mingling and trying to talk to girls who weren’t interested in him, a group slowly began to coalesce around his figure. And not just any kind of people, but some of the most popular jocks and sports figures around.

“Hey Evan,” Jackson Ridley, one of the star quarterbacks, said. “It’s really cool you’re here, man.”

“R-really?” he stammered. “I didn’t think you even knew my name.”

“Oh yeah,” Ricky Banting said, drawing closer, “we all know your name, man. We always make fun of you and stuff, but we’ve got to change that. You’re actually pretty cool to be around.”

“Yeah, your costumes hot,” Sabrina Atkinson said, drawing closer. She was dressed as one of the mermaids, and indeed was one of the sexiest girls on campus. “Seriously, I totally want to feel up your big bee behind, baby.”

Evan looked at them, wondering if they were just mocking him, but they appeared to be serious. His gut clenched, perhaps out of embarrassment, but something else was going on as well. There was a tension in his insides, a series of pressures that felt strangely alien. Whatever was in that punch must have been strong, because his ass felt like it was pushing out into his costume, and for a second he could have sworn that the fake extra arms of his costume had some feeling in them.

It can't be. I'm just buzzed. God, am I actually cooler when I'm buzzed? I still feel like I'm the same nerdy loser.

But the others reassured him otherwise. Ricky placed a hand on his shoulder, the same shoulder which felt weirdly softer, much like the rest of his skin.

“Dude, come join us outside. We’re gonna drink by the fire we’ve set up in the back.”

“Yeah, come join us! We need a sexy bee!”

Smiling awkwardly, Evan moved with them. It took extra trouble; it seriously felt like his costume’s behind was even more swollen, and heavier at that. Worse, his legs and arms were itching. *I could have sworn that the bee fur didn’t go down that far before*, he thought to himself. Evan had no idea that his body was transforming rapidly, despite the pressure in his hips from their gradual widening, or the fake antennae on his head extending. As he left with the group, his body continued to produce some intoxicating pheromones, drawing in the attention of numerous other individuals from the popular crowd. His body knew that they would be excellent samplers for a future hive, and while he was ecstatic that some of the most appealing women on campus were gathering around him, offering him drinks and calling him cute, at least twice as many more men were circling him as well, unable to explain their sudden interest and arousal, and unwilling to question it either.

Nghh! Ugh, what was in that punch? My stomach is twisting up! It feels like s-something is growing in there!

“Anything the matter, Evan buddy?” Jackson said, rubbing his back in a weird way.

“Y-yeah, I th-think so,” he said as he sat down on one of the wooden benches around the fire. It was a private space shielded by several trees, and there were kegs of beer available too. “I th-think I drank more than I should. I f-feel kinda weird. Like my arms - ohhhh! And my ass - ahhhh! - is growing!”

“It is a lovely ass,” the man said, reaching around to fondle the insectoid thorax. For some reason, Evan could actually *feel* the man’s hand on it.

Why can I feel it? God, his hand feels so nice, and my abdomen so heavy. Ohhh!

He moaned, releasing more pheromones. A pressure in his chest expanded, his nipples throbbing quite obviously against his shirt.

“Mhmm, let me take care of that for you, cutie,” Lily Watts said. She began to massage his nipples, which had swollen noticeably. He was shocked, but then she was fondling them and sucking on them, and their sensitivity was unbelievably.

“W-wait, how are you d-doing this? I’m w-wearing a costume - nngghh!!”

More tension, and more pleasure. He was right; he was meant to be wearing a costume, but it was increasingly melting into his body, causing him to writhe in bliss as it left him more naked to the surrounding group’s caresses. His abdomen swelled, Jackson and Ricky both squeezing and groping it, while the girls made out with him, licking his neck and feeling his growing chest. He groaned, not understanding what was happening: his meagre pecs were swelling, but not with muscle. They were getting big and *fat* with every suck from Sabrina and Lily. In fact, it looks like he was growing *breasts*.

What the fuck!?! How is this h-happening!?! And I’m growing soft hair all over my body, and I can s-sense their arousal somehow with my antennae! Oh shit, I have antennae! I’m transforming into my costume - did I get spiked with LSD or something?

He concluded that this *had* to be the case - anything else made no sense - so he decided to lean into it, and accept this unbelievable once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to have two sexy women make out with him. And, really, several hot jocks as well. It had to be the LSD or whatever he was spiked with, but something about having the men play with his bee queen abdomen was unbelievably arousing, and getting hotter every second. Something opened in the back of his bulging insect rear, and it was *seeping* wet, needing to be played with. Jackson was first to fondle and play with the opening, eliciting great moans of arousal from Evan.

“Ohhhh that f-feels so w-weird! Weird and good! Ohhhhhh, yes!”

“Anything you like, queenie,” Jackson replied. “You’re such a sexy bee. We need to fill you up with eggs!”

Fill me up with eggs? What does that . . . ohh, but it sounds so hot. Why on earth does that sound so hot? I was never into anything like this!

But as the changes advanced, it only sounded hotter. He developed a cute yellow-and-brown fur mane around his collar, and his face became utterly feminine, complete with full pouty lips and long, vibrant gold hair. His waist slimmed and his legs became long and shapely, the fur thin except for a flare around his ankles. His second set of

arms grew in full, caressing Sabrina and Lily back and causing them to moan in turn. Even a pretty set of slightly-translucent golden wings erupted from his back.

“Ohhhhhh, what is h-happening?”

“You’re, like, a queen bee!” Lily squeaked, excited as hell. She too was unable to question the changes; she wanted to suck all the honey out of her queen’s tits, and she did so greedily, the first pools of it emerging from Evan’s now-large breasts. It was enough to send him over the edge.

“Yesssss, yesss! Drink my f-fucking honey! Oh God, I’m actually making honey!”

It was being sucked from his new tits, and with each suck his body became sexier, until he truly was now a sexy queen bee. At some point his penis had withdrawn, replaced by a vagina, and by that point the new female anthro-bee was also completely naked. By sheer instinct she bent forward, pressing her rear abdomen against Jackson’s throbbing manhood. The man removed his jeans quickly, his cock rock hard.

Am I about to get fucked by Jock Jackson? And Ricky Banting not far behind? This is one crazy trip! But I need this so bad! The other nerds will never believe meeeeeEEEE!!!

Her thoughts were interrupted by Jackson inserting his cock into the sexy, hourglass-figured bee woman with her sexy bee butt. He thrust into her, and she began to buzz loudly with pleasure, pressing her thorax against him so he entered more and more deeply into her. It was a feeling beyond belief, and already some strange instincts were bubbling up inside her.

Ohhhhhh, f-fill me! Fill me with eggs! I wanna birth so many for the hive - wait, what?

But there was no time to think on that, because in moments Jackson was cumming deep into her insectoid womb, which was already churning to create life.

“OHHHHHH YESSSSS!!!” she cried. “BZZZT! BZZZT!!”

Her tits exploded with honey, and the women lapped it up, fingering her at the same time, making their new queen writhe. But it wasn’t enough. She needed more. More semen. More men inside her. And luckily for the former male, Ricky was already lining up behind her, ready to fuck her.

“That’s right, honey,” she moaned, looking back at him with her demure, crystal blue eyes. “Be a loyal soldier. Fuck your queen.”

Ricky obeyed his orders.

Story 2: Mermaids

Sabrina Atkinson moved quickly through the party. Something was weird. Really fucking weird. She had, impossibly, just had sex with Evan Illis, one of the biggest losers on campus. The guy was an absolute nerd, a scrawny little something she wouldn't be caught dead near, and she had just been sucking on his nipples alongside Lily Watts, all while her freaking *boyfriend* Ricky Banting was fucking Evan *in the ass*. It didn't make any sense, but then neither did what she had seen and experienced.

It can't have been real. No way did Evan turn into some weird curvy bee girl slut with a huge bee ass that my boyfriend was fucking. This has to be some trip or something. Who spiked the damn punch!?

It was only after Evan's transformation had completed that she'd pulled back, eyes wide as the group absconded further into the treeline, disappearing into the park that was adjacent to the campus, and heading out into the night as if they were headed for the forest hillside itself. Ricky and Jackson barely acknowledged her, and Lily could only yell out apologies that she had a "new queen to follow now," as if Sabrina meant nothing to her.

And that weird bee queen nerd was still picking up sluts and jocks on the way out! What the hell is going on?

But that question could be applied to what was happening *inside* the fraternity building as well. All around her, things were starting to look a bit weird. Hayley Abbinsworth had been dressed as a sexy vampire and not quite pulling it off, but now she was giggling with glee as her bust *visibly* expanded, her skin turning from painted white to genuinely pale, and a set of sharp fangs displacing her fake inserts. Her hair grew down to her waist, black and perfect, while her figure became something to die for; literally. Weirdest of all, she actually began to float, cackling crazily as if she herself didn't quite believe what was happening.

Robert Packerford was dressed as Frankenstein's monster, but now he had grown two additional feet to be something like seven feet tall. His eyes were sunken, his muscles rippling, and patches of skin were connected by various clips and bolts and stitches. He was groaning slightly, thumping around and nearly knocking fellow transformees over in his confusion.

"Me am now monster! What me do?" he groaned. It was clear, at least to those familiar with the original novel, that he was not Mary Shelley's smarter take on the creature.

Sabrina shrieked as a curvaceous green goblin girl in a revealing outfit scampered by her, crying as she gestured frantically to her form.

“Help me! I’ve become a fucking goblin! I can’t stop fucking swearing and wanting to fuck everything that moves so I can breed a heap of little green babies! Fucking help me, you mermaid slut!”

Sabrina pulled away, running through the building. She managed to grab her fellow two mermaid friends Yasmin and Chandra, yanking them out of the building in a hurry. The pair protested: Yasmin was a gorgeous blonde model wearing an appropriately golden mermaid costume and shell bra, while Chandra was a dark-skinned girl with Indian heritage, long-dark hair, and a green costume.

“What the hell?” Yasmin said. “I was flirting with Harry Jacklin! Things were going super well!”

“And I was partying hard to literally my favourite band,” Chandra said, crossing her arms. “What gives?”

Sabrina, who was a very attractive brunette wearing a pink mermaid costume, pointed back at the fraternity. “Didn’t you see all the weird shit going on in there? People are changing! Evan turned into some sort of bee queen or something! There’s a real life Frankenstein!”

“Uh, yeah, it’s a Halloween party, girl,” Yasmin said, giggling.

“Are you on drugs or something?” Chandra asked.

“I’m serious! Something freaky is going on, and - ohhhh! I f-feel weird all of a sudden! Real weird!”

“Girl, are you okay? Did you - ohhhhh, I feel weird too!”

“Me as well!” Chandra said.

The three groaned as a sudden nausea hit them, one that was accompanied by some strange changes. Yasmin was the first to notice them, and being the rather vacuous and emotional figure she was, she pointed at Sabrina and literally *shrieked*.

“Like, ohmigod! Sabrina, your arm!”

Sabrina looked at her arm. Her eyes went wide at what she saw: a literal translucent fish-fin, pink in colour, had pushed out from her forearm. It was only a couple of inches in length, but it ran all the way to her elbow, and was sort of wet in consistency.

A fin? An actual fin? Oh no, this is just like what was happening to Evan, right before more changes started. Which can only mean . . .

“Ohmigod, I’ve got a golden one!”

“And mine is green!” Chandra added, marvelling in horror.

“And I’m growing a second one!”

“Me too!”

“Ohgodohgodohgodohgod, Sabrina what did you do to us!?”

Sabrina snapped back to reality even as a second fin grew from her other arm, and her lower half began to feel really weird.

"I didn't do anything, I swear! The others inside are changing! We need to get out of here before we do too!"

"Let's run!" Yasmin cried, and before the other two could even say a word, she began to dart away from the campus as fast as she could, which wasn't all that fast, given that she was wearing a mermaid lower half that left her feet moving rapidly in small bounds. Sabrina and Chandra shared a momentary glance.

"Your hair is going green," Sabrina said, noticing Chandra's hair was gaining a green tinge to it.

"And yours pink!"

Another pause.

"Let's run!" they said together, following after Yasmin as fast as they could. They shuffled along, trying to ditch their mermaid lower halves, even if it meant the embarrassment of effectively running around in their seashell bras and underwear. But it was practically impossible to remove their lower garments, even as more of their bodies changed. Yasmin was always the most well-endowed of the girls, giving her the busty blonde stereotype which she lived up to marvellously, but soon Sabrina found her own C-cup chest expanding, and the seashells literally growing larger to accompany them.

No way. My tits are never this big, not even on my period! Oh God, I'd be so fucking happy to get these Double-D's if I weren't changing into a goddamn mermaid or something!

The seashells also changed, not only expanding but also becoming actual seashells instead of plastic fake things, with a sort of foamy seaweed inside that comforted her breasts wonderfully, giving them a lift that was surprisingly perfect. The string band went from being a cotton material to actual seaweed as well, while the decorations in her hair became literally starfishes and shells also.

"This can't be happening!" Chandra cried beside her, and Sabrina could see that her bust had gone from a very lithe A-cup to impressive C's much like her own had been. They jiggled with her movements, and it was clear Chandra wasn't used to it. "Sabrina, what do we do?"

"I - I don't know! Just get as far from the frat as possible! Shit, my hair!"

Her hair lengthened, going all the way down to her ass and thickening considerably. It became pink in colour, a sort of bubblegum pink that was utterly unnatural, and yet she could tell her hair was not dyed at all. The same was true of Chandra with her green hair. Only Yasmin kept her approximate hair colour, that it now had an impossible golden sheen to it as well.

"This is, like, so crazy!" she cried. "Guys! I think I'm, like, growing scales!"

“Me too!” Chandra cried.

This has to be a dream. I can't become a mermaid. I was going to be a model! We all were! And I'm the head of the cheer squad - no way can I grow a frickin' tail!

But the magic was working quickly, and it was clear that their mermaid costumes were becoming mermaid *skin*, scales and all. They were far from the frat at this point and right at the campus, and Sabrina took charge, shuffling awkwardly ahead of Yasmin to yank a nearby door open. It should have been locked, but whether by magic or coincidence it yielded to her touch, and she raced inside even as she felt her hips begin to change, not just widening but also melding with her legs, her thighs beginning to glide together.

The room was dark, but it smelled wonderful. Perfect, in ways that Sabrina couldn't quite figure out. Like it was meant to be.

“Wh-where are we?” Chandra said. She tumbled forward, her feet beginning to fuse, and it caused her to gasp in surprise. Yasmin followed, and then finally Sabrina herself: each of them was subject to the alien and strangely wonderful sensation of their feet flattening out, then fanning out as they became the fine of mermaid tail, complete with fish-like webbing.

“Holy shit! Our feet! WHERE ARE WE!?”

Stimulated by their presence, the automatic lights turned on one by one from above, revealing that by some unknown instinct they had each travelled to the university pool. It was huge, the equivalent of an Olympic training facility, and it even had a secondary pool that was much deeper for their diving program. Each of them gazed upon the water, which looked so warm and invited.

No. I can't. If I go in . . . but I'm drying up out here! It's torture! This is just like with Evan and him retreating into the forest!

But she couldn't help herself. Already her legs were joining, the flesh melting together, her bones merging to become part of a single spine that was far more flexible than her upper half. Chandra and Yasmin were going through the same.

“Nghhhh!” they moaned in unison. “Ahhhh - ahhh - ahhhh!”

It was agony. It was marvellous. They were utter siren beauties now, the last of the changes making their tails nearly twice as long as they legs had been, their hips flaring outwards to their shimmering scaled lower halves. Each of them felt the call of the water, the need to soak their skin.

“Like, I can't stop it! I'm sorry guys!” Yasmin cried. And then she dragged herself into the pool, her tail fluttering instantly and pushing her to the centre.

“Me too! Sabrina, you need to get help! Save us!”

Chandra hauled herself in awkwardly, her new breasts jiggling in her top. Soon, a beautiful green mermaid was in the pool, darting to her friend.

But Sabrina was no more strong-willed than them. As much as she feared her transformation, and her mind raced to think of a way to undo it, or figure out what had caused it, there was no denying that her body needed the water. She looked back out the door to where the frat party still raged, then back to the pool.

She pulled herself down into the water, and was instantly hit with the calming sensation of being in a new natural element. By instinct, her tail thrust up and down, easily propelling her through the water. She could see clearly through it, even *breathe* through it. She moved quickly to her friends, rising above the surface where they all embraced, crying and laughing in despair at their change, and relief that they were at least still together.

"We're mermaids," Sabrina said. "Goddamn mermaids. This is crazy!"

"I know, right?" came a new voice. A distinctly male one at that.

The three girls shrieked, darting back automatically and holding each others' luscious forms as they beheld a fourth figure in their midst. It was another mermaid, a *merman* to be precise, with blue hair and a blue tail, an impressively muscular upper half.

I know him. That's Christopher Kim! He's the pool boy who helps out the swim team!

"I - uh, guess you were dressed as a merperson as well," he said awkwardly.

He was never so muscly before. Oh my God, he's fucking handsome. Shit, am I seriously getting horny to a formerly scrawny nerd for the second time in one night?

She regarded her mermaid friends, and it was clear from the way they were staring at the alphas male merman that they were thinking along the same aroused lines.

"So, uh, what do we do while we're in here?" Christopher said, moving towards them in the water with steady muscular movement.

Sabrina swallowed, biting her lip. She was trying to think rationally, but he was just so damn hot, and her mermaid body wanted to be his. Her friends inched forward too, also drawn to this new appealing concubinage.

"I - I can think of a few ideas," she said, adjusting her seashell bra.

Story 3: Two-Person Unicorn

Caleb Spritz and Lenny Ruthers were having the time of their life. The two had been friends since elementary school, and pranksters since they were halfway out of the womb. They had terrorised babysitters, parents, teachers and professors alike, and even as others had matured around them, they had never taken to maturing themselves, always delighting in causing a bit of silly chaos and laughing at the aftermath. It made them class clowns, and while they weren't exactly the most popular kids on the block, they weren't exactly pariahs

either; there was always a kind of fascinated interest in exactly what weird prank or escapade they'd get up to next, and they knew it. Sometimes it would involve stealing a rival college's mascot, other times pranking a snobby professor by hijacking his powerpoint presentation remotely. And sometimes, like for a halloween party, it just involved one of the classics: dressing up in a two-man unicorn costume and doing their level best to gallop around, drink heavily, and pretend to be a horny stallion that imitating humping up against table surfaces, kegs, and - of course - pretty girls who tried to slap them silly when they finally turned around and noticed the lewd mimicking. Sure, it was technically a mare costume, but neither particularly cared about the precise anatomy so much as the hilarity factor of annoying everyone around.

"You know, it's getting pretty old being the horse's ass," Lenny said. "It's my turn to be the head."

"Technically, dude, we're a unicorn, remember? The big horn is a dead giveaway!"

"Yeah, and Abby Pritts really didn't like what you imitated with that horn, ha! But seriously, I want a go at the eye holes, it's really annoying having to dance around behind you. Besides, it's easier to drink from the front."

"Yeah, yeah, just give me another five minutes! I want to see if I get spear a can with my horn and drink the beer that flows!"

"Eww, dude! That'll make the front mask suck so much when I take over! Just let me have a go!"

"No way! Just a few more minutes! I'm a magical unicorn, ya just gotta let me use my magic on Yasmin Harper and her hot tits! Then I'll put in a good word with you and that Sabrina mermaid, fuck yeah!"

Lenny groaned, annoyed at his friend, but Caleb was insistent. They marched out of the frat and to the outside area where people were dancing and celebrating. The pair hit the dance floor, knocking more popular jocks aside and making space for themselves. A number of people laughed, and it was music to Caleb and Lenny's ears, even as a few complained.

"Assholes!"

"Hey, only Lenny is the asshole! I'm the beautiful unicorn front half!"

"Pussy, more like," Gabriella Pierce said. "That's a mare costume. I saw it at the store when we were buying these ones. Though - ngh! - this is so uncomfortable and *hot* I wish I'd gotten a different one!"

She was dressed as a succubi with her boyfriend Peter, though her costume was looking a lot more authentic than it had.

Are her horns bigger? And it seriously looks like Peter's wings have feathers.

"Dude, get your head back in, you're ruining the total *believability of it all!*" Caleb said. Lenny rolled his eyes and stuck his head back in, though not before noticing that a small

section of the dance crowd was retreating back into the frat building, while others were pulling aside, groaning as if they'd suffered food poisoning. Lee-Anne Pritchard was clutching her stomach and groaning. Her boobs looked seriously massive, and the cow udder part of her costume was gurgling, looking like it was expanding. Several others were surrounding her, trying to help her remove the costume to no avail.

That's weird. Stupid weird. Damn, I really need to be at the head of this thing so I can see what's going on. And maybe stick my head in that hot udder of hers! Who knew Lee-Anne was so fucking stacked? Hell yeah!

But once again Caleb shooed him back under the costume, and the pair tore up the dance floor, making sure their 'horn' was pressing up against several annoyed girls, who tried to shoe them off. They even went 'en guard' against a boyfriend who tried to kick them away, and the crowd who were not focused on the weird spectacle of Lee-Anne cracked up at the sight, half-drunk as they were.

"Okay, dude!" Lenny said. "It's my turn now! Caleb! Can you hear me!? I want to ogle all the hot ladies and say 'neigh' to our 'trotting' around.!"

He laughed at his joke, but there was no initial reply.

"Caleb? It's getting stuffy in here. Let's fucking swap already."

"I can't!"

"What?"

"I - I can't! I can't pull my head out of this thing! It's stuck!"

"What!? Dude, this is not funny! Just let me take charge already! I wanna slurp some red cups the easy way already!"

Lenny tried to shift himself, but confusion quickly set in. His hands would not pull away from the interior of the horse costume, nor could he move his head; it was like something had glued his limbs and the top of his head to it. He tugged and pulled, causing Caleb to swear.

"Dude, what the fuck? You're nearly tripping me up!"

"I'm stuck too! Did we get pranked?"

"No way, who would prank the best prankers? That's asking for trouble? Ngh! NGH! Fuck! I can't get f-free! And other people are experiencing the same."

"Huh?"

"Look around."

"I can't! I'm stuck as a unicorn ass, remember, and my head won't move!"

Lee-Anne is, like, growing big horns and stuff. Seriously, her cow udder looks real. Fuck, her tits are leaking milk!"

What the hell. No way. Caleb is pranking me. That asshole, we've had a pact for years. We never prank each other!"

"I don't believe you. This is your doing!"

But Caleb's voice sounded like it was tinged with a truthful fear. "I'm serious. Oh my God, you know Jill Toddman?"

"The shy girl from psych class? The one we agreed not to prank because it would just be too cruel?"

"That's the - ahhh, f-fuck, my legs. Yeah, that's the one! She came dressed as a satyr, you know, the creatures with the goat-legs and stuff. She's getting railed from behind by a line of dudes right now, and begging for more! She's crying out saying she needs it! Seriously, her legs look weird!"

He's fucking me. No way he isn't fucking with me.

But then Lenny heard her voice, and it was unmistakable.

"Ohhhh, yes. Fuck me! F-fuck me! I'm a naughty satyr and I need some cock in me! Form a line, fellas! Ohhhhh, yes! I don't know why I'm s-so horny! I swear I'm not like this b-but I need it so bad! God, this is embarrassing, but I NEED IT! CUM IN ME!"

"Woah, holy shit," Lenny said. He tried to free himself again, but it was even more difficult than before. His arms were getting numb, and his shoulders too. It was hard to tell where the costume ended and his own body began. What's more, his legs were swelling up, the flesh redistributing to thicken and empower them. Something weird was happening, and it was making him freak out.

"D-dude! I feel weird! We need to get out of this costume fast!"

"I can't, I told you! I feel super weird too, dude. My face is all stretching. And my arms - I can't feel my arms!"

"Me either!"

The two-person unicorn began to panic as it moved around. Everyone could see that it was changing shape from a ridiculous costume with human legs at the bottom to something altogether more . . . realistic. The two panicked figures within bumped and pressed against other changing figures. In the front, Caleb was shocked by the sight of various changing individuals: a girl who was growing hair all over her body, a snout, and sharp claws, becoming a powerful alpha-woman of a werewolf as the light of the full moon came in through the window. Graham Harper's grim reaper costume was no longer a costume; he was a walking skeleton with a scythe, running through walls in a panic, a trail of black smoke in his wake. The Hailey sisters had become a trio of sexy ghosts, flying above the party and trying to get corporeal bodies back. Meg Larkin and Ulysses Thompson had fused into a literal two-headed giant, and unfortunately for Ulysses, his part in the merge had gone all female, his head now looking like a female version of him.

But Caleb and Lenny were experiencing a merger of their own, and one that was far more invasive and strange at that, particularly for Lenny. The two were increasingly

becoming part of the unicorn structure, their spines fusing to the unicorn spine, their flesh expanding in strange ways that were no longer human. Their feet hardened and toughened until they became horses' hooves, their legs changing shape to match their final configuration. Lenny could feel the fur of the horse's backside, and far worse, the tail was now gaining flesh and bone as well.

What the actual fuck!? I need to get out of here! I'm becoming a horse's ass. An actual horse's ass. This is the worst prank ever if someone is behind it!

"C-Caleb! You n-need to s-stop thissssss!" he groaned, though his mouth was starting not to work. His face was swelling, head shrinking back into the mass of flesh that was widening out to become part of the horse's rear half. His head twisted, eyes shifting back and mouth as well, nose disappearing entirely. Soon he was facing backwards, straight at the horse's rear. Almost as if . . .

No. No, no way. NO WAY. NO FUCKING WAY!

"Caleb! H-help! HALP MUEEE!!"

But Caleb simply neighed: his face had extended into the horse snout of the costume, overtaking it. His eyes shifted to the side, his jaw cracked forward, and his hair shifted to become a full mane. He could no longer feel any arms at all, almost as if his arms had *become* the legs, or vice-versa, in a sense. His lips extended, teeth jutting forward. He snorted from his bulging nose as it fused with his upper jaw, causing a sexy vampire girl to screech as she fed upon her date. He clutched his neck, thanking the unicorn for the distraction as he ran away, jumping over a poor girl who was bloating up into a sort of anthropomorphic pumpkin creature, complete with pumpkin belly and pumpkin breasts.

"NEIGH! NEIGH!"

There was no other noise to make, and it freaked Caleb right out until he managed to focus. Something was brewing within him as his silvery horn took on a crystal-bone reality, a potential that was borderline instinctive.

'I can't speak normally!' he 'spoke' with his thoughts. 'But I think I can talk through my horn or something! Can you hear me dude?'

I can! Lenny thought back, can you hear me?

'I can! But I'm making a sound - others can hear me - but I think only I can hear you. Dude, I've become, like, the front of a fucking unicorn! I've got a horn and everything!'

Yeah? Well I've become a fucking horse's backside! A unicorn, whatever! I - ohhhhh - my eyes are going, and my mouth is changing into - wait, wasn't this a mare's costume? FUCK!

'Why are you - oh fuck. OH FUCK I CAN FEEL YOU CHANGING! No, not you, Egyptian mummy dude, my best friend! He's becoming - MHMPHH!!!'

Lenny would have moaned too, but he was too distorted by this point. His face distended and his eyes melted away. It wasn't painful, but it was utterly foreign. Everything was being twisted about so he was no longer recognisably human. Worse, the more his entire body became the back half of a unicorn, the more its apparent femaleness came to prominence.

Fuck. FUCK! Something's opening up in me dude! I can feel s-something sensitive opening up! I think - I think I'm growing a fucking unicorn vagina!

'What? No way! Lenny, you gotta get out of there! I can f-feel you connecting to me! We're becoming one creature - it's fucked!'

I c-can't! I can't do anything. Oh shit, I can f-feel it. I've got a womb, man. A fucking womb! And an asshole where my f-face was. Shit! Is this because we were planning to s-spike the punch? Who is d-doing this to m-meeeeee!?

His thoughts were momentarily blanked as the transformation completed. Though his eyes were now gone, Lenny could somehow see out of the new graceful unicorn's rear. His nose was gone, and his sense of smell, but his taste had not: his new fantasy creature pussy had replaced his mouth in function and placement, and it was freaking him right the hell out. He didn't even want to think about the puckered asshole just above it, or how his tail kept raising up and down automatically. He had some control of the rear legs of his and Caleb's body, but to his horror even that was snatched away. As the head of their new form, Caleb was able to wrest control to make them trot forward.

Dude, what are you doing?

'I'm getting us out of here! We need to find someone to change us back!'

Don't move s-so fast! I'm a fucking horse vagina here! Do you have any idea how weird this is! At least let me control the back legs!

'Okay, I'm sorry! We'll work together. Dude, this is so weird. Everyone is transforming.'

I can see. Out of your ass. Our ass. Jesus, don't poop anytime dude, and definitely don't get mounted! I don't want this thing to get used - it's like my mouth! I can fucking taste our pussy juices!

It was true, he could, and it wasn't nearly as fun as going down on a girl. It was the weirdest and freakiest damn thing he'd ever experienced; literally having a pussy and female reproductive system as his damn face, let alone the fact that it was an equine one! He shook his tail in frustration, trying to find some way to escape his situation, but there was no possible way to do so. And worse, as if twisted by the very fact of his new existence, his mind was starting to turn to thoughts of what it would be like to be mounted. To have an enormous stallion cock thrust into his 'mouth' and fill him completely. To stretch him and

penetrated him and ram into him again and again, until finally he had no choice but to choke down and swallow what would feel like *gallons* of unicorn semen-

No! No! Fuck, dude! Get us out of here! I'm getting horny!

'Sorry! I think I may have something to do with that. There's a really good looking centaur dude here. It's Marcus Tamwell. He was wearing the big costume before but now he's an actual centaur, big horse cock and all!'

Ohhhhhh, fuck. Don't say that! It's making me all wet. Shit, this is all wrong. Get us out of here! We'll find a way to change us back! I'm not spending the rest of my life stuck as your goddamn pussy and ass and rear! Someone's pranked us with magic or some shit, dude, and we gotta hope this ends by the time the night is done! Just keep me clear until then!

'Of course! Shit, I'll move away. I need your help with the legs though, it takes effort using the whole body. Help me out here!'

The two continued to work together, front and back half, to make their way across the party floor and out of the building. They were a unicorn now, and Caleb could feel the magic flowing through their body, while Lenny had much more pressing concerns of bodily autonomy. It was weird enough being a unicorn's back half for real, but feeling the arousal in his horse pussy mouth was making him all confused and terrified. He was only an appendage to his friend now, and it was clear that Caleb had far more control as the head. He was just along for the 'horse ride', as it were, and could only hope that soon they would turn back.

Or else his arousal, combined with Caleb's, might just mean his meals were altogether different from now on.

And don't you dare take a piss or shit! I don't care how much we've drunk, I am not tasting that!

Story 4: Monster Girls

The party was in clear chaos. Everyone was freaking out by this point, except for the Little Red Riding Hood woman who seemed to appear all over the place for a short time, smirking to herself. There were now walking skeletons, sexy mummies, a curvaceous yeti, and a powerful cyclops, among many other transformers. Lee-Anne's milk was pouring forth from her udder, and several helpers were getting her buckets to fill her never-ending bovine produce. Benjamin Starkey was struggling with the fact that he had turned into a King Kong-style gorilla, thankfully only eight feet tall and not kaiju-sized, while Candace Kolack

was screeching in terror as she was slowly reducing in size, becoming an adorable little pixie that was only three inches tall, fairy dust falling in her wake as she quite literally flew into a panic.

In the centre of all of this, a certain crossdressing boy's group was working hurriedly to tear away their clothing. Each of them had committed to the oh-so-funny prank of crossdressing as monsters. Originally they had simply arrived wearing badly fitting dresses and makeup, but over the night several of the girls and other costumed friends had 'improved them' by helping add fun, if amateur, pieces to better fit the Halloween theme.

Todd had arrived in a white dress and with green eyeshadow, and so he had been made to look like a gorgon, complete with a headband with fake snakes tied to it, and green skin paint hastily applied to his skin in a drunken manner.

Jared was wearing a two-piece costume. He was a pale-skinned footballer, but with the application of some bronzer and cheap plastic jewellery along with a tiara, he was now a 'sexy' female genie.

Harry had gone the furthest: he had silver paint on his arms and legs, and with his silver dress and hastily glued-on buttons, he was pretending to be a sexy fembot.

Lastly was Nate, whose outfit had not been changed as much, but whose hair had been styled by the cheerleading group before they disappeared to make him look like a classical 1950's housewife, complete with cute little kerchief in his hair.

The four of them had found the whole thing hilarious, up until their tipsy selves had finally realised that the many 'amazing' costumes that others in the party possessed were no longer actual costumes, but their new bodies, courtesy of a series of strange and impossible transformations. At first, like so many others, they thought that the punch had been spiked, but then a freaking vampire with big tits had tried to drink Harry's blood, while an actual grim reaper and trio of sexy ghosts had floated through the wall in a panic. Everywhere around them, people were transforming: one unlucky girl was literally turning into a dog, while Gabriella and Peter were now a bickering devil and angel pair who were simultaneously arguing and making out publicly, their wings knocking over objects left and right as their passion increased.

Needless to say, this group of boys were working quickly to remove their costumes as they figures out the common denominator in all these changes, particularly since poor Billie-Anne Price had arrived as a sexy zombie and was having to keep putting her own head and left arm back on whenever she got bumped too hard. The only problem was that a series of strangely pleasurable pressures were making themselves known across the four boys' bodies, and their costumes were proving very difficult to remove.

"Shit! It's happening to us!" Todd exclaimed. "Our costumes are transforming us!"

"Fuck off with that shit!" Nate proclaimed. "I'm not turning into a lady!"

"I th-think we all are," Harry said. "My skin feels weird. Like it's turning hard."

"Of course it is!" Jared replied. "You're dressed up as a sexy robot! My skin is turning darker - look!"

They all looked, and sure enough he was right: the hastily applied bronzer on his skin was starting to turn to a genuine mid-olive tone, the kind you would expect an Arabian-style female genie to have. More than that, his limbs were becoming slender and soft, the hairs on his arm withdrawing back into his body. Todd looked in fear at his own form, which was undergoing a similar transformation. His white dress was altering to become more revealing, with a long slit for each thigh, as well as a deep, *deep* v-neck that went all the way to his belly button. It would have been a terribly unfashionable sight, were it not for the fact that his stomach was becoming slim and feminine, and his chest hair dissipating also. More than that, his skin was also changing, but unlike Jared, who was changing race, Todd was changing *species*: his skin was becoming green!

"Damn it! Why did I let those girls make me a freakin' gorgon! Hell, why did I let you guys convince me to crossdress?"

Even as he spoke, his voice rose in timbre, cracking like he was back in his days of prepubescence. This was mirrored by Nate, who replied.

"Convince you? It was you who convinced *us*! This was your idea! Shit, I think I'm g-growing tits!"

Nate squirmed on the spot as his poorly-made 1950's housewife dress suddenly became a *lot* more authentic. It was blue with white polka-dots, and it extended down his form, the classic cone-shaped bra appearing beneath even as his manhood was squished by a set of feminine lingerie. His legs were shapely, and his ass began to inflate a little while he too lost body hair. But the biggest change that terrified him was the flesh that was surging forward to fill his new bra.

"N-no! I don't want to become some *pretty damn housewife with a husband to depend on!* I mean, what the *darn heck* did I just say? *Oh my!*"

He placed an increasingly dainty hand over his mouth, unbelieving what was coming out of it, even as his lips became fuller, with bright red lipstick appearing over them.

But the others were having their own problems and their own strange new compulsions. Harry was overcome by the increasingly metallic nature of his skin, and the fact that soon he was technically wearing no clothes at all: his sticky-taped computer buttons became part of his core circuitry, while his silver wig became harder, like a metal cast of an actual woman's hairdo. His movements became strangely smooth yet rigid, servos whining quietly as he shifted. His body took on an increasingly sexual mould, with two prominent bumps forming breasts, and his hips spreading wide, the various engines and motors within

him shifting to augment his movements so that they would *always* be attractively seductive, just like his future fembot purple.

“Error! Error! I’m turning into a fembot! Guys, you have to stop this - it does not compute!”

“Dude, you’re talking like a robot!” Jared exclaimed. He himself was growing a large pair of olive breasts as well, more impressive than the rest of the group, though perhaps it was simply because so much of his body was displayed with his sexy blue genie tube top and transparent harem pants. His midriff was perfect, and soon some long dark hair was sliding down his back to the top of his rear, which was delightfully full, matching his wide hips. It was the kind of lower half that was just *made* for belly dancing, and despite himself, he couldn’t fight the urge to sway said hips back and forth seductively, even in his panic.

“I am aware I’m talking like a robot! My voice even has, like, a synth quality to it! How do we stop it before I become a *fully self-aware and fully capable fembot capable of providing utmost pleasure in the ninety-ninth percentile?*”

“Darn!” Nate shouted. “He really is becoming a robot! Just like - no! I’m not blonde!”

This was in response to his hair lengthening also, though it quickly was placed into a curled 50’s style that fell over his shoulders. His face softened, his eyebrows becoming well-defined and gorgeous, while his eyes turned from brown to a magnificent blue. His breasts continued to grow, easily becoming full and pert DD’s, and it felt very strange indeed to have their heft define his form, particularly since the dress style he had showed off his magnificent curves.

“And I’m not a ssssnake lady!” Todd cried. “Goddamn it! I’m going to grow snakes, aren’t I?”

The gorgeous new Arabian genie Jared nodded, even as the genie’s form continued to look womanly and beautiful, her cheekbones well-defined, her eyes a dazzling green.

“I think it’s happening now!”

“Shit!”

It did. Todd’s tongue was already forked a little, making ‘S’s quite elongated, but as he became a sexy gorgon it was impossible to put off the pressures across his scalp. While the rest grew hair, his fell out, replaced by a number of tubular protrusions which pushed out further and further, writhing about.

“Nghhh! Oh f-fuck! It f-feels so we-weird!”

Nate, compelled more and more to act like a 1950’s housewife, shrieked at the sight. Her look was finished by jewellery forming on her neck and piercings in her ears. The other three all looked on in mixed horror and fascination at the sight of Todd’s eyes turning golden with black slits for pupils, and then again as his new ‘hair’ grew scales and mouths, becoming a series of dark green writhing snakes that continued to shift and move over his

back. There were dozens of them, and they weighed surprisingly heavily upon them. Worse, he could feel their hunger, their curiosity, even their senses, like he was truly intertwined with these creatures.

“This sssssucks!” he proclaimed. “I’m a ssssnake lady! Thissss can’t get any worssssse!”

But he was tempting fate, because at that very moment all four new monster girls (well, and Nate) experienced the strangest sensation yet, even more so than growing bountiful breasts and wide, childbearing hips. A tugging in their respective groins signalled that the worst was yet to come, and the final thing that would make them women completely. Each, of course, reacted in their own new compelled way.

“Ssssstop it! I don’t want to be a ssssexy Medussssa! Who would want that!? *I will dominate and control anyone who daresss defy my desiresss*”

“This is your fault, Todd! I’ve turned into a genie because of you! I have a fucking lamp! *Now I need to find a Master to give my wishes to and please for as long as he or she wants!*”

“You think you two have it bad? I’m not even flesh and blood anymore! *Now I’m programmed to give pleasure and fulfil all the tasks my human boyfriend or girlfriend will ever need me to!*”

“Oh, like that’s different from me, Harriet Bot! I’m a *goshdarn* housewife. *I have this growing need to find a cute and industrious young man to be my husband and give him all the babies he desires!*”

The four new women looked at each other, bewildered by half of what they had just said. They had come to the party as men looking to get lucky, and now their roles would make them very lucky indeed, just not in ways they had ever envisioned. As the chaos of the transforming party continued to erupt around them, they were helpless in their fight against their new instincts.

They could only hope that, come the morning, they hadn’t yet fulfilled them. Because their voluptuous new monster girl (and housewife) bodies really, *really* wanted to.

The Aftermath

Morgan was very, very pleased with how things had gone down. It wasn’t often she went ‘full witch’ and just made a series of changes for no real reason, but why not do so on Halloween when wickedness was in the air, and people were all dressed up? It was the early hours of the morning, and the numerous changed individuals were all either waking up, or still

engaging in their post-transformation behaviours, the ones that would be with them for quite a while. They were all still coming to terms with it, of course, but some were starting to make a new start of it. The Grim Reaper was already chatting with the three sexy ghost girls in the kitchen as they tried to figure out what had happened to them, and things actually seemed to be going well! Perhaps undeath would treat them rather nicely, though the poor zombie girl was having difficulty finding all her parts, and was requiring a monstrous cyclops to help carry her head around while they looked for her torso.

Other changes, of course, were more dramatic. Four crossdressing boys had turned into a fascinating array of women, and their new fates were sealed already. Despite fighting the instincts as long as she could, Todd's medusa-like desire for control had led her to gaining several hunky men who arrived late to the party as her consorts. She hadn't turned anyone to stone for disobeying her - yet - but there was clearly a relish in her words as she snapped commands from her room on the second floor. Her body demanded loyal thralls as lover, and already she had given long, snake-like susurrations as she was ploughed into, her snake-hair hissing in approval.

"Ssssssoooo good!" she moaned as two men attended to her breasts. "I can't believe I love thissss so much, but I do! Now please your gorgon, whelps! Please her!"

Of course, her other friends were a lot more submissive. Jared - now thinking of herself as Jarinda - had been forced back into her lamp not long after her change. It had been uncovered by a computer nerd by the name of Tommy, whose own changes had never occurred since he had an alcohol intolerance. A good thing for him too, because now he had an unbelievably sexy Arabian genie purring against him on the couch, pressing her nubile body and full breasts against his side while she whispered in his ear.

"I have already made you so strong and handsome and confident, my Master, what other wishes would you like? I live to please my master!"

His trousers were obviously tenting quite prominently, particularly since he'd wished for an 'upgrade' there. There seemed to be no three-wish limit either, so his mind raced with possibilities. Despite herself, Jarinda couldn't help but lick her lips at the sight of his erect hardness. She lowered a soft olive hand down to stroke it.

"I can't believe I have to say this - but do you have a wish, master?"

"Oh, I think - I think I do," he said, still a bit nervous despite his confidence boost. He was still a virgin, but had a feeling he would be quite experienced over the next few days - possible over the rest of his life if he remained the former Jared's master.

"God, I bet you do. I'm stuck as this sexy submissive genie, and you just can't help yourself! Fine! This body is going nuts over you because you're my master. Just . . . just make your wish already, and I'll find us a place . . . Master."

Tommy smiled. "I wish to have sex with you - but only if you want it, Jarinda."

“Ugh! I can’t believe you turned that around on me, because now I have to admit it. Of course I want it! Come on!”

She snapped her fingers, and soon they were experiencing deep pleasure in a private demiplane that only Morgan could otherwise sense.

Harriet-Bot 3000, on the other hand, had gotten out relatively lucky, all things considered. Her circuitry buzzed with knowledge of all sorts of automated sex positions and pleasure spots, but rather than being in the thrall of some man who would take advantage of her, she was on the arm of a rather attractive vampire woman with a prominent bust and luscious black hair, who was now going by Vamp. Vamp had not only hit it off with Harriet-Bot 3000 after coming across her, but found the prospect of a lover she didn’t have to worry about biting or drinking blood from rather enticing. The two were relaxing against one another in the lounge room after a night of wild pleasure during which even Harriet-Bot’s programming was tested to its limits.

“I can’t believe we all got turned into monsters. What are our parents going to think? What is society going to think? Seriously, I drink blood now! This shit is wild - but I kind of don’t want to go back, y’know? Chalk it up to my vampire confidence.”

“Your pleasure is my utmost concern, Vamp. I am still unused to my new programming and feminine nature, and concerned for the fate of my friends. Yet, though my emotions are ones of steel and wire, the electricity in my circuits does indeed burn brightly for you. Perhaps together we can find a way forward.”

“Mhmm, I love it when you talk dirt, Harriet-Bot. And maybe we can have some fun along the way, huh?”

“This would be an accurate assessment of future prospects. By the way, you look most beautiful this morning. I am gladdened that the sun only weakens you, and does not kill you.”

“Yeah, falling asleep in front of an open curtain was a really bad idea, looking back.”

The two cuddled up, and Harriet-Bot, while still weirded out by her newly robotic fembot nature, found comfort in the situation.

Nate, on the other hand, was much more in the thrall of submissiveness. Now thinking of herself as Natasha, her compulsions were driving her towards one goal and one goal only: to find an attractive boyfriend who would make her his wife, and then be his submissive housewife and pump out as many babies for him as he wanted! She had left the campus on this mission, and so it took a little bit of time for Morgan to track her down. Sure enough, she had not slept with anyone just yet - that would be immoral, after all! - but was making out to a rather excited extent with a male engineering student who had not been able to make it to the party. He was of solid height and reasonably attractive, but most of all he was top of his class, with a successful future ahead of him. Natash could practically sense

this. To her utter shame and embarrassment, her hormones were in overdrive as she flirted with him, giggled at his jokes, and tried to avoid thinking too hard about how wonderful it would be to marry this man and be pregnant with his babies.

“Geez,” the man said, whose name was Howard. “You really are something, Natasha. I can’t believe I never saw you around campus before. You have such a noticeable 1950’s style - unless that’s just for Halloween?”

“Oh, no, silly!” she said, giggling. “This is my style. I just love the idea of one day being a perfect housewife to my man, cooking and cleaning for him, and always making him happy!”

She wanted to swallow her words, crush them down and never say them at all. But it felt so good to say them, and as much as she tried to fight her attraction to her new role, she was a moth to the flame.

“Wow, that sure is something. I mean, that’s pretty admirable to be honest.”

“You really think so?”

“Absolutely. Any man would be lucky to have you.”

“Including you?”

“Especially me. I mean, if you’re interested.”

She put her arms around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss, so that her full double-D breasts pressed against him. “I’m very interested,” she said, grinning. It wasn’t even a lie: she’d turn back into a man in a hot second if she could, but while she was a woman, God she wanted this man.

Morgan was rather pleased to see it. On her way across campus to check on other transformee progress she came across the swimming pool where her magic lingered. She was amused to see a concubinage of mermaids surrounding a single powerful merman, and it was clear to see that they had formed a sort of harem around him, one that was having trouble working out its hierarchy.

“Leave him alone!” Sabrina snapped, flicking her pink tail in Yasmin’s direction.

“Christopher is mine now! You had your time with him!”

“He wants more time with me! I’ve got the biggest bust, and the longest tail!”

“Girls, please,” Chris said awkwardly, trying to wrangle them apart. “This is going way too far. We’ve all been transformed, and we’ve got these new . . . desires, but let’s not get carried away! We still have to figure a way out of this pool!”

“Ugh, you have no idea what it’s like for us!” Chandra proclaimed, though she sidled up against him, holding his arm closely. Yasmin did the same with the other arm, while Sabrina clung to his chest.

“Yeah, it’s, like, no fair at all!” Yasmin added. “We’re really horny! And I can’t stop singing at times!”

“You have a beautiful singing voice, at least? All of you do!”

The three siren girls blushed, clearly pleased by this compliment.

“But, um, maybe we should get out of this pool. I know we had a lot of fun last night -”

The three women moaned dramatically, Sabrina most of all. As the self-proclaimed leader of the friend group prior to their changes, she had kept herself closer to Chris the former pool boy than the others. Already, she was *very* acquainted with merpeople mating methods by now.

“Just let us have one more go with you!” Chandra whined.

“Yeah, you’re, like, totally our mermaid king! Merman king! We can change back and totes forget about this later, I just need you in me one more time! Do that tail trick we like!”

“With me first!” Sabrina said, pressing herself against him so that her huge breasts - no longer covered with a seashell bra - rubbed against his wet skin.

“Um, uh, sure,” he said, clearly aroused by his new unexpected harem. “I just - you know - don’t want to get you all pregnant or whatever.”

The girls paused for a moment. They hadn’t even considered that. What would a mermaid pregnancy even look like? For a moment, they realised their babydaddy would be Christopher fucking Kim, who despite looking like a ripped merman god now, was usually a scrawny nobody. But then their arousal got the best of them. Sirens were known for their lusts, after all, and they were all over him.

“Let’s just all do this at once!” Sabrina said, giving her concessions. “And then we can figure out how to escape!”

Morgan chuckled to herself, unseen and invisible from her viewing position. They might escape to another pool, or to a lake, or to an ocean. But these mermaids and their ‘king’ would be a bunch of sexy fishes for life.

Speaking of pregnancy, poor Evan was having a hard time of it after waking. She had been in absolute ecstasy as an anthro-queen bee, her new hive followers helping her move to the nearby forest where they could continue to thrust into her and pleasure her. But waking up and realising that she had not, in fact, simply been tripping on acid had been quite the shock, as had finding out that she was almost completely immobile. Overnight, her insectoid rear abdomen had swollen up immensely to the point where it was twice the size of a large fridge. It was stuffed full of contents, as were her breasts, which were leaking honey everywhere.

“Ohhhhh G-God! It was real! I’m a f-freak now! A pregnant freak!”

“Not a freak, my queen,” Jackson announced.

“Yeah, not a freak at all, my queen,” Ricky added, as did several other followers, male and female, who were addicted to Evan’s pheromones. *Evie* now, really. It was the name that best came to mind.

“You’re making the hive!”

“Our glorious hive!”

“It is our job to keep you full of babies, and to drain your honey!”

“And to aid your births when you lay your clutches!”

Evie flapped her wings in a slight panic. Already, her breasts were sore from honey production, and two women came around to begin suckling from her, dripping her honey into buckets for collection. But it was her rear that concerned her, full and pressurised, and begging for her to start *pushing*.

“D-did you say birth? Laying? *Clutches!*?”

Her attendants nodded eagerly, their golden eyes signalling that they were now utterly loyal to her, even if much of the rest of their personalities had not changed. She was about to beg them to help her find a lab or something to change back, when suddenly the pressure grew, and she couldn’t *not* push.

“Ngh! NGHH! Have to p–push! HAVE TO LAY! NNGH! AHHH!!”

She orgasmed as the first little larvae pushed through her ovipositor and was caught by Jackson, and then again when the second pressed from her rear lips and into the hands of Ricky Banting. Soon, she was unable to stop, the many dozens of eggs fertilised by her former bullies leaving her body in the form of larvae, already mewling for their mother’s honey. It was incredible, it was horrible, it was *ecstasy*. Despite herself, Evie was overwhelmed by a strong maternal instinct for her young. She continued to push more and more out into the world, the first of her growing hives.

“Don’t fret, my queen,” Ricky said. “We will protect you, and keep you safe.”

“And once you are done with this birthing,” Jackson said, “we will all ensure you remain full and fertile with more to come!”

Evie could only groan at the prospect. Like it or not, she’d be popular for good now, and she’d always have a family to adore her. Morgan felt that this was reward enough, of sorts, while also being mischievous enough for her. She made her way back across the campus grounds, enjoying the sight of numerous other changes. Lee-Anne was still struggling as a bovine gal, continually producing milk from her udder and breasts. God help her if she ever became pregnant - her rate would double! Though at that thought, Morgan weaved a brief incantation, and laughed at the result. The poor girl was already pregnant and had no idea of it! Clearly, she’d had some unprotected fun upstairs with a boy before Morgan had even arrived on scene. And now she had a baby - twins, no less! - growing in her stomach. A lovely set of calves to keep her production under control. She decided not to tell her.

There were other changees, of course. The lucky ones were the sexy nurses and doctors and police officers. They now had full knowledge of their future careers, even if it

was a change of expected occupation. Sure, they were a lot more busty, voluptuous, and slutty now, and would struggle with any future uniform code, but at least they would contribute to society! But the unluckiest ones came in the form of the glorious new unicorn that was roaming across campus. Sure, the beast was a thing of pure beauty, and yes, it was bringing good luck wherever it went. But poor Caleb and Lenny were having to work together all the way, their minds continually arguing and complaining and trying to wrest control. Occasionally, the rear legs disobeyed orders from the front, or the front dragged the rear in a direction the back half didn't want to go. But while Caleb could at least talk to others, poor Lenny was just along for the ride.

'It's not fair! It's not fucking fair! Just because we did a few pranks, made a few people embarrassed, doesn't mean we deserve this!'

You deserve this? What about me? My face is a damn horse pussy? I'm getting fucking aroused at the thought of swallowing horse cock! Dude, where are we headed? I can only 'look' behind us. You're not heading for the stables for the equestrian team, are you? Are you? Answer me!

'Just . . . be quiet! I've got my own instincts here, dude. I can't help myself.'

Don't you dare do this, no matter how much I want it! Don't you dare! Bad enough being a horse but, I refuse to do - do that! Don't you fucking dare!

But Caleb was as much victim to his - or her - new compulsions as Lenny was, and soon even the rear half was helping gallop along as well. *Jesus Christ, just make it quick then! I've got a need, dude! Just make it quick, and don't stick around!*

'I promise just a few mountings!'

Just a few! I don't want to swallow any more than two horse cocks. Maybe three.

'How about four?'

Fuck! Fine, four! Or five! God, this is going to be so humiliating when we both experience it. You better not get knocked up, or my life will be hell in a few months!

'We'll be turned back by then. I'm sure we will. Won't we?'

Morgan cackled to herself as the unicorn raced to the stables, its magical horn unlocking them with ease and gaining the attention of several stallions.

"Sure, I'll turn you back," Morgan said. "In a year's time, when Halloween next hits."

She turned, strolling away from the campus, happy with the chaos she had conducted, only to pause for a moment. It *really* was good chaos. An angel and succubus were already flying above the rooftop, having some of the hottest and angriest sex she'd ever seen.

"Well, *maybe* I'll turn *some of you* back. *Maybe.*"

The End