

A Stranger Comes to Town (Multi TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Friendly Oaks is just an ordinary rural town, full of common people and professions. But beneath that kind surface there are all manner of rivalries, tensions, hypocrisies, and love affairs. When a Stranger wanders into town, the people of Friendly Oaks find themselves changing - literally - after encountering him. Some transformations are small, others massive, some well-deserved, some not at all. But the town won't be the same once the Stranger is done with it.

A Stranger Comes to Town

Part 1: Welcome to Friendly Oaks

There's a legend, or a myth, or an apocryphal story, of a dark stranger who wanders across the earth with the power to make changes. No one can quite describe this character or what he looks like - it changes in the retelling - but a few facts remain consistent. He always wears a dark cloak, for one, and his voice rumbles like a far-off earthquake, coarse and deep and whispery all at once. The second is that he travels with no known destination, and when questioned on where he is going, will give some answer like 'just passing through.' The third, of course, is the power he possesses. The Stranger is said to be able to change people, physically and mentally, into how he sees fit. He could turn a man into a duck and a duck into a man, make a woman bark like a dog for the rest of her life or have another dog speak like an Ivy league professor. One thing that seems to remain consistent in the legends is that he cannot erase a person's mind or kill them, but can leave them with certain . . . inclinations.

Why does he do it? Well, the legends are unclear on this point. Sometimes, the stories make the transformation karmic. An abusive farmer is turned into one of his own livestock, or a mistreated wife is given gorgeous looks and the confidence to walk away. But other legends make him more arbitrary, and these seem to be the more common tales. The Stranger is just as likely to bestow good change as bad, karmic change as the undeserved, and often make transformations seemingly just for the hell of it.

Some kids, especially out in rural areas, get spooked by stories of the Stranger. Parents scare their children by claiming the Stranger will change them into nicer girls or boys - whatever the opposite sex is - which often shuts them up and makes them eat their

vegetables. But most know the Stranger isn't real, and is just an interesting story passed down among rural folk to make the time pass by quicker, and to have a good old yarn to spin with friends. The Stranger isn't real.

Right?

Officer John Prisket was eating a donut. It was a highly stereotypical image, but not one that he cared about: after all, a jelly-glazed donut was to die for. He was sitting in the driver's seat of his patrol car beyond the edge of town, taking a moment to enjoy a good beer. Technically, that was not allowed, but the great thing about being one of the only cops in Friendly Oaks was that he could damn well do what he liked, especially in the wee hours of the morning when his night shift was nearly over.

"Nothin' like a good beer and donut to finish out a shift," he said in his grunting voice. "Not that Sue will care. Bitch will just claim I'm putting on more calories. God, being married to that old cow is an anchor around my damn neck."

He patted his gut, which was not exactly small. In fact, it was quite obviously rounded from many a long night eating donuts and drinking beer at this very spot, just below the sign that welcomed visitors to their little rural town. Not that many visitors came, especially when the highway came through across state. That was just fine by John Prisket, though. Anything that made his job easier so he could just eat and relax on shift was A-ok in his book. The only problem was that easy shifts meant that Sue was always henpecking him when he got home about why he wasn't around. Well, maybe if she didn't have the voice of a shrill shrew and hair that was already going grey in her thirties maybe he'd pay more attention. God knows she was just as absent when it came to matters of the bedroom.

"Never shoulda married here," John mumbled to himself, taking another swill of the can. "Ah well. At least she makes a mean casserole."

He was just about to throw the can out the window - who cares what the damn environmentalists thought, right? - when suddenly he noticed a long figure walking down the road. The sky was still quite dark, and so it was hard to make out the individual, but he certainly wasn't a local, John was sure of that much. For one, he was tall as a damn giraffe: he had to be 6'3 at a minimum! John knew everyone in Friendly Oaks, or at least just about. It only had a population of eight thousand, so it was a close community, and no one that tall was forgotten. But this guy wore a dark long coat and a broad brim hat like an old school Baptist preacher, and it was impossible to see his face. Not a style John would soon forget.

"Damn strange, damn strange. And arriving at this hour? That can't be good news."

John smirked to himself. Maybe the shift would end up in an interesting manner. Maybe if he apprehended a tall, scary perp on some ready charge then Sue would actually throw him a bone and let him drink beer around the house for a day. He turned on the patrol car's lights and hit the car into gear, driving forward before looping around the figure so that his driver's side window was adjacent to the slowly walking man. He wound down the window.

"Morning to you," John Prisket said, smirking. "Not often we get strangers come to town at this early hour."

The figure nodded. He looked to be Caucasian with a short, somewhat messy brown beard. Probably in his forties.

"Morning, officer."

"What brings you to Friendly Oaks?"

"Is that the town I'm at? Ah, I see the sign. Good name for a town."

"You intend on staying long, Mister . . . ?"

"Just passing through," he said. His voice was like crackling glass, and it made John uncomfortable.

"Look fella, we're a nice town here. We don't really go big on outsiders, especially homeless ones that wander in during the early hours of the morning looking all suspicious. I'm gonna have to ask you to stop now. I said stop."

The figure stopped. John smiled. The uniform had power. He turned off the patrol lights, and got out of the car. The figure loomed over him, but he threw his own beer belly weight around like he owned the damn place, which was just about true for an officer in a tiny city.

"Listen, buddy, when I turn on the lights, you stop, okay?"

"Am I being detained, officer?"

"Keep the attitude up, and you damn well will be. I was saying that Friendly Oaks is just that, a friendly little town. I don't want to see it spoiled by some greased up drifter coming in stirring up trouble. Just won't do. Best to turn around instead. You understand?"

The stranger paused, and that pause seemed to make a chill go down Officer Prisket's spine. He turned slowly, looking down at the shorter, and much tubbier man.

"You have crumbs on your uniform."

"Excuse me?"

"I said, you have crumbs on your uniform. And you smell of beer. Have you been drinking on the job, officer?"

John went red. "That's it. You're under arrest."

"On what charge?"

“Loitering. Trespassing. Disrespecting an officer of the law. I’ll make something stick for the next twenty four hours and you can enjoy a night in a cold cell before we drive you out tomorrow morning.”

The stranger considered this. “You don’t think this is unjust?”

John grinned. “Just got nothing to do with it. I’m a police officer. That means my word is law.”

“Hmm, but from my perspective, all I see is . . . how do others put it? A pig in uniform. Pink skinned, fat, and a messy eater who makes a lot of noise. Yes, a pig in uniform.”

At this, John drew his baton out. “Ain’t no one calls me a pig and gets away with it, y’hear? I’ll show you whose -”

But then he stopped. Because the stranger had lifted the brim of his hat and was staring at him. And those eyes . . . those eyes looked so deeply unnatural. Wrong. Strange. Not meant to be. They were yellow. Not jaundiced but actually *yellow*. A bright acidic shade that stared deep into John Prisket’s soul.

And that was when the change began.

John fell backwards in fear as something wrenched in his gut. He reached to grab his weapon, only for it to fall out of his hands as he was caught in the stranger’s stare. He felt hot, flushed, and all kinds of wrong. His nipples burned, and his thighs too.

“Wha-what’s happening? I’m having a heart attack! You need to help m-me!”

“You’re not having a heart attack, Officer Prisket. You’re just becoming something more . . . appropriate.”

Prisket swallowed, trying to get into his patrol car to get away, but another series of lurches trapped him. His skin altered, and in the low light of the patrol car’s beams he almost looked like it was becoming . . . pink.

“What the f-fuck?”

He had little time to think about that, though, because his nose began to swell. It flattened, nostrils growing and rounding out, and as he tried to breathe he found himself snorting again and again like a pig.

“Are you doing - *SNORT* - this to - *SNORT* - me!?!?”

“You did this to yourself, I’d say,” the stranger replied. “But I think you’ll be much more fitting in this form. A pig in uniform, as I said.”

“What are you - *SNORT* - talking about!?”

But then the officer squealed - sounding just like a pig - as his hands and feet began to change. He stumbled over, falling out of his shoes and his toes fused and merged, leaving him with porcine hooves at the end of his legs. His hands similarly changed, though his digits were still capable of human movement. He now had two hoof-like fingers and a thumb. They were hard and unfeeling, and he couldn’t get a sense of how to work them. He screamed,

snorting again, but that only seemed to accelerate the changes. His ears rose, shifting up on top of his head and becoming pink and floppy and slightly hairy. His thighs became softer, his arms too, and he gave another squeal as a small but noticeable curly tail sprung out from his backside, peeking through his uniform. His belly grew, expanding like that of a pregnant woman's, and he could only groan as it rose like a soufflé, becoming larger and heavier. Soon his beer gut was stretching diamonds of skin between the buttons of his uniform shirt, and his trousers were far too tight as well: his hips had cracked wider, giving him a pear-like shape.

"P-p-please! I'm sorry! Change me back! Don't m-make me a pig! I don't wanna be some boar!"

"Very well," the stranger said. "You won't be a *boar*."

At that, another change occurred, one that worried John even more. Suddenly an enormous pressure rose in his chest, and two large mounds rose. He screeched, still snorting as they burst the upper buttons of his uniform, until they were undeniable a huge set of head-sized pink breasts. His nipples were huge and dark pink, like thimbles, and they were surprisingly sore as they throbbed.

"Ohhhhhhh!!!" he whined, rubbing his thighs together. "Not t-tits! And not my - UGGHH!!"

His manhood pulled back inside of him, leaving a wet tunnel between his thighs. As soon as his new vagina was completed, there was another lurch in his belly. Then another. Then another.

"Wh-what's happening n-noooow!?" the new pig *woman* cried, her voice high and soft and overly sweet.

"That would be your litter kicking," the stranger said. "Don't worry, Officer *Joan* Prisket, I hear the police have fantastic maternity schemes."

And with that, the stranger turned and began to walk away. The new *Joan* sank to the ground, trying to take in all her changes. She was now a curvy pig woman with a full on baby belly, and she had no idea how to even walk on her new hooves or use anything with her changed hands. Her cleavage was sweaty and flushed, and her litter continued to squirm inside her new womb. How many were even in there? Worst of all, she was as hungry as a pig. She needed donuts. A lot more donuts. But she'd have to skip the beer for a while, that was for sure.

The Stranger left the pig woman behind, satisfied with his efforts. She was still squealing and grunting and snorting. It would be interesting to see how she ended up. Perhaps he would drift by again, or perhaps this time the Stranger would stay in town for a day or two, and see what other interesting changes could be made. He looked up at the big sign welcoming him in.

“Friendly Oaks? Hmm. Let’s see how friendly it is, then.”

The Stranger continued walking. The first change had already finished, but there were plenty of other changes still to administer.

Part 2: Partners

Gabe and Barrett were doing the early morning rounds together. The two men were the garbagemen of Friendly Oaks. It wasn't the best job, but as the saying goes, "the trash won't just take care of itself," and so the pair had filled a much-needed role within the town's machinery. They were a mismatched pair to look at them: Gabe was only in his mid-thirties and had a thin physique and obvious inability to grow facial hair, while Barrett was in his fifties, white-haired and apathetic, with a squat, beer-bellied body that had long subsisted off of alcohol and cigarettes.

And yet, despite their twenty year age gap, the two men got along like a house on fire. Barrett may have been an old battleaxe who liked to rib the ‘young rookie’ even when said ‘rookie’ had been working the job over five years, but he was a fair-minded work partner, and the two regularly bonded over their love of sport, beer, and a damn good steak. There was a reason why the two men often hung out on Barrett’s front porch, sipping cold ones and swapping stories. Gabe often bore the brunt of a few jokes, mainly about how he’d yet to find a girlfriend or a good living situation: he was still renting a piece of shit out in the neck of the woods up north, and even in Friendly Oaks the house prices were rising faster than his ability to save up for a reasonable deposit. Still, he gave as good as he got, particularly since Barrett was also single, only for the older man it was because he had a string of failed marriages seven long. Eight, if you counted the time he remarried Sonia only for her to divorce him a second time.

As such, the pair often joked that the only ‘perfect partner’ was each other. After all, they drank together, worked together, caught up for dinner often together, and went to the local games together. Hell, they even watched their favourite TV shows together, though Barrett always insisted on controlling the remote and flicking the channel to older serials that Gabe didn’t exactly care for. They had no idea how long this status quo would last, but the pair had an odd happiness in it, and perhaps that pushed women away anyhow. But on the fateful morning that the Stranger arrived, the status quo would finally be upended.

Though, in some other ways, perhaps not.

“What the hell are we even listening to?” Barrett asked, bushy white eyebrows raised at the pop song being played.

“Oh, um, it’s a Korean pop star song. Her name is Jisoo.”

“Let me rephrase that, Gabe. *Why* are we listening to it?”

They pulled up beside another house on the edge of Earl Street, and Barrett operated the arm to wrench up the waste container into the back of the vehicle. Gabe made a quick check to see if anything needed picking up, but there was nothing.

“I like it,” he said.

“You like it?”

“Yeah, I like it.”

“Gabe, you like rock and roll. Heavy metal. Maybe be a bit of Sinatra. I like those things. We’ve had an equilibrium for seven long years-”

“Actually it’s six years this Saturday.”

“Seven long years. You were the best man at two of my weddings, and both were utter shitshows except for your best man speech. And now you threaten to upset the applecart with this bullshit? What is she even singing about?”

Gabe coughed awkwardly. “Um, about true love, I think? About finding the perfect boyfriend?”

Barrett pulled to a stop, and the pair got out. Forty seven Earl Street never put their damn trash in the containers, so they had to go manual for some of the larger pieces. While chucking them in the truck, the older man continued to chuckle and rib his partner.

“Is this you telling me that you want to finally admit that you’re gay?”

“No! It’s just a fun song, that’s all. Besides, she’s pretty cute.”

Another raised eyebrow. “Now we’re talking. You’ve got a thing for Asian girls, don’t you?”

Gabe blushed. “So what if I do? I’m not creepy about it. I just find them cute. Here she is.”

He got her picture up when they got back in the truck, and Barrett nodded sagely. “Yeah, she’s cute alright. I’d fuck her. Maybe needs some bigger tits though. Flat chests aren’t my thing.”

“It’s a real wonder none of your marriages worked out, Barrett.”

The older man laughed. “I don’t see you getting married soon!”

“Well, the worst part is I see you getting married again.”

“Ha, touche! God, tell me this song ends soon. I need it to be over.”

“Nuh uh. Your team lost the game last night, so this is me having my winning moment.”

Barrett groaned, and drove around the corner to the last house on the stretch before town ended. He got the waste containers lifted, their trash deposited into the vehicle, and the two men got out to quickly check over their truck before heading off to the waste disposal

facility outside of town. They were just doing their routine inspection - and Barrett taking some time to smoke a cigarette - when a strange figure approached them, seemingly out of nowhere.

"Jesus wept!" Barrett croaked, as a black-cloaked man was suddenly before him. His face was gaunt, with clear cheekbones, and his eyes glimmered strangely. He had to be six foot three or taller, and he wore a broad-brimmed black hat that made him think of one of those terrifying old Southern preachers. "You scared the balls off of me!"

"I am very sorry," the figure said, in a voice that sounds like cracked glass underfoot. "I am new to town."

"I'll say," Barrett replied, looking him up and down. "I'd recognise you anywhere otherwise. You stick out like a sore thumb here, doesn't he, Gabe?"

"Don't be an ass, old man," Gabe said. He thrust out a hand. "I'm Gabe, this is Barrett. We're the garbage disposal workers."

Barrett rolled his eyes. "Garbagemen, in normal people speak."

The stranger silently regarded Gabe's hand, then extended his own long limb and shook it gently. The skin was surprisingly cold, and it made Gabe shiver.

"Jesus," he said. "You're freezing! Did you walk all the way here from out of town or something?"

"Something like that."

"What's your name, stranger?"

But instead of answering, the stranger looked up at their truck. "You've worked in this profession some time, then?"

"Uh, sure," Gabe said. "I've been doing it nearly six years-"

"I was sure it was seven," Barrett cut in.

"-and Barrett has been here since time first began."

The stranger chuckled softly, and a thin smile came across his lips. "I don't think so. I would remember you from that time, if that were the case. I was wondering if you two gentlemen-"

"I am no gentleman," Barrett said, laughing in his raspy way.

"Regardless, if you would help me with some directions. I'm looking for a place to eat, and a place to stay."

"Oh, that's easy," Gabe said. "I got a spare map and I can mark out some good diners and motels."

"Much obliged."

Barrett was a little suspicious of this strange man. "What brings you to town, nameless stranger? After all, you didn't give your name before."

Another thin smile. "Just passing through."

“That so?”

“Yes, though I imagine there shall be some . . . changes, along the route.”

“Interesting,” Barrett said, in a way that indicated suspicion. But then he looked up into the truck. “Dang it, Gabe, the map is in the left compartment! What kind of clownshow do you think we’re running?”

“It was in the right compartment, old man.”

“Well, I’ll be.”

Gabe put his marks on it, and passed it to the stranger, who looked at it for only a few seconds before folding it gently and placing it into a dark pocket. “I am in your debt, young Gabe.”

“Uh, thanks. Just don’t be leaving trash around.”

“I never do. In fact, I fancy myself a type of cleaner. And in that sense, I must be going.” He took two steps before halting, then turning to face them again. “You work well together, do you not? You seem to have good rapport.”

Barrett chuckled. “You could say that, even if the rookie here goes for all the wrong teams. Makes a damn good steak, though, and we both share a few cold ones as often as we can. Hell, we often joke that we’re each others’ work wives. God knows, I’m the only wife that the dateless rookie here is ever gonna have, and I’m not even a hot Korean gal the way he likes them.” He paused, wondering why he’d just volunteered that much information. He was suspicious of this stranger, and yet those worldly, ancient eyes seemed to compel him to open up.

Gabe too felt that strange pull. “Uh, yeah. It’s true. We’ve been together longer than Barrett’s marriages. I guess Barrett kind of is my workwife.”

The stranger nodded. “Well, in that case, perhaps it is best to adjust things so that you truly are married.”

Barrett chuckled, then stopped. “Yeah, wait, what? What the hell did you say?”

But the stranger’s eyes were lighting up. There was a cosmos inside them, a swirling universe of power, suns birthing and dying across billions of years and he could see it all.

“As you are older, and as Gabe has not had success finding a girlfriend, perhaps it is better you play the part of the new woman. After all, you have seven failed marriages, Barrett. Eight, if we count Sonia twice.”

Barrett’s cigarette fell from his lips. “What - how did you know about -”

But something was happening. There were pressures all over his squat, fat, older body. A strange tenseness was settling in his muscles, and Gabe looked upon him with shock as his gut began to pull in.

“Barrett! Your stomach! What the hell!?”

The older garbageman groaned. He clutched his midsection as it reversed back into his body, and then again as his hips creaked, going wider.

“Wh-what’s happening to me?” he said, only to halt in shock: his voice had become that of a high-pitched woman’s. More than that, it had a noticeable accent to it, one that Gabe recognised as likely Korean in origin. “What did you do to my voice? What are you doing to - nnggh! - my hips!”

The stranger gave a thin smile. “As I said, I am adjusting things. Gabe was respectful and kind to me, and you were suspicious. You are both in a relationship, and both seek a romantic one. And did not Gabe say that the Korean pop star Jisoo was his ideal woman? It only makes sense to sculpt you in her near-likeness.”

Barrett was freaking out. He began to hyperventilate as his skin tone changed, going from its Caucasian tan to a gorgeous light olive, free of blemishes and wrinkles. His arm hairs retracted, followed by his leg hairs, and then with a loud squeak he was forced to contend with the fact that his proud bush of chest hair had dissipated as well. He was shrinking, his shoulders reducing, his torso becoming slim, and his muscular arms and legs becoming thin, if shapely, appendages. The only things that were growing were his height, though not by much, and his hair, which was certainly by a lot. It drowned out his vision, and the panicking garbageman pushed it aside, still squeaking in that high-pitched female voice as his body caught up to said voice.

“My hair! What the flying fuck are you doing to me? Change me back! I’m not becoming some Korean girl!”

“You’re right,” the stranger said, even as Barrett’s eyes changed to become dark, and his hair shifted to a raven black as well. “You’re becoming Da-Eun, Gabe’s gorgeous Korean-American wife, and the love of his love.”

As if to emphasise that particular end-point, a pair of rings - engagement and wedding - appeared on Barrett’s ring finger, just as his hand became dainty and soft. His feet followed. The poor man nearly stumbled over, but his work boots resized, as did his clothing, even as his changes continued.

“No! Don’t do this! It was only a joke! You’re misunderstanding a damn joke - oh God! Help me out here Gabe! NGHH!!”

Gabe was flummoxed. For a moment he said nothing, then turned to the stranger. “It really is a joke! Was a joke! Still is! You don’t have to do this!”

But the stranger was adamant. “Consider it a gift. Besides, he’s nearly done.”

“WHAT!?” Barrett cried, though his mind was increasingly adjusting to his new name: Da-Eun, just as it was adjusting to feminine pronouns, a change that appalled him. His ass, saggy and old, became pert and young, and his legs impressively feminine. His hips creaked

wider, and his chest pushed forwards. He groaned, clutching the developments in embarrassment as they became a healthy pair of C-cups.

“Since you like them larger,” the stranger said, as if he were doing the new Korean woman-to-be a favour.

“But I don’t want - oh no! No! Please tell me I’m drunk and no feeling - MPHH!!”

His dick withdrew in his body, followed by his balls, leaving him with a womanly slit instead. His stomach churned as a womb formed below it. As if by an afterthought, his face finally changed, losing its scruff and its weariness, and becoming a very beautiful Asian woman’s face, albeit one who wore no makeup and was on the job, uniform and all

Da-Eun stood there, aghast. She was now a short (albeit slightly taller than before), cute Korean woman who couldn’t have been older than twenty five, and had a killer body to boot. Her long black hair was in a professional ponytail, and her uniform had shrunk to conform to her new dimensions, obscuring her impressive hips and not-at-all bad C-cup chest, which was presently held in place by a bra, something she was certainly not familiar with. Worse, there was an emptiness between her legs, and a very feminine bit of plumbing in place of her former penis.

And far worse than even that was the fact that she couldn’t stop staring at Gabe, her partner of six to seven years, and being incredibly turned on by him. Her body was flushed with arousal, and her nipples were hard and erect, yearning for his touch. It was so fucking wrong, but now she actually was Gabe’s work wife, a very sexy Korean work wife, and she had a sparkling ring and wedding band on her finger to prove it. And she was fucking horny for him.

“Why do I feel this way?” she cried in her accented voice. “Why do I want to - want to - want to have sex with Gabe!”

“Because he’s your husband now, isn’t that right, Gabe?”

Gabe coughed. “No, no I’m not! I promise I didn’t mean for this, Da-Eun. I mean, Barrett! How do I know your new name?”

“Because that’s who she is,” the stranger said. “Don’t worry. She’ll be very attracted to you, and feel a need to be with you, and you to her. Consider it a gift, if you will. I am not in the habit of giving them. And besides, the streets are quite empty now if you wish to explore your new relationship. All the best to the new husband and wife.”

And with that, he began to walk away. Neither Gabe nor Da-Eun wished to follow him, and neither could think of anything to say. They were too busy looking at one another with unbridled lust, and trying not to think dirty thoughts.

“I th-think we better get back in the truck,” Gabe said.

Da-Eun nodded. “Yes. There’s lot of space in there, rookie. Lots and lots of space to do things. All sorts of things. Fuck.”

“Yeah, fuck.”

“No, I mean *fuck*. As in, I need you to fuck me. That’s an order from your work wife, rookie!”

“But-”

“We can regret it later, but I need you to fuck me now! Please, husband!”

It didn’t take much convincing. Soon both were in the truck, and the truck was making some passionate sounds. Not that there was anyone else around to hear them. The Stranger was already moving on.

Part 3: Breaking the Law

Polly hated her name. It was too sweet, too gentle, too kind. Her mom had wanted her to be the kind of prissy girl who would dress cute, act submissive and docile, and marry a cute boy to be his perfect wife. It was how women in her family had acted for generations.

Well, fuck that.

She had the heart of a rebel, and she wasn’t going to let society and *the Man* define her. No matter how many times she got in trouble for ripping her dresses, breaking the rules, and sneaking out of her room beyond curfew, she never hesitated on her path to being an a future anti-authoritarian who didn’t give a shit what the government and society wanted her to be. As soon as she was able, Polly moved out to live with her two friends Kaleb and Tin, the latter of which was their ‘adopted’ name, since they too hated all labels, including gendered ones. Together, the trio lived lawlessly, making money off of their musical skills and more than a little light-fingered work against places they felt deserved it. They’d all had more than a couple of run-ins with the police, but given what a huge fat *pig* Officer Prisket was, they were never behind bars long.

Now, at just twenty two years old, Polly had taken her once-sweet name and made it an ironic moniker. She’d had piercings all over her body and face: her bellybutton, her nipples, her eyebrow, ears, lip and tongue, and had a dark goth-rebel aesthetic to go along with it. This included the black-dyed spiky hair, the dark leather jacket, the ripped jeans and the dark eyeliner. She had an impressive rap sheet already, though she was rarely nabbed on anything too serious, again because of Officer Prisket’s incompetence. Most people in the town saw her and Kaleb and Tin as a trio of nuisances that should be packed up and out of

their quaint slice of Americana as soon as possible. But the three of them preferred to let the small town know *exactly* what they thought of that proposal.

So on the morning that the Stranger came to town, having already changed Officer Prisket into a very real, very pregnant pig-woman, and transformed Barrett the garbageman into Da-Eun the garbageman wife, Polly and her friends were enjoying an early morning graffiti of the police station. It wasn't really a station, of course. More of an office that had parking space for a police car and small set of jail cells. It wasn't like the town had a police force to speak of beyond Prisket and a couple of aides. Still, with the pig out, it was high time to show a bit of anti-authority to the town.

"This is gonna be our, like, magnum opus," Tin said in that androgynous voice of theirs. "They'll be talking about this for ages."

"Prisket will blow a fuse," Kaleb added, chuckling.

Polly just grinned. She was the artist of the three of them, their natural leader in chaos and opposition to the status quo. She normally used black, but today she had a can of bright pink. On the side wall of the police station, on the corner of Brixx Street and Alborn Street where much of the town traffic flowed, she was creating a giant graffiti that would perfectly show her view of Prisket: that of a giant pig with dull eyes, a fat gut, and a cowardly little curly tail. He was even holding a donut, which was Kaleb's idea. He was keeping a lookout while Tin helped her with the outlines and applied the stencil that said '*FUCK THE POLICE.*'

"Hey, heads up! Big dude coming!" Kaleb said. "From around the corner."

"Is he a fed?"

"Sure looks like a fed. He's enormous. And he's got a big long coat. But his hat is weird. Real old school."

"From around here?"

"No way," Tin added, who'd ducked their head around to see. "He's weird. Like, out of this planet weird. Check out those eyes, too."

"You can see his eyes?"

"I think. Mysterious fucker."

Polly rolled her eyes and groaned. The big pig was nearly finished. All that remained was to put the big crosses in black over the eyes and then give an underscore of red, all the better to show that the best kind of police piggy was a dead one. And now this distraction. Who else would be up this early in the morning!? She strode around the corner, only to halt in shock at the Stranger's appearance. Instantly, she was captured by his mythic appearance, the way his dark clothing offset his strangely pale skin and dead-eyed stare. She'd been a rebel all of her life, a figure trying to be free of the constraints of society.

For the first time, she felt like a total amateur. This guy looked like the real deal.

“Good morning,” he said, voice somehow guttural and smooth at once.

“G-Good morning,” they each said, like submissive children. Polly caught herself and folded her arms. She needed to assert her authority against this stranger.

“And who might be you be, stranger?” she added.

“Just that,” he replied softly. “A stranger. I am just passing through your town of Lovely Oaks.”

“Oh yeah. Are you a crim?”

He smirked. “Of a sort, though I have been caught. Is one truly a criminal unless one has been formally arraigned?”

She narrowed her eyes, looking for the joke. The mockery. But he just seemed . . . meditative. “Well, *stranger*, welcome to Friendly Oaks. You’d best keep walking if you want to have a life that isn’t full of bullshit faux-joyful American propaganda. Because you’re in the land of fake smiles and middle-class greed right now, big man.”

The figure was still, looming over them. Kaleb looked nervous. Tin as well, though they had a curiosity to them.

“Interesting. Fake, you say? And you are rebelling against this fakeness?”

“You could say that.”

“Hmm.” He strode forth to round the corner of the building, and took in the sight of the large pig portrait they’d just made in graffiti. He gave a low chuckle, and the sound of it was unnatural, like a creature that had only heard of laughter imitating its sound. “This is very close to Officer Prisket’s likeness,” he remarked.

Polly screwed up her face, again suspicious of the stranger’s sincerity. “I thought you’d just arrived in town, *stranger*. How come you know the piggy in chief?”

“He was the first man I met. He did not like me. Preferred that I leave town.”

“Oh yeah, and what did you do so you could stay? Bribe him? Give him a donut?”

The stranger looked up at the graffiti, looking at it with quiet amusement. “I made him a piggy, of course. Which also means, I suppose, that the ‘police force’ of this city is absent its officer. A most difficult conundrum. Perhaps you can help me solve it.”

Polly cackled, and then her two compatriots laughed too.

“Oh, sure! Yeah, I’ll help you tear the building to pieces, if needed! But fuck the police, man. Didn’t you see the stencil?”

The Stranger regarded it.

“Ah. Yes. ‘Fuck the Police.’ I suppose that could also be part of your new job, if you wished to enforce the law.”

“Ha! The only ‘law’ I wish to enforce is the law of popular will.”

Tin and Kaleb cheered this sentiment.

“If you so understand the problems of this town, then perhaps you are the most appropriate replacement. Thought it would require some . . . adjustment, so that the law remains popular, as you put it. Quite popular.”

Polly cracked up laughing. “Look dude, you must have your brain fried from travelling under the sun. There’s no way I’d ever work for the Man. That’d make *me* the Man too, and no fucking way would I ever want to be the Man.”

But the Stranger just smirked. “But you wouldn’t be any kind of Man, Polly.”

The young rebel realised something. She furrowed her brow. “Wait, how do you know my name? I didn’t tell you my fuckin’ name. Did Piggy Prisket say something about me?”

“Like I said, he is indisposed. In fact, he is quite the piggy now indeed, and with more piglets to come. But I sense in you, Polly Jenkins, a chance to serve as the new law enforcement official in Friendly Oaks. And you need worry not. You won’t be a *Man* at all. Quite the opposite. And you will be quite popular, as they say.”

Polly was about to throw the graffiti can at this mysterious weirdo who seemed to be making fun of her, but then she felt the gaze of his eyes upon her. They were strange, gleaming like galaxies, like black holes. They seemed to be slate grey, and yet also have no definable colour she could ever express in words. It was like looking into the eyes of the universe itself.

Tin tugged her sleeve. “Polly! What the hell are you doing?”

“Yeah. Leave her alone!” added Kaleb. “I’ll fucking glass you if you - you . . . what the fuck?”

Tin gasped as well. “Polly! You’re - you’re changing!”

Polly managed to look away from the Stranger, only to be overcome by the strangest sensations running across her body. It was like she was being infused with energy, overwhelmed by it in fact. She was growing taller, and her body was altering in proportion to match. Muscles in her legs expanded as they grew longer, and her arms matched too. Her spine clicked audibly as several vertebrae added and extended, and even her neck grew a little to keep pace with the rest of her.

“Wh-what are you d-doing to me!? What the fuck is h-happening!?”

Her breathing came quick and fast, as her clothing stretched, but soon that too was altering. Her leather jacket closed in, and her torn jeans automatically repaired before becoming blue cotton trousers. She had always been a short, wiry little thing, but now she was becoming positively statuesque as her height rose from a meagre 5’3 to 5’7, then 5’9, and finally onto an incredibly impressive 6’1. She loomed over her friends, who both took a step back, and she realised that she was only a couple of inches shorter than the mysterious Stranger himself.

“Stop this! Fuck you, G-Man! Stop this now!”

But the supposed 'G-Man' didn't, and simply smiled. "Don't be afraid, Polly, I am simply ensuring that you can make the changes to this town's law enforcement so that your anti-authority creeds are no longer even needed. But of course, you did wish to be popular, and what is more popular than a woman in uniform?"

Her fitness increased, leaving her frame more athletic, but her curves also filled in too. She moaned in unwanted pleasure as her hips spread wider and her ass became peachy and perfect. Her legs became long and shapely, while her skin softened, losing all imperfection. Her makeup rearranged on her face, losing its dark eyeshadow and tattoos to instead give her glossy lips and perfect foundation, her eyebrows arched and sexy. Her beak-like nose became button cute, and the lips that had just become glossy swelled to become full and beautiful. She hated the sensation of it all, but even more so when her hair spilled down her shoulders, no longer spikey and dark but a set of gorgeous blonde curls that were utterly enticing.

"A fucking blonde!? I'm not blonde! I'll fuck you up!"

"Yeah, stop it!" he compatriots added, though neither approached the terrifying stranger.

"I don't think that's the attitude of a gorgeous woman in blue."

"I'm not a copper, damn it! I'm a police woman! I mean, I'm an officer of the law! Shit, what are you doing to my mind?"

"Making the right arrangements. The same with your clothing."

It too altered further, leaving her in a police woman's uniform that fit her figure very, very well. The only place it was loose was around the bust, and she soon realised why: a pressure on both sides of her chest was accompanied by a swelling growth.

"No! No, I'm not some big-titted slut!"

"But you wanted to be popular. And also not to be *The Man*, as I recall. Now you will be very popular, and no one will mistake you for a man. And just like your graffiti, well, can we say 'Fuck the Police'?"

Her eyes went wide in realisation of what he'd said, but it was too late to stop him. Instead, her A-cup flat-as-a-board chest expanded rapidly, become large heaving droplet-shapes tits that were damn perfect, easily a wonderful pair of DD's that bounced slightly in her top as she writhed from the unasked for pleasure. Her top two buttons were undone to tease this flesh, but her policewoman's shirt clung tight as well, revealing her supply, sultry form. As if to finish the effect, her hair wound itself into a professional - if cute - ponytail, and a police officer's hat appeared out of thin air upon her head, and a baton on her side.

"What the fuck," Tin said, more of a statement than a question.

Polly boiled in fury. She was now tall, statuesque stunner of a police officer, wearing cute heels and an impractical outfit that teased her newly sexified form. She went to lash out at the Stranger, but simply couldn't. He'd broken no laws, and so she could not arrest him.

"Why am I th-thinking this w-way?"

"Because you are now Officer Polly Jenkins," the Stranger said, appearing satisfied with his work. "From now on, you will be the town's main police officer, and a very popular woman at that. And just because of that graffiti, I'm sure you'll find ways to help others 'fuck the police.' Isn't that right, Polly?"

He moved past her, and she reached for her baton. But instead of levelling at him, her body moved by autopilot and extended it out at her friends instead.

"Right, you lot! You shouldn't be making graffiti. Clean this up, pronto!"

"P-Polly, what are you doing?" Kaleb said, unbelieving what he was seeing, or how hot his friend now was.

"I said you have to clean this up, mister! There's a new woman in town, and she's bringing the law with her." She blinked. "What the hell!? Kaleb, I couldn't help myself. I had this crazy urge to get you to behave and follow the law. You too, Tin."

Tin gulped. "But . . . we're rebels."

"Not anymore, citizen," she said automatically, before catching herself. "Shit, I just want to talk like some do-gooder bimbo of a policewoman. Even swearing is hard! We have to turn me back!"

"We'll nab him!"

But the Stranger was gone, and around the corner he couldn't be seen. And when Tin and Kaleb went to run in search of him, she grabbed them easily and held them back.

"Where do you think you're going? You've got to answer for your crimes!"

"Polly, it's us!"

She swallowed, looking down at her beautified, busty blonde form. "I know!" she whined. "I don't want to be doing this. But . . . I have these urges. Oh f-shoot. They're getting stronger."

She leaned over suddenly, allowing her large breasts to dangle in her top, their perfect shapes right in the view of Kaleb and Tin, who looked utterly entranced. She smiled sweetly at them, finding herself incredibly aroused by their own obvious arousal. A rush of desire ran through her, a need to show off her new form, to demonstrate her authority not just with the baton, but with her body too.

"How about this, you sexy pair. You wash that graffiti off and say you're sorry, and I'll take you both into the station and show you how much I *really appreciate* a pair of law-abiding citizens. How about that?"

They both looked to one another. "Polly, but - rebellion, remember?"

“I know. I know! I can’t help it. *I just have to keep the law here, and I really appreciate those that follow the law.*”

She moaned softly, biting her lip in a manner that was openly, astonishingly sensual. With her hands on her hips and her tits thrust out, she was a sight to see. To her frustration, and yet total understanding, her two friends exchanged a look, grabbed their bucket, and immediately set to work on cleaning away the graffiti. The new policewoman towered over them, instructing them to clean every single spot. Much as she wanted to stay a rebel, the Stranger’s magic had left Polly Jenkins as a deeply devoted officer in instinct, and those instincts were getting hornier and hornier by the second.

“Mhmmm, hurry up, you two, or I’ll get the handcuffs.” She shivered a little bit in excitement in saying that, running a hand down her perfect form. “Actually, I think I might just use them anyway. Oh God, I really want to fuck the crime out of you!”

Kaleb and Tin began scrubbing away the paint even faster.

Officer Polly Jenkins couldn’t help herself. There was a new officer in town, and as much as she liked rebelling, her new instincts were giving her the sense that reforming was going to be a lot more fun. And a lot more frequent, if she could convince the town to hire a couple more hunky boys in blue.

By the time Tin and Kaleb were finished, she was practically bursting with arousal, and a need to get the cuffs on these sexy perps. They stood expectantly before her, awaiting orders, and a rush of authoritarian power ran through her, just as her instincts had minutes ago. She stepped forward saucily, and placed a hand under each of their chins, biting her lips once again.

“Ohhhhh, fuck the police already,” she moaned, directing them to the station.

And they did. Several times.

It was to be the new criminal reform initiative.

Part 4: Cream with Your Coffee

The Stranger continued his odd sojourn through Friendly Oaks. He smirked at his most recent effect: the little police station would be a lot more lively now that Polly was in charge. Much better than that Prisket, who was no doubt still grappling with the litter of piglets growing in his - or rather *her* - stomach.

But even for an immortal, unearthly being such as the Stranger, some early mornings simply sapped one’s energy. As the sun began to rise on what looked to be a fine sunny day in this little forgotten slice of Americana paradise, he spied an old-fashioned diner in the

distance, one that was just now opening. A good thing too: even incomprehensible beings like a good coffee.

The woman at the diner was named Annabelle, in what would prove a most auspicious, or foreboding, name. She was in her late twenties and always ran the diner for her Pa in the mornings, him being either too lazy or too old or some combination of the pair to get up early and set the scene. Still, she was a chipper woman, and recently celebrating the fact that, after a long dry spell, she finally had a boyfriend. Robbie was a handsome fellow just a couple of years older than her, and she'd managed to woo him by always making the perfect pot of coffee when he came in on breaks from his carpentering gigs, as well as the best eggs and bacon in the house. He was due to come in any minute now, in fact. His hours were similarly early, and so she had done herself up nice just to please him: her brown hair in cute pigtails, her diner server uniform extra trim to show off her slight figure, and she'd even gone to the extra length of wearing makeup she knew her father wouldn't approve of.

Well, too bad. She was twenty seven years old, she could look how she liked, and the other patrons seemed to enjoy it anyhow.

Annabelle was just checking her appearance out in the mirror one last time, ready for her beau to appear, when suddenly the bell dinged to indicate a customer had arrived.

"I'll be right out, honey!" she declared in her thick, twangy Southern accent. Another thing she'd received from her father. She practically bounced out from behind the counter, a sweet smile upon her face, only to pause in brief surprise.

"Oh, hello stranger!" she exclaimed. "I'm sorry, I thought you were someone else."

"A boyfriend, perhaps?" the man said. He was a tall, imposing figure in a dark long coat. He hadn't even removed his broad-brimmed hat, which Annabelle thought to be quite rude. But there was something strangely magnetic about him that compelled her to answer truthfully, despite his forwardness.

"As a matter of fact, yes," she declared. "I've got a beau named Robbie. Comes in her all the time around this hour."

"Wonderful," the man replied in his whispery, yet guttural voice. "I did not mean to surprise you by not being him. I saw that the diner had opened and was hoping for a good coffee."

She gave him her sweet smile, the one intended more for customers than her boyfriend. "Sure thing honey! How do you like it?"

"I do enjoy a good cappuccino," he replied easily, taking a seat at the counter. He loomed over it, he was so tall.

"Um, we don't quite have that fancy French stuff here," she said nervously. "Well, my Pa never approved, anyway. But I can make you a good pot if you want, and a bite to eat?"

“Just the coffee would be good,” the Stranger said. “I like it with cream. That part is very important.”

“Coffee and cream coming up!” she said. “If you want food with it, the coffee is complimentary.”

“I’ll just pay for the coffee. And the cream.”

“Sure thing then. Swipe your card right here, or would you prefer till?”

He chose the till, and methodically passed over several old coins that she almost thought weren’t even American currency until she saw how old they were dated. In fact, they looked surprisingly valuable. Some went back to before the eighteen hundreds. She decided not to mention this. After all, it was just one coffee.

“So, what brings you to town, mister?”

“I’m just passing through. And I like change.”

“Nothing wrong with that! I don’t mind change either, though I’m not one for travelling. I like Friendly Oaks. It’s the place for me.”

“Do you own this lovely diner?”

“My daddy does, but I’m due to inherit. It’s named after me, though: *Bell’s Diner*. I’m Annabelle.”

“A pleasure to meet you,” he replied.

She was just readying the pot, continuing the vague small talk, when suddenly the bell went *Ding* again. This time her service smile became a genuine one as her darling Robbie came through the door. He was looking tired, and no doubt wanting his coffee and breakfast, but first she ran to him and gave him a kiss on the lips, lifting her leg slightly as he embraced her.

“You sure look swell this morning,” he said.

“I made myself up just for you,” she said. “I’ve got a coffee ready for you, and your bacon and eggs are ready to go as well.”

He gave a rugged grin and kissed her a second time. “You are just so fine, Annabelle.”

“Aww, you’re a cutie too.”

“I won’t be by the end of the day. Big concreting job.”

“Well, let me serve you up sweetie, so you know someone’s looking forward to seeing you by the end of the day.”

She quickly attended to Robbie, so struck with love and smitten by his demeanour that she practically forgot the strange figure at the counter still waiting for his coffee. Instead, she poured one out for Robbie first, then served him up for his breakfast, which he began to chow down upon. She quickly retreated back to serve a coffee to the Stranger, mumbling an

apology, before heading back to Robbie to continue whispering with him as if they were secret lovers and only teens. Then, when he was done, she cleaned up after him.

“You really are the best, Annabelle,” he said. “How is that I managed to get the cow and milk for free?”

“If that’s your way of telling me how lucky you are to have me, you got a lot of work to do on your romance, Robbie.”

But she said it while laughing, and kissing him again. He even snuck a quick feel of her backside, before she giggled and told him to stop. There was another customer, after all.

“Well, you’ve made my morning all the better,” Robbie said. He grabbed her lightly around the waist and pulled her in for one last kiss. “Thanks for the perfect coffee, babe.”

“It’ll be there tomorrow morning for you, double-cream, just like you like it.”

“You know me too well.”

One last kiss, and he left, leaving her back with the Stranger. She returned to the counter a little embarrassed, red-cheeked, and flushed with excitement.

“Sorry about that. That was Robbie, my boyfriend. Hope you’re enjoying your coffee?”

The Stranger was silent. He had not touched it.

“Is something the matter, sir?”

“There is no cream.”

Annabelle blinked for a moment. “Oh, oh! I’m so sorry, I was just distracted.”

The Stranger raised his head. His starry eyes seemed to bore into her very soul.

“I was very specific that I liked cream with my coffee. Milk would have sufficed. I was waiting over five minutes and there was no service. Is this how you treat your customers?”

Annabelle smiled awkwardly. “Not at all mister! I’m so sorry! I was just - look, I’ll get you a new coffee. With milk this time.”

She grabbed the pot and began to pour it into a new mug, but the Stranger raised a hand before she could add the cream.

“Wait. Something your boyfriend said before, about getting the cow and the milk for free. Perhaps there was a wisdom there. Perhaps if his statement was more literal, then you would never need to forget. Would be unable to forget.”

Annabelle looked at the exit. She was starting to feel a bit worried for her own safety with this tall, cryptic figure.

“Unable to forget, um, what exactly?”

The Stranger smiled, and there was something alien and wrong about the smile. Like some alien had been told what a smile was but had never seen it, and this was their attempt at recreation.

“Unable to forget the milk, of course,” he said in that odd voice of his.

And then his eyes glowed. Annabelle dropped the milk she was still holding, letting it spill upon the floor as she was caught in the gaze of a being that was most certainly not human. She saw spiralling galaxies, unfurling nebula within those grey eyes, and they teemed with change and chaos and possibility. Her entire body tingled as she beheld this phenomena, goosebumps raising across her skin. Something was happening to her, but it took several long moments for her to shift her gaze away from those magnetic, alien eyes and back to her body.

By which point things had gone very, *very* wrong.

“Oh my God!”

Annabelle staggered back from the counter, hitting her back lightly against the bench behind her. She could feel a powerful set of pressures across her body, but two particular ones were concentrated on her chest. She had always had a small cupsize, but had been happy with her B-cups - God knows that Robbie rather liked them, even if she knew he liked bigger tits - but now they were surging forth and stretching the boundaries of her diner uniform. The buttons became tights as fat and tissue and flesh *poured* into them from nowhere, inflating her boobs so that in mere seconds they had grown to full C-cups, and then even further to D's! The pressure was intense, like she was being actively *pumped* full, and it made her feel hot and flushed and overcome.

“Ohhhhhh,” she moaned. “Wha-what is happening? Why am I - NNGH!!!”

She grasped her breasts, feeling utterly indecent but unable to help herself. The sensation of growth was as discomforting as it was strangely pleasurable. Worse, her nipples were expanding massively, denting against her bra to the point where they were outlining heavily against her top. Soon they were thimble-sized and unbelievably sore and sensitive. She squealed as she touched them, only to pull her hands away when she realised what she was doing.

“Oh God, this can't be happening! Why am I - what are you d-doing?”

The Stranger stirred his new coffee, which still didn't have cream. “I'm just getting my milk,” he said idly. “It will all make sense, soon. It will be hard to forget to put milk in a drink when you're producing it by the gallon.”

“Producing? What do you mean p-producing? Oh God, you can't mean - MMHMMH!!!”

As if by magic, which indeed seemed to be the case, her nipples painfully expanded yet again, areola flaring out large and huge and bright pink underneath her shirt. Her breasts expanded yet further, becoming hefty Double-D's and then big cantaloupe-sized E's, which then caused the first button to ping off across the room. Annabelle groaned as her nipples stiffened, and then something even more remarkable and shocking happened: her nipples

slid out of her too-small bra cups, and two streams of liquid poured out of them in little streams, drenching her top.

“Ohhhhhhh,” she whimpered, shivering from the strange release. It was agony and pleasure at once, and yet she only felt more and more full. “Is that m-milk?”

“The first of it, yes. But I think you can make more.”

“No! No more! Please no moo-ore!”

She clasped her mouth shut, placing her hands on it in shock. She had just *mooed!*

“Like I said, your boyfriend had wisdom about the cow.”

“*MOO!*” the poor diner woman cried. She tried to run, but another change quickly swept over her, even as her breasts continued to test the very fabric of her clothing. A deep throbbing pain in her tailbone began, followed swiftly by the foreign sensation of a nub bursting into being above her buttocks. Annabelle squeaked, her entire body going rigid even as she was forced to square her shoulders back to compensate for the growing weight upon her chest. Her breasts were still her major concern: they were like large, heavy sandbags, and her fat nipples were continuing to pour her new milk supply embarrassingly down her front. But then the nub pushed further between where her shirt had been tucked into her work skirt, and then it pushed out further, and further, and further.

“Stop this!” she pleaded. “P-please! I don’t d-deserve this! I didn’t *moo*-ean to forget your *moo*-ilk!”

The pressure was unbelievable, in her panties and in her bra. Her very body was warping on top of it: her slim figure expanded subtly, hips creaking wider, thighs becoming thicker, shoulders a little stouter. She still had a very cute feminine form, but any sense of frail beauty was gone, replaced by curves that helped further emphasise her blossoming bustline.

“NGHH! What is this!?” she cried, unable to bear it all. She reached behind and lowered her waistband, which caused a long cow tail to flop out behind her. It was still growing, but it was furry and light creamy brown in colour, with a hair end that swished from side to side automatically. “Oh God! Is that a tail? I’m growing a fucking tail!? *MOOO!!!*”

The Stranger stirred his drink calmly as the woman poured sweat, overwhelmed by the changes. Her hips expanded yet again, causing her skirt to split a little, and another two buttons pinged off of her shirt. The back *and* front of her bra snapped, and she had to pull it off and hurl it across the room because of the sheer discomfort it was causing. It left her fat nipples free to drench her uniform further. They were swollen, leaking more and more, and Annabelle was almost tempted to grip them and damn well *tug* just so more of the build up of milk could be released.

“Sooooo f-full!” she whined. “Please *moo*-ake it s-stop!”

Her tail swished back and forth, but it was not the only cow-like change to come into being. Even as she begged and cried, and tried to keep her outfit together while the front tore open, more transformations made themselves known. Her ears thinned out, becoming softer and downier and longer, until they were cute cow ears that dangled and shifted on either side of her head. She grunted, reaching up from her breasts to touch her scalp as two fierce pains began there. It grew and grew until she was terrified her skull might burst, when suddenly two sharp points did in fact burst through. They pushed through her brown hair to become two prominent bovine horns, three inches or so in length each, and completely unable to be disguised by her hair.

“Horns? I don’t want horns!”

“But cows have horns,” the Stranger said matter-of-factly. “Just like they have tails. And *udders* for milking.”

Even among the strange changes, Annabelle paused to take notice of what he’d just said. The wounds around her new horns healed, the slight trickle of blood receding back into her scalp, but even as the pain dissipated, the horror of his words sank fully into her stomach.

And then down below it.

“*Mooo!* NO! *MOOO!!!*”

But it was too late. The new cow woman still had one major change to go, and it was perhaps the biggest and most alien one yet. The bloating sensation that was still occurring within her breasts manifested even more powerfully below her belly button. The skin pushed forward, becoming thicker and pinker and coarser. Four nubs expanded, pushing against her shirt. She was already showing a gargantuan amount of sweaty, milk-filled cleavage where her shirt had popped open, but now the bottom buttons began to segment. Her skirt was rapidly filled by an enormous new organ that was easily the size of both her now-G-cup tits put together. It rounded out, becoming increasingly heavy. She had to hold onto the counter ahead of her just to stay upright, until her tail automatically pointed out further to counterbalance her changing centre of gravity.

“OHhhhhh, *mooo!* *MOOO!!* This can’t be happening! Whoever you are, I’m s-sorry! I didn’t *moo*-ean to! I’ll *mooo*-ake you a better coffee, I swear! Ahhhh! Ah-ah-OHHH!!”

“I know you will, Annabelle,” the Stranger said. “Such a perfect name for a cow. We should get you a little cowbell.”

His gaze fell upon her neck, and sure enough a small tinkling cowbell now hung from a necklace, resting against her huge, heaving, pillow-like breasts. They were still filling with milk, but her primary concern was the even larger milk bag swelling between her legs.

“S-so heavy!” she breathed. “S-so heavy!”

"It'll get heavier, when it fills."

"F-fills?"

"I still want cream, remember?"

And just like that, the enormous mount still trapped within her over-stretched skirt began to pump full of milk. Annabelle gasped like a woman in the throes of orgasm. She was utterly overheated, the sheer act of creating so much milk sapping her body and making it run hotter than she could bear. She fell into gasps, her hands stumbling as she reached to unleash her udder from its waistband. It was painful to pull so tight, but she managed to finally get the band beneath the udder, leaving the new milk-producing organ to spill out, already spurting milk from its four teats.

"MMhhmmm! Ohhhhhhh - soooo *mooo-uuuuch mooo-illlk!!*"

It spilled everywhere, even as it grew. It was nearly the size of a beachball, and ridiculously warm. The skin was stretched tight, the bag full with produce just like her breasts. She looked at the stranger, who had finally stood to circle around the counter.

"No! D-don't! Please!"

But he didn't listen. There was another shudder as her boobs expanded one more time to a cupsize she didn't even know could be quantified - they were each bigger than her own damn head now! Her udder gurgled unpleasantly, milk pouring from her four nubs. She tried to hold it steady as it swayed uncomfortably, only to retract her hand immediately: it was so sensitive, so sore! So full!

The Stranger smiled as if this was perfectly ordinary. Then, as he changed finally finished, her big udder fully on display and her breasts just barely contained behind her wet top, he reached over with his mug, grabbed one of her teats.

And pulled.

"*MOOOO!!!*" she moaned. A stream of milk poured into the Stranger's coffee mug. He brought it up to his lips and sampled it, sighing with relief.

"Now *that* is a good coffee," he said. "Don't forget the milk next time, Annabelle. I doubt you ever will. I'd suggest you start milking soon, however. I've made sure you produce quite a lot. Consider it a blessing for the future popularity of your diner."

He finished his coffee in two great gulps, set it down, and placed a generous tip in the jar with what looked like gold coins. Actual, ancient gold coins.

"For your troubles," he said.

Annabelle couldn't stop him. She was afraid too. He left, the bell ringing to signal his exit, and she was left stuck as an incredibly busty, milky cow-woman, complete with a prodigious udder.

"Oh God, I need to be *moo*-ilked," she stammered. "What is Robbie going to think of *moo*-eee?"

She would have to wait until the end of the day to find out his reaction, but the next came shortly thereafter. She had only just begun to moan and milk herself into some of the spare bottles out back when another *Ding* sounded.

Her next customer had arrived, and she had no idea what to do.

She hoped they liked cream in their coffee, though.

Part 5: Dryad Dreaming

Gretchen Arbor always got up early in the morning to tend to her garden. She was an old soul, well into her mid-seventies, and had long lived alone, ever since her ridiculous husband had run off to Europe with that French so-and-so that was young enough to be his own daughter! It had been quite the scandal in the town of Friendly Oaks, and it remained a curious point of discussion even though it had been nearly twenty years ago. By that point, Gretchen was too old by her own standards to find a new partner, and she'd never had children with Gregory besides.

Thankfully, she always had her garden. It had driven Dan up the damn wall when he'd been around, how much time she spent in it, growing her sunflowers and roses and hedge walls and lilacs and dandelions and so on and so forth. She cultivated her vegetable patch with special care, growing far more tomatoes and strawberries and carrots and beets than she would ever need, and happily leaving them for others to collect in an open box by her mailbox. It wasn't like she was a particularly big eater: she was slim and shrunken, wrinkled and old, with long, frizzy, grey-white hair that sometimes obscured her spectacles. She was often seen in her gardening outfit, her gloves slung over her shoulder by a strap even when she was purchasing other necessities about town. Suffice to say, she was seen as a bit of an odd eccentric, albeit one who was well-meaning and quite lovely, if deeply introverted and shy. She knew that herself: since Dan had left, people were just so darn difficult. Plants were a lot easier: they grew and bloomed with proper care and the seasons, and that was well enough.

Still, she did miss human connection, sometimes. Mills and Boon novels - her secret little shame - could only bring her so much delight. It wasn't that sex was some great appeal - being a septuagenarian does wonders for killing one's libido - but romance was not truly dead for Gretchen. Perhaps it was simply the knowledge that Dan was still out there, only a little younger than her and still with some young French tart, that made her wistfully imagine starting life again with some quiet romantic poet - also French, for revenge - who would help bloom her garden with her. A sanctuary for two, as it were.

But such hopes were the idle dreams of an old woman whose life was far behind her. There was a great wall looming ahead, and like the plants of her garden, it would someday come to an end. For now, all she could do was tend to the roots, and hope the soil would keep true.

It was this image of the aged woman carefully cultivating her front patch before her deck that the Stranger happened upon. The coffee, in the end, had been rather marvellous. He suspected the new cowgirl Annabelle would be remarkably productive in her role. Perhaps her boyfriend would even come to enjoy her milky new form - he'd decided to add a little bit of magical libido to the mix, just in case. Young love deserved to bloom, after all, even if it should pay more attention to a customer's order.

But now it was an image of age that gained his attention. The Stranger was not struck by many things: as a rather eccentric and ethereal being not quite of this world, morality was an ever-changing and rarely inflexible thing to him. And yet, for the first time in a while, he was struck by the quiet beauty and serene calm of Gretchen Arbor tending to her pots and plants, watering and talking to each as if they were her children. Which, for all intents and purposes, they sort of were.

Gretchen didn't notice the figure approach the classical white picket fence that demarcated her front yard. She was far more focused on clipping the roses just so, and getting rid of the leaves that had been chewed away by weevils. She didn't like to use insecticides of any kind, preferring the human touch over the artificial: far better for the environment, after all, and insects had their own part to play in it. She still mourned the loss of monarch butterflies in the region, and this was her small rebellion.

So it came nearly as a fright out of her skin when the Stranger, having watched her for several minutes in the front yard, finally spoke in that strangely hollow, crackling voice of his.

"Excuse me, but I cannot help but notice the beauty of your garden, madam."

"Holy hells!" she exclaimed, whirling about with the energy of someone that felt briefly twenty years younger. "Young man! You nearly scared the life out of me!"

"I meant no alarm, my apologies. I was just appreciating what you have created here."

She adjusted her spectacles, taking in his immense stature and somewhat grim demeanour. She had seen his type before decades ago: the wandering preachers and stragglers, legacies of the Great Depression that had moulded their mothers and fathers. At least, this is what she assumed of him.

"No offence taken, young man," she said, removing one of her gloves. "I take great pride in my garden, so it's always kind when someone sees fit to notice. The world is far too quick to appreciate these things these days, I find."

"I would agree," the Stranger said, drawing closer so that he was nearly pressing against the fence. "I imagine it takes a great deal of effort to maintain such splendour?"

She chuckled. "A lot more than my body can take these days! I'm nearly at the point of hiring a hand for some of the potwork and soil changes: my old knees can barely take it, but I'm a stubborn woman, I suppose."

"No husband to help you?"

"Pah! He's off gallivanting in Europe with some French girl half his age or less. Only reason I don't divorce him is because it's too inconvenient and the house is already in my name. No, I just potter around myself now. I'm Gretchen. Gretchen Arbor - appropriate last name, I know."

The Stranger smirked. He already knew Gretchen's name. He knew the name of everyone he met, and their natures. And while he changed people unjustly, or for mere amusement or the poetry of the thing, he found himself intrigued by Gretchen's nature, her literal connection to *nature*. She was old, and tired, and he sensed within her the beginnings of issues in her heart and muscles that would likely leave her in a nursing home within the next half decade, and yet it was as if the very garden she had formed was part of her, and she drew nourishment from it.

"Folks call me just the Stranger," he said, extending a hand.

To his surprise, Gretchen took it and shook it easily in her weak grip. "Lovely to meet you, Stranger. I won't ask questions; I know we all have our own stories. Would you like to come in for a tea? I rarely get visitors or get to meet new people, and I don't much go out myself. But if you like the garden out front, I think you'll love what I have out back."

The Stranger took her up on this offer, and his esteem of her was raised as she served him some lovely scones with cream and jam, and brought him out back where the true sight was. Though the Stranger had lived a long time and seen many cultivated spaces, his alien senses could feel a rare connection here: the front yard paled in comparison to the back, which was a wilder space with numerous fruit-bearing trees, native plants and shrubs, various vegetable patches, and a number of carefully maintained trees. It was a delicate balance between order and enlightenment, and the natural chaos and wildness of nature. In the mid-morning sun, the shade was cool and inviting. He sampled a scone and nibbled upon it - not that he needed food to live - and took in the sight.

"It is the most marvellous personal garden I have seen in my long years," he said.

"Well, that's a high compliment indeed," Gretchen said, feeling chipper. She stood up to fetch his tray, only to wince. It was her back pain again.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, just my darn back. Don't worry about it, darling it's part of getting old."

“Mhm. I understand such things, though I do not fully know them. May I ask how old you are, Gretchen?”

She shot him a look. “Well, if you must know, I’m seventy seven years young, as it were. Not that I feel young. But the garden is what I’ve got, and it makes my old soul happy. I feel younger here.”

“I can see why. May I inquire further, Gretchen? I am a stranger, but I must know what happens to this garden in the future?”

“The future?”

“After.”

She narrowed her eyes. “After?”

“Once you are gone.”

There was silence, but for the chirping of insects and birds. “Well, I don’t think this is a comfortable discussion, mister Stranger. But I imagine my errant husband will bulldoze it all if he inherits, damn him, so I’ll probably hope that council can take care of it. Not that Mrs Tyde will do much good, I imagine.”

The Stranger nodded. “That is very sad. You have the green thumb, Gretchen Arbor. A rare gift indeed. If you had the chance, would you tend to this garden forever? Grow it more and more, so that it became a place of great beauty for all to take in?”

Gretchen didn’t even need to consider it. “Of course I would. I’ve often dreamed of such a thing. But flights of fancy for one so old as I are not worth considering. No, I know I’m the only one to really care about this. But I’d like to know the garden was well-cared for. God knows that dealing with the weeds is far too tasking. I can barely manage it these days.”

The Stranger did something quite different. He removed his hat, revealing his dark hair and weathered forehead. At least, that’s how he looked at that moment. He turned his eyes upon Gretchen and beheld her. Even with her old vision, which the glasses could only help so much with, she saw something strange and alien in his eyes.

“I can give you the chance, you know,” he said. “To be the custodian of this garden, and others. Of the wilds of Friendly Oaks.”

Gretchen’s aged hands shook. She placed her tea upon the table before her.

“You - you’re not human, are you?”

“No.”

“Are you . . . an angel?”

“I am not. I am far too changeable for that. But I am known to give banes and blessings, and it is the latter I am willing to bestow upon you, and by choice as well. I ask you, Gretchen Arbor, if you would like to turn back the clock, and bloom once more as your garden does?”

The old woman looked about, then at her veiny hands which shook slightly, trembling with a mix of nervousness and age. She was briefly terrified that she had died, and that the Grim Reaper himself was offering her a deal. But her lungs were still working, her heart still beating, even if those organs no longer worked with the same alacrity as they once had. Gretchen looked across her garden, this work of so many years of careful tending, and that sense of romance welled up within her. She had been alone for so long, and this garden was hers. If there was a chance to turn back the clock, to meet someone who cared for this place like her, to start again and continue her work . . .

“Y-yes,” she said, her eyes slightly wet with tears as she answered. “Yes, I rather think I would, Mister Stranger. If - if such a thing were possible. I wouldn’t want part of any contract or anything, or a deal with the Devil, or -”

“No contract required. Simply a gift.”

“Then . . . please. If - if you can. If you will it.”

The Stranger extended a hand and took Gretchen’s. For just a moment, she felt as if his flesh were not quite right, as if there were a glamour or charm upon it, or that it was not made of the substance of man. And then he directed her away from that thought.

“Look into my eyes, Gretchen, and see the possibilities.”

She looked.

And she saw.

Nature abounding in all its beauty, spreading and coiling and tending and cultivating and receding with the seasons before bursting, bursting, bursting back into full bloom with the delight of spring. Butterflies and beetles thriving in their beauty, birds spreading seeds across the garden and beyond, the environment of Friendly Oaks itself changing to push back against the rigours of mechanical, clinical, robotic greyness and flowing instead with the full wonders of nature. And her in the centre of it, or a figure, green-skinned much like the rest of it, hair wild, body naked, laughing and dancing as if young again.

She saw it all, and the tears began to flow.

And the changes flowed as well.

It happened so much more quickly than the changes to Priskett or Annabelle or Polly or the garbagemen couple. Gretchen welcomed the flow of transformation into her, marvelling at her body as it changed. She gasped, grunted and groaned a little, but spoke almost no words as her wrinkled skin smoothed out, as the years rolled back on her form. She breathed heavily as her figure, long made thin and rectangular by age, suddenly filled out again and then some, regaining lost womanly proportions. Her hips spread wider, her waist narrowed, losing the flab it had gained since her life became more sedentary. Her thighs thickened, arms gaining lithe muscle, while her jowls and neck resculpted to become poised.

“Oh my God,” she said. “This is - this is wondrous!”

“There is much more to come. Behold your changes.”

To Gretchen’s astonishment, her years continued to turn back. Her body clock reversed through her sixties and fifties almost immediately, but they did not stop there: soon she was in her forties, energy returning, then in her thirties, her figure young and fit and nearly in its prime. Her stomach became smooth, with just a slight healthy pooch that was ordinary for a young, fertile woman.

“It’s actually happening,” Gretchen marvelled. “I’m - I’ve forgotten how it felt to be so young! So full of life!”

“You shall be more full of life than you can imagine,” said the Stranger. “And far closer to nature. Observe.”

Gretchen’s clothes began to fall away, almost as if they were crumbling to golden ash. She should have felt shame at being suddenly exposed, but instead it felt . . . natural. Right. Her breasts, useless dried up tubes moments ago, now filled out full and ripe, and far bigger than they had been even in her prime. She had always been a lithe woman, but now her chest became quite blessed indeed, becoming pert E-cups or large, full and sensuous and delightful. She couldn’t help it: she giggled in delight at their size and softness, being like large cantaloupes themselves. These magnificent curves were matched by the way her rear filled out, and her hips as well, giving her an impressively curvaceous figure. She was no stick-thin supermodel, but a full-figured woman that would be beautiful in any age, but certainly had the popular figure of the 1950s, of her own youth. Such changes were matched by her face: her face regained its old heart shape, though her lips were fuller than ever. Her nose became aquiline and pure, while her hair extended further down to her naked buttocks, twisting and growing wild and yet strangely ordered at the same time.

“Ohhhhhh,” she moaned, feeling a rising pleasure. Her large nipples stiffened with a strange bliss, and as they did so, they changed colour unexpectedly. She bit her lip, viewing this odd change with anticipation, and soon the colour spread across her body, extending over her skin in patches at first and then across her form entirely. The sensitivity of her skin grew tenfold, causing her to jolt backwards; her various curvaceous parts jiggled pleasantly in response to this.

“I’m - dear lord, I’m turning green!” she cried, though she was not horrified, but fascinated. Intrigued.

The Stranger smiled. “What better colour for a nymph of nature? For a dryad of the earth and wood and green?”

“I’m becoming - oh dear Lord, this is astonishing! This is - Mmhmphh! Exhilarating! Ahh!!”

More pleasure flooded her core, and soon she was the lush green of spring grass, her nipples darker woodland green. Her skin gained a curious texture to it, as if it were partly made of bark, with beautiful patterns of grooves and small dark pebbles of skin that almost appeared like wood hollows. And yet it was not hardened, at least not in its present state: she wondered if she could mark her skin like bark, her figure like a tree, and revert back again. The thought alone told her that might well be the case, and her heart leapt.

Her hair turned dark green and brown with strains of golden pollen running through it. Flowers grew in her hair, and it was difficult to tell how much of her new do was actual hair or hyperthin roots tangling around one another. It was wild and free, and while she could not know it, her eyes also turned a magnificent glowing golden amber.

“Mhmmm . . . I f-feel so good,” she said. “Younger, stronger . . . and - oh this is embarrassing and so wonderful! I feel better than I ever have!”

Unlike the other transformers who were left embarrassed, mentally altered, confused, or aghast, Gretchen looked over her sumptuous fae body with delight. She jumped, feeling her strength, and then without even saying another word she collapsed back onto the grass, running her hands over her curves and laughing.

“Oh my, you are an angel! I don’t care what you say! This is magnificent! Please tell me this is real?”

“It is indeed real.”

“Good! Because I can feel the grass as I never have. Ohhhh, I can hear the sigh of the trees, the call of the birds. I can feel the nutrients in the soil, the abundance of life. I thought I was a gardener - *this* is Eden, now!”

She giggled, her voice now light and seductive and playful, the years melting away to reveal the core of Gretchen that had faded over time but never truly dissipated.

“Oh, if only my husband could see me now. How he would lust after me!”

The thought made her perk up. She sat up, resting back on her hands and subconsciously adopting a pose that was, to put it lightly, the very image of seduction and sexual arousal. She hadn’t even intended it, but as a forest nymph and dryad, it came naturally to her. It had been so long since her own libido had stirred that she had almost forgotten the feeling, but now it returned with a force.

“Oh, good gosh. I think I’m feeling rather . . . perky.”

“That would be one way to put it. The forest nymphs and dryads of legend were indeed creatures of freedom, in matters natural and sexual.”

Gretchen swallowed, causing her green breasts to rise and fall heavily. They felt wonderful on her, but her body was already yearning for a man to enter her garden, so to speak, and taste of her fruit.

“Oh, this will take some getting used to. I think - if I remember correctly - that in some legends, a nymph’s power to expand her forest and spread natural wonders requires, um, a bit of lovemaking. Pleasure.”

The Stranger stood, eating the last of his scone. “That is indeed the case. Worry not, you may find a man with ease, or many men, depending on your preference. From this day, you are now a being of blended bark and wood and greenery, captivating in beauty and immortal youth. You will appear to be in your mid-twenties,, and will remain such as long as you desire to live and thrive in your garden and surrounding forests. Wherever you lay down in patches of grass and dirt and bush you will find wondrous comfort, connected to the soil and the land. Nature is yours to spread, Gretchen Arbor, and you may spread it as lovingly as you please.”

Gretchen launched to her feet, still astonished by her strength. Uncaring about her nakedness - and in fact already loving it - she dashed to the Stranger. For once, he was surprised, wrapped in a hug from the nymph. She raised herself up on her toes and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

“Thank you! For everything! You are an angel.”

“Perhaps . . . just this once, I have been. Live well, Gretchen, and love well. You now have the body and role for it.”

She grinned impishly as he began to move away, already stroking one breast with arousal. It wasn’t a compulsion, just a low lying need of her body. She wanted to get used to it first before she used it, but she definitely intended to use it. Dan didn’t know what he’d missed out on when he’d run away all those years ago, but she’d spent far too much time single. Nymphs could change their appearance to be more human, after all. All it would take was to find the right man to build a garden with her, and she could make him a very happy man in turn.

She looked over her body again as the Stranger left her view, disappearing through her home. She was stunning.

“I think I’ll make whomever I find a very, very happy man indeed,” she said.

And then she fell back onto the grass, giggling like a young woman again, connected to nature in a way she had never before felt, but was destined to expand for years and years and years to come.

Part 6: Centaur Runners

The Friendly Oaks Marathon Masters were off to their regular start. Most were individuals in their thirties, though there were some in their twenties, and several in their forties as well. All in all they numbered seventeen runners, *if* one included Gemima, who was always woefully behind. The poor asthmatic was determined to improve her health and prove herself, but her continual lagging and poor performance on the track around town often led to some snickering behind her back, and even in front of her.

On the morning the Stranger had arrived in town, the Marathon Masters were moving at their regular jogging pace down the unimaginatively titled Main Street. As usual, Paul and Aaron were head-to-head, the two mid-thirties men continually butting against one another in a sad attempt to show dominance. Various others filtered in from behind them, but they were always at the front, trying to show off in their bright colours and expensive sweatbands.

This time, it was Aaron that won, having arrived at the midway stop by the Coldstone Cafe.

“Haha! More’s the victor for me!” he cried, shaking his head and letting his ridiculous mullet flop about.

“That’s not even the saying, you moron,” Paul responded. “Besides, you had the inside track on the bend. That’s advantage to you.”

“Oh, don’t be a spoilsport, Paul,” Aaron responded, as various other runners arrived. “We can’t all be stallions like me!”

“Well, from what I hear, you’re quite the mare in bed, at least according to your ex.”

Aaron flustered, angry. “You better watch your mouth, or next run I’ll show you what happens when I let loose one of my old high school trick kicks. Only this time it won’t be a football I get.”

Paul rolled his eyes. “Like you’ll win the next leg. You never do against me.”

There was a collective groan from several runners, most of them the women. This group had been started by Rosalie, who was now in her late forties and only just arriving. In fact, it had been mostly women originally, a fact that she had been just saying aloud had been a better state of affairs.

“For goodness sake, you two. You’re hopeless!” she cried. “Far too much testosterone for this town alone! It’s just a fun run to keep us fit and enjoy the conversation. It’s not a race!”

But the two men ignored her, and several of their mates were taking sides already. Rosalie just rolled her eyes and waited for poor Gemima. The wider-set woman was always last, and she arrived several *minutes* later, working away on her puffer, adjusting her thick

glasses and muttering strained apologies. Paul and Aaron actually shared a moment to chuckle under their breath, and speak a little too loudly.

“Great, waiting for Gemima. Again. I swear that girl has hippo feet. Even you can outrun her, Aaron.”

“And I hear she’s your kind of woman,” Aaron served back.

Another chuckle rose from the men, and even some women, but Rosalie shielded Gemima from such comments, managing to stop her from hearing them. She was a kind woman, and one who had wanted the group to be more close-knit and protective. It was sort of like her second family, or her first, given that she had never married. Love had failed her in that way, and so she also felt some companionship with Gemima, seeing her a bit like a daughter.

“You’ve done so well, Gemima,” she remarked.

“F-feels like I got a b-better time, this time. Don’t have t-to wait for me, you know.”

“We’re happy to!” Rosalie said, though several of the faster runners made vocal disagreements. She quickly shot them a look. “What I mean is, I’m happy to. The others go when they want to, of course.”

As if by permission, they began to gather up, getting rid of their morning coffees and gulping down some water in preparation for the next leg. But the next leg would never come, or at least not with their *current* kind of legs. Because at that point a rather strange individual no one had ever seen before strode around the corner and eyed them curiously. Paul and Aaron stood, viewing this tall man almost as an intruder. He sat down at a table outside the cafe right near them, and seemed to regard them curiously. Even the more well-meaning runners found it a little intimidating, particularly since the strange man just appeared to be . . . listening. To them, almost. Yes, definitely to them, and their many conversations. In the end, the two leading men had to interfere.

“Hey there, weird guy staring at us, you’re out of town, right?”

The Stranger nodded at Aaron. “Indeed. Just passing through.”

“Yeah, see that you do. This is a runners’ group. We notice things. Including people who are suspicious.”

The tall figure stepped closer. “I don’t believe I have done anything hostile to you?”

Paul back up next to Aaron, not to be outdone. “Yeah, but you look pretty funny, and you’re looking funny at us. And Friendly Oaks is a *local* town, got it?”

Several of the other runners stepped forward at that point.

“Ignore them, too much testosterone.”

“Paul, for God’s sake -”

“Mister, maybe it’s a good idea to move on.”

“Aaron’s got the right of it. Everyone knows the Marathon Masters have this spot at midday.”

The Stranger nodded, and stood, and turned to leave. Then, hesitating, he shifted around again. “Marathon Masters? Quite the boastful title. You are fast then?”

Aaron and Paul exchanged a grin, though it was clearly a competitive one.

“The best, even better than this guy.”

“Fuck off, I’m the faster one.”

“Everyone here is a machine, except for Gemima of course.”

“And Rosalie, but she was good in her prime.”

The Stranger glanced at the pair they were referring to. The poor younger woman was struggling to regain control of her breathing. More than that, she was trying to hold back tears.

“Ah, so you are the ‘stallions’ I heard being referred to,” he said. “But any running group could always stand to be faster, yes? And what is faster than a horse?”

The group of runners were a bit confused by this apparent non-sequitur. Paul and Aaron moved forward, intent on putting a bit of intimidation against the taller man, but suddenly they stopped. Everyone did, including Rosalie and Gemima at the back. All were caught in the Stranger’s gaze, and it was like looking into the fiery essence of the cosmos itself. Something in his dark, low, crumbly voice changed, taking on a borderline supernatural quality as he continued to speak.

“I heard everything you spoke of. Your boasts about your speed, your competitive talk, how you compared yourselves to the women, and prided yourselves on your conquests. I also heard how the others spoke as well. I am the Stranger, a being far older than you can imagine, though I have no real name. I walk through this world and change it, the people most of all, making them as I wish them to be for no other reason than change and chaos is my very being. Sometimes I bring what you humans call karma, other times simply change without morality. Today, I shall bring a mix of the pair, though none of you will be the same again.

“You are a runner’s group, and since you are all trying to beat your old times, I will give you the power to do so quite handily. And with all this talk of stallions and mares and conquests, it is only fitting that we flip the table a little, and see how the pieces land. After all, what runs faster, than a mare trying to impress her mate?”

By this point, the entire running group was confused and terrified. Most of them were totally ordinary people, simply trying to stay fit in life, while only a small group were really aligned with the macho-chauvinism of Paul and Aaron. But the Stranger did not care: he was fulfilling his very purpose, as he saw it, though he made sure to add some flourishes of what he at least would consider some poetic justice, because at that point the entire running

group were overcome with strange tensing sensations all across their bodies - *especially* their lower bodies.

“Nghh! What are you d-doing to us!?” Aaron cried, trying to get ahold of himself. He could suddenly move and speak again, but his feet were rooted to the spot. Others stood, but found that they couldn’t shift away from their current placing as well.

“Yeah, what the fuck? Stop this right now or I’ll-”

“Be patient,” the Stranger said. “The changes are just beginning . . . now.”

“What the fuck are you - OHHHH!!”

At that point, the entire crowd erupted in confusion and horror as their bodies warped dramatically, expanding in size and flesh rapidly. Gemima squealed, dropping her puffer as her hips widened considerably, and her ass grew out in a manner that should have been utterly impossible. The same was true of Rosalie, who cried out as the back of her running shorts ripped right open, her rear protruding forth unnaturally.

“Oh my Lord!” she cried. “What in Jesus’ name is happening to us!?”

“I don’t kn-know, Rosalie!” Gemima cried, clinging to her mentor. “But I’m s-scared!”

“No need to be scared,” the Stranger said casually, even as more clothing ripped, as more runner’s bulked up in their lower halves. “After all, you two will be the prize stallions of this new *running herd*. From now on, you won’t be lagging behind, or feel disempowered. You will take your places as the leaders, the *stallions*, of the herd. Just as two with such strong wills truly deserve!”

“What!?” Rosalie cried, and Paul and Aaron echoed her. Gemima simply squeaked, terrified and confused. But before any of them could say anything further, the transformations began to accelerate. The various runners gasped and groaned as their footwear erupted off their feet, which were rapidly fusing together, toes disappearing, as they formed what could only be *hooves*. Many of them had to cling to tables just to stay upright, especially once their hair began to push through their skin. It was terribly itchy, and startled the runners, all of whom were in running shorts and shirts. Suddenly, they were scratching themselves over, shrieking and swearing and praying for salvation as fur began to erupt from their bodies. Paul’s was white, while Aaron’s was chestnut brown. Rosalie’s came in black, while Gemima had an impressively dark brown coat with dapples of white upon it. It became even more obvious as their asses swelled further, tails erupting from their backsides quickly, growing long and hairy.

“Oh God! What the fuck!?” Aaron cried. “What the fuck!? Change me back man! I said change me fucking back!!”

“Yeah, or I’ll fucking kill you!”

"There'll be no killing today," the Stranger said calmly. "Besides, mares are not one for violence. That is the stallion's role. No, you mares will be quite on the receiving end of any thrusts, though these, at least, won't be thrusts of violence."

"What the hell are you talking about? We're not mares!"

The Stranger grinned. "Not yet. Observe."

The men groaned, as did the women. As their lower halves swelled backwards, developing internal organs and taking on a barrel-like shape that nearly tipped them over, something else strange and alien was taking place: their genitals and genitalia were all shifting *backward as well*. Roalise moaned in unwanted pleasure as her vagina shifted backwards to position itself near her ass, and Gemime reached backwards only to cry out.

"N-no! No! This is w-wrong!"

"Wrong, yes," the Stranger said. "But you get the best end of the deal, trust me. Let me help that along, and give you all some more balance."

There was another eruption, another cry of surprise and fear as new alien sensations came into being. Already, each runner had developed a new limb in the form of a horsey tail, but now a pair of additional *legs* were surging into being. A new set of hips formed from the barrel lower halves that were growing, and they descended quickly, almost too quickly to take account of. Each member stumbled back, only to be unexpectedly caught upon a new set of hind legs that were *very* equine in nature. They were large, powerful, incredibly defined. And much taller than they should have been: Gemima felt a strange sense of dominance as her front legs caught up, warping to become more horse-like and equal in stature to her rear ones.

"H-holy shit," she remarked. "This f-feels kinda funny!"

Rosalie couldn't entirely disagree. A new strength was surging through her older bones, and especially through her newer ones. She grunted and groaned as her lower half expanded, muscles rippling, fur coating, legs thickening. More than that, a tingling had set in her crotch, which was between her rear legs and far out of reach.

"Oohhh, dear Lord, what is happening back there? Can anyone s-see?"

Paul could. The macho-man had his own tingling, but what he saw on Rosalie and Gemima stole his attention.

"No way. No fucking way. They're growing horse cocks!"

"Uh, Paul," Aaron stammered.

"Massive horse cocks. This is sick! You bastard! What are you doing to them!?"

"Paul! Look what he's d-doing to us!"

The women were aghast to learn they were growing penises, and soon they could feel it too: big furry sheathes growing in, pushing outwards to reveal immense and heavy stallion cocks. Gemima was instantly hit by a wave of testosterone that left her feeling

strangely dominant. Rosalie nearly staggered at the same. A couple of others were experiencing this change, but the rest were going in the direction that Aaron had realised: they were growing horse vaginas to suit their lower halves. Paul and Aaron shrieked in higher voices than normal as their human manhoods receded, with long tunnel entrances forming all the way to their new animal wombs instead.

"This can't be fucking happening! Pinch me, someone pinch me!"

"Shut up Aaron, you asshole, this is happening to m-meeeeeee toooo!"

Both their voices shot up in pitch again. All of the men's voices did, and it was a precursor to the next change. Still grappling with the fact that they were now centaurs with powerful equine bodies, their upper halves began to warp and change as well.

"Here comes the last part," the Stranger said. "The final settling in of your new roles within the herd."

The women became younger, re-entering the prime of their lives, all appearing to be no older than twenty. Their hair grew out long and luscious and wild, changing colour to compliment their coats, and even dappling to match. Their figures grew stronger, with impressive six-pack abs and larger frames that stretched their shirts. Some even gained larger busts where they lacked before.

This was especially true of Aaron and Paul, who feminised rapidly. They grew impressive D-cup breasts, hourglass upper halves, and soft features. Both became beautiful centaresses: Paul with pale skin and long silvery hair, looking demure and princess-like, and Aaron with chestnut brown skin to match *her* coat, with near-black hair instead. She looked almost regal in appearance. Rosalie, on the other hand, had her skin go grey to compliment her black coat. Her breasts disappeared, her figure gaining more muscle and breadth in the shoulders and waist. Her face and jaw altered, her voice lowering also. The same was true of Gemima even more so, gaining muscle where there had once been flab. As the changes finished, they were left as clearly male up top and below, albeit with long flowing hair still. They had eight-pack abs and impressive biceps, and appeared exceedingly virile.

"We're women!" Aaron whined.

"And w-we're men," Gemima uttered, now tougher and bigger than anyone. Even her asthma was gone. Rosalie was similarly astounded: she didn't want this change, but some new urges were rising as she looked at the gorgeous young mares around her.

"Change us back, damn you!" Paul screeched. She was finally able to trot forward on all fours, and it felt deeply wrong, and yet utterly instinctual. She was trying not to look at the two stallions of the group, or the two women who had grown horse cocks on their equine halves but still remained female on top.

"I can, but will not," the Stranger answered. "You are now all truly marathon masters, and much better runners overall. I hope you enjoy your new forms, and your new herd: you will be quite more close-knit now. To give you a bit of extra incentive, these lovely mares - Paul and Aaron in particular - have been placed into their estrus. Their heat. It will also help propagate your herd and get you new runners in the future. Of course, first your deservingly leading stallions will have to catch them on your running route: it is important to prove your worth as mates, after all. Best of luck in beating your previous times."

And with that, the Stranger got up and left, leaving the group confused. The women - Paul and Aaron included - were all experiencing a warm flush between their rear thighs. A deep need. An urge to be penetrated. For the former men, it was all wrong.

"Fuck this, I'm g-getting out of here!" Paul cried. "I don't want stallion cock, no matter how good it would f-feel. Oh fuck, I said that out loud."

Aaron winced, thinking the same. She looked over at Gemima, her former target, and like the other mares, she was almost hypnotised by the stallion's masculine power. Gemima felt this, and while Rosalie was slowly coming to terms with it, the former butt of the joke embraced *his* new alpha status.

"I think it's time for a new route," he declared. "Through the wilderness, to the edge of Mount Panner and back. Don't you agree, girls?"

The mares couldn't help but agree despite their hesitation. Gemima's presence was too dominating. Alice and Pam, the two women who'd grown horse cocks, also nodded along. They were looking at their best friends and running partners with new lust.

"You can't!" Aaron yelled.

"We can," Rosalie said in her new booming brass tone. Her arousal was strong. The scent of Aaron's pussy was too.

"We're freaks, we need to change-"

"The run first! It's in my blood. These new instincts. And besides . . ."

Gemima grinned, finishing off Rosalie's thoughts: "We're very fucking horny right now, and our new urges want us to mount all these gorgeous mares. So get running: I aim to beat all your times and earn you."

All the mares, former men included, shuddered with desire. Gemima winked at Paul and Aaron, former tormentors turned conquests-to-be. The once-males gulped. The sight of Gemima's massive penis was too much. They turned and galloped away, already following their herd leader's direction to the mountain. The rest ran too, the stallions giving just a little time before pursuing.

Like it or not, the Marathon Masters would be setting all kinds of records that day. And Gemima was very keen on embracing her new role alongside Rosalie as its leaders,

with Pam and Alice as deputies. Paul and Aaron and the rest of the mares would just have to fall in line or get running faster than their stallions.

But given the new lusty thoughts the former alpha males were grappling with, they likely wouldn't end up running quite as fast as they could have. Even if they were still, on the whole, a lot faster.

Part 7: Spider Drider

They called him *The Spider*. There were a number of reasons for this. For one, spiders were terrifying, and usually synonymous with everything dangerous and badass. For two, he had a mean looking tattoo on his right upper arm and on the left side of his face, both of which were in the shape of a mean-looking spider surrounded by a web. And for three, *he* was fucking dangerous too, so when Angus Dalton insisted you call him *The Spider*, you damn well did so. He was a hulking brute of a man, only of average height but incredibly broad, with a gut that was thick from a life of drinking beer, and yet had the thick muscle and implacable weight of a professional club bouncer. His beard was black and bristled and long, his eyebrows too. Even his ear and nose hair was prominent, though it only seemed to emphasise his wildness rather than appear ridiculous. With his craggy face and thick limbs, he was a wall of a human being, and upon his trademark Harley Davidson in his black leathers and spider-themed jacket, he almost looked like he could crush his own vehicle into little itty bits. He probably could.

He was at his favourite bar in his favourite seat. Some pissant had just tried to claim said seat, and now that pissant was eating gravel outside, and probably still looking for his missing teeth. The Spider didn't take to people laughing at his name, nor anyone looking at him funny. He was in his late forties, but something about him just seemed older and even meaner. The local kids joked that he was old as the town itself, and would never die so long as there were roads to roar down, beers to be drunk, and violence to be had.

Which was why it was very curious to the Spider that when he finished his drink and paid his tab - he always paid his tab provided he was given a good discount - he proceeded to walk outside and find a stranger looking at his bike. He was a tall man, much taller than Spider, and he was dressed like some ancient Southern Baptist preacher, the kind that the biker had little respect for unless he was the kind to buy some drugs on the side, which Spider knew how to get for the right price.

"That's my bike, sonny," he said in his coarse voice. It was a raspy voice, weathered by years of yelling, exclaiming, and cigarette use. Not to mention being punched in the

diaphragm more than once. "You best back off now. I don't go holding with people touching my bike. They tend to get fucked up."

The strange figure stopped bending over to inspect the Harley, and instead stood up to his full height. Spider wasn't intimidated. The guy looked like a twig, even his eyes were a little weird, almost like they were full of lights. Probably just some trick of the sun.

"I saw the individual who was kicked out earlier," the figure said, in a voice that wasn't raspy but seemed weathered and older, somehow, and with an odd reverberance like that of tinkling glass. "I would emphasise upon *kicked*. He was missing all four front teeth and trying to say something about a 'crazed spider.' Was that you he was referring to, perchance?"

Spider chuckled darkly. He raised a fat finger to the side of his face, then to his upper arm, where tattoos of spiders had been inked onto his flesh. Then he turned slowly, and jabbed a thumb at the large spider pattern on the back of his leather jacket.

"Fucking yeah I am, Einstein. Asshole was sitting in my seat. I taught him a lesson he won't soon forget. Same lesson I'll beat into your fucking brains if you don't step away from my bike."

The stranger did, though his hand hovered close to it still. Something about him unnerved Spider in a way no one else ever had. Still, he had to put up a tough front. That was how you got through life: by being the toughest asshole in the room, and ripping every other asshole to pieces.

"Now step off, dickhead. You're not from round here, so no one will give a shit if you end up with a few missing teeth too. This bar belongs to the Hellcats, and we don't take kindly to weird shits like you checking out our rides."

"And you speak for these Hellcats?" the stranger asked.

He folded his arms, stepped forward. He was almost ready to throw down with this stranger, though not quite yet. Better to make him sweat first.

"I'm their goddamned fucking leader, asswipe," he said. "And I'm about to show you why, if you don't step off."

The strange man regarded him curiously. "So you are the toughest? The most powerful? But then why a spider?"

He grinned meanly. "Because a spider can take down something way taller than it, you get me?"

He looked up at the Stranger meaningfully. In this, the Stranger seemed to find some amusement. "Yes, yes that is true. But that is only a moniker. How would you like to be a spider in truth? A particularly powerful one?"

"What the fuck are you talking about? If you're on drugs right now, know that it won't save you, big boy. I've taken harder drugs and known who to mess with and who not to."

He threw a fist at the Stranger. The man was tall, his limbs too gangly, but somehow despite Spider's speed and ferocity the other man caught the fist easily, holding it in place as if it had all the force and power of a three year old girl's punch. But Spider was quick, and proceeded to throw a second punch. That too was caught easily, and before he could use his full body weight to slam into the Stranger, the mysterious figure pulled him closer so that his eyes were right above Spider's own, staring deeply into him.

"Look at me," he said, his voice ever more ethereal. "I have given you an offer, Angus Dalton, the Spider. Look into my eyes and decide if you wish to possess it."

Angus was totally off guard. He'd never been so immediately overpowered or embarrassed. He struggled for a moment, screaming invectives and taunts to this odd individual, but not too loudly: the bar scene was not greatly active at midday, but there were enough members of the Hellcats inside that he didn't want any of them to see him in this shameful position. And besides, there was something about the Stranger's eyes. Something hypnotic and terrible.

Something that was drawing him in.

"What - what the fuck is wrong with your eyes, man?" he said, his voice now more croak than rasp.

"Look, and see what I offer you, Angus Dalton."

"How do you know my na-"

"I am an ancient being of change and chaos. Already, I have transformed others of this quaint little town. Soon I shall pass through, and your opportunity lost. Look, and make your decision."

Angus looked, no longer feeling like the spider but a much smaller, much more prey-like insect instead. And in those constellation-like eyes he saw the power that this Stranger radiated, the power to change his very essence. He could sense that power, the very nature of the spider itself. It was raw and wild, powerful yet organised, fierce and predatory. It waited for its enemies, ambushed and devoured them and always grew stronger. Creatures wisely feared it, even those that were much larger. It was at the centre of its web, and always knew where its enemies lurked, and where it should strike. It was everything Angus styled himself as when he demanded others call him Spider. He wasn't sure what the Stranger was, or what was truly going on, but he was smart enough - even after a life of law-breaking and violence and drinking and drugs - to know that he was being offered something unique. Something he *craved*.

"Give it to me," he demanded. "Now."

"You are certain?" the Stranger asked, his eyes unnaturally wide, twinkling like galaxies were contained within them.

“I’m goddamned certain. Whoever or whatever you are, give me that power. It’s *mine*.”

He could barely look away, so deep was he drawn in to the power he was being shown. It was only when the Stranger pulled back and smirked slightly that he managed to break contact. His heart was racing from the encounter.

“Very well,” the Stranger said. “The power of the spider will be yours, Angus Dalton. Then you can *truly* be called Spider *and* leader of your group, though their name will have to change, no doubt, once they see you. No ‘cats’ with such an arachnid in control.”

Angus’ eyes refocused, and to his surprise and confusion the mysterious stranger was holding a thin strand of web in between his thumb and forefinger. From its end dangled a dark spider, one that pulsed with power, as if it were not truly of this world. He lowered the spider gingerly onto Angus’ palm, whereupon it scuttled onto him. He was mesmerised by it, awaiting what gift it would bring him. Like many bikers, he was somewhat superstitious, and being a country man as well his own anticipation was heightened. This was what legends spoke of; the leaders of men being chosen by some great spirit of the land, to be the true alpha, to ride mighty and proud across the plains. Spider always did have a big ego, but now it was positively swelling at the anticipation of what was to come.

The spider on Spider sank its fangs into him, injecting him with its transformative venom. He winced, closed his eyes, grinned. Whatever ritual this was, was it any different from taking the right cocktail of drugs to feel stronger, more unrestrained?

The venom did its work quickly. It coursed through his veins, causing him to tremble.

“NNghh,” he grunted. “Yesss. I can f-feel it. I can feel it. You’re on the fucking level, man. You’re on the fucking level! All that power, and the Hellcats will be more than just some ass backwards gang. We’ll go big leagues. We’ll be terrifying.”

“You will, in a manner,” the Stranger said. “And beautiful too. Elegant.”

Spider frowned. “I don’t care for that kind of shit.”

“You wish to be bigger, of course.”

“Oh yeah, even b-bigger. Ahh . . . this is powerful stuff.”

His arm muscles tensed. His stomach clenched, muscles stretching there too.

“The most powerful kind of spider.”

“Damn fucking straight, stranger. Damn fucking straight. Jesus, wh-what was in that spider. Those things you showed me, I agreed - why the fuck did I agree to this? What did you do to me? Hypnotise me?”

He pulled back from the Stranger, the odd spell over him having dissipated. Instead he was now hit with confusion and anger. But it was too late to vent it upon the Stranger, because his own body was beginning to shift and change from the venom now coursing

through his system. It was betraying him, altering his flesh in alarming and frightening ways that left him squirming for relief.

“Ohhhh, f-fuck! What the f-fuck! Get this shit out of me or I’ll - NGHHH!!!”

His arms shrank down, not gaining but *losing* muscle, and in the process becoming much more slender and fine. They lost their thick coating of manly hair, and the same was soon true of his chest. His gut sucked in, years of drinking beer melting away. His drum-like belly shrank and shrank, organs deflating, and something new forming below his intestines that made him moan in a strange and unwelcome ecstasy.

“F-fuck you! I’ll kill you! I’ll - AHH!!”

He yelled almost loud enough to alert others to the bad, and in fact some heads were starting to turn towards the bar entrance. He tried to call out for help, shame be damned, but his voice fled him as his Adam’s apple pressed back into his throat. He gasped, trying to control his breathing, even his upper body slimmed ever further. His shirt reformed to fit his new body, but to his terror and humiliation, it was not reforming into a tighter shirt, but changing material entirely to become *metal*, with a padded interior. It shrank, gathering around his chest where two pressures were blooming intensely.

“You fucker! Stop this right now or I’ll slit your throat! I’m telling you to - what the hell are you doing to my s-skin!? Goddamn it, it feels weird. Fucking put a stop to it!”

His skin was darkening rapidly, but not turning brown as if tanned by the sun or of African origin. No, it was turning a dark grey, almost black in fact. His hair grew out longer, sliding down his back to become a wild mane. It turned snow white with an almost silvery quality to it. His beard fell off, leaving his chin smooth, and also serving as a catalyst for further facial changes. His broad, scarred face shrank and thinned and softened, his gasps and grunts turning to soft moans that sounded almost pornographic in their femininity. At this point it was impossible for the crew inside to ignore him; his fellow bearded Hellcats poured out of the bar only to surround the transforming man in a flurry of confusion.

“What the fuck is that?”

“Jesus Christ, some freakshow!”

“Wait, that’s Spider! Or at least it was!”

“Holy shit, he’s losing his beard, and turning into a woman. What the fuck are you doing to him!”

The Stranger was completely unconcerned; the men couldn’t touch him. Spider pointed out at the mysterious being. “It’s h-him! Get him! K-kill before I ch-change any more you b-bloody fools!”

But they didn’t take a step. They simply couldn’t. Already the Stranger was fixing them with a level gaze that kept them rooted to the spot.

“Your friends will bear witness to you gaining the spider’s power,” he simply said in his empty way.

“I didn’t ask to b-become a fucking woman!” Spider cried, his voice now a sexy low contralto. His chest was beginning to expand, and it was obvious that his top was becoming a scandalous bikini armour of some kind, a metal brassiere that only covered part of his upper torso. As his shoulders reduced in size and his waist pulled in, it was only a matter of time before breasts developed.

“Ah, but you wanted the great power of a spider, I thought?” the Stranger asked. “And female spiders are generally larger, stronger, and more powerful and feared than male spiders. By far, in fact.”

“You asshole! You f-fucking - OHHHh God! End it, n-nowwww! Mhmmm!!!”

Spider couldn’t help but thrust out his chest as it expanded, two large breasts surging forth to fill the quite generous cups of his bikini armour. His leather jacket become much shorter, hanging only to his midriff and pulling open, its sleeves short, its shoulder pads having metal spikes. His skin all over darkened further, and though he could not see it, his eyes became red, devoid of pupils. He blinked, and suddenly his vision shifted.

“Four eyes. FOUR EYES!?”

“No, eight. Spider, remember?”

He blinked again, and the vision shifted once more. His ‘main’ eyes remained, but now he had six smaller ones dotting them in a loose semicircle of three on each side, closer to his temples. They only gave him a more accurate view of his massive chest. His bosom was *huge*, each tit easily the size of his own head, and barely contained by his armoured brassiere. They outlined impressively against his reduced leather jacket, making it impossible to ever zip it up, or even *start* zipping it up. The cleavage produced by the bra was immense, leaving the impression that he was smuggling large, dark grey watermelons. They were pert and full and heavy, the kind of tits he loved to squeeze when he visited the strip club, only these were somehow all natural, no silicone whatsoever, and they were now *his*.

“Holy shit, the boss has tits!”

“Big ones!”

“We gotta help him! We gotta kill that fucker!”

Spider sneered. “Well, hurry up, ya bastards!”

But not one moved, still transfixed by the magical transformation, and the Stranger’s dark stare. “You are right,” he said. “We had best hurry up. Spider here wanted the greater power of his namesake. So he shall gain the power of the drider. The female drider, most of all.”

With that, Spider cringed and whined and squirmed as his fat manhood retracted. He clawed at it, trying to prevent it from going back into his body, but it was a useless thing to attempt. His balls followed, plopping back into his body in a tight squeeze. A feminine tunnel was left behind, and as it formed his hips widened with supreme generosity to almost unnatural proportions.

“F-f-f-fuuuuuuuck! Shit! Ohhhhhhh!!!”

It was too much for Spider, whose upper body was now like something out of a fantasy nerd’s wet dream. To make the point clearer, his ears became slightly pointed, while he developed cute little fangs filled with venom on his upper and lower jaw. His lips turned glossy black, plumping up into a sensual half-pout. He - now undeniably a *she* in looks and biology, was yet to even experience her most dramatic change though, for at that very moment her lower half was hit by a series of intense pressures. It was like nothing else he’d actively felt. It was like he was being *pumped* full of fat and muscle. No, like he was being *fucked* full of it.

Spider managed to stagger forth, his legs slightly freed for a moment. He grasped his bike by the handles, facing its front. He couldn’t help himself; he began to grin his body against his, gyrating his widening hips even as his dark jeans and underwear melted away entirely, leaving him naked from the waist down. His new pussy was already becoming slick with pleasure, wet with arousal. His wild mane of white hair shook and his heavy breasts trembled as he moaned.

“Stop this! I’m f-fucking telling you! Stop m-making me so goddamned turned on you f-fucking freak! OHhhhh - aghhh - nngghh - mmmhmm!!!!”

The dam broke. The pressure gave way. His lower half began to bloat rapidly, and the changes all came at once in a highly dramatic fashion that not even *he* could have anticipated, despite everything else. His ass expanded, closing over and segmenting so that it became like a great balloon that continued to round out. He nearly stumbled backward, but two additional legs speared out from his growing lower half, and then another pair, and then *another*. They were giant spider’s legs, complete with sharp points at the end. They were hairless and as soft as his female skin, but undeniably arachnid in nature, and all under his control.

“What the fuck!?! What the FUCK!?! TAKE THEM AWAY!”

But they didn’t go away. They lifted him up so that he was borne upon eight legs, his ordinary human pair also reconfiguring in this way. His bulbous backside grew ever larger until it was practically the size of a small fridge, only much more rounded and fleshy. It tapered only at the very end to a slight point, where a seeping opening had formed, one that Spider writhed with unwanted pleasure in response to. He was no idiot: it was a second opening. A vagina and depositor both, capable of producing webs . . . and maybe even

eggs. His legs automatically widened their stance, but still he nearly tipped over again. His new arachnid abdomen was proud and heavy, smooth and round, and full of new organs that he could not fathom and did not want to. His lower half was even darker than his upper. Where his womanly torso and face were a dark, dark grey, his arachnid half - *her* arachnid half - was black as midnight, with an almost oily gloss to it.

"What the hell have you done to me?" she stammered in an almost purring tone. The new female half-spider had no ability to recognise it yet, but her contralto voice was deeply sensual. Her crew looked on in shock, many of them surprised to be turned on by the sight.

"Spider is a damn spider!"

"A fucking female one! Huge tits and all!"

"Christ, she's even got a big spider ass!"

"Shut it!" she yelled, trying and failing to cover her immense tits. She scuttled backwards without intending to, causing a bike to topple over.

"Congratulations," the Stranger said in his flat monotone, though there was perhaps a small hint of enjoyment in it, "you now have the power of the spider, Spider. To answer your question, I have turned you into a *dridr*, a creature that is half man, and half spider. Or in your case, since you wanted the greater power of a spider, a half *woman*, half spider. From now on, no one will avoid calling you *spider* ever again."

"I didn't want this, you crazy bastard!" she whined back, gesturing at her massive backside. It swung about, nearly knocking over a Hellcat. She was certainly not used to the large growth or how it shifted and bobbed behind her. "How the fuck can I live like this? How can I lead a bike gang like this?"

The Stranger considered this. "You are right. You will need more appropriate members of your bikie gang. Allow me."

With that, the others began to writhe and groan and change, also caught in the Stranger's transformative gaze. Their skin turned dark grey just like hers, and they each gripped their faces as their eyes turned red also. A few grew extra eyes, and a couple even extra arms or a second pair of legs. One even developed a bulbous arachnid abdomen. In mere moments the large drider queen was surrounded by smaller male members. They had literally shrunk too, though they had maintained their maleness: they were not as bulky, and much of their hair had dissipated but for the now-white hair on their scalps.

"There we are," the Stranger said with some satisfaction. "Now you have an appropriately spider-themed gang. I'm sure they'll need to modify their bikes to suit their new forms, and you most of all, Spider. But in time you will adapt, and you can be the new Hellspider gang on the open road."

"You've g-got to be kidding me," she said. She gestured to herself again. "I can't stay like this! I'm not just talking about the tits and stuff either, I'm a goddamn freak!"

“Ah, not to worry there. I have ensured this town will have more than few ‘freaks’ in it by the time I’m done passing through. And don’t worry about your leadership too; male spiders are often very submissive to their larger female counterparts. You won’t need to eat them, but they will maintain you as their leader, and fulfil your new bodily *needs*. Remember, you can now lay your own future bikie gang members, so be careful, Spider Drider.”

The Stranger shifted Spider’s bike, and turned it on despite having no key. It revved dramatically.

“I doubt you’ll need this one. Consider it a token from you to me as thanks. Best of luck with your new form, Spider. I’m sure you’ll come to see it as quite . . . how would you put it in human terms? Badass. Yes, that sounds appropriate. Enjoy.”

He revved the engine and took off at a slow but steady pace, leaving Spider in his now gorgeous monster girl form. She was much taller in height thanks to her lower drider half, perhaps six-foot-five or so. Towering over her fellow ‘Hellspider’ members, she could see how they had a lustful gaze in their reddened eyes. And she too felt her pussy - both of her pussies - drip with an equal arousal. She had power over her crew in a way she could never have imagined, but it had come at an immense cost.

“Fuck, you look goddamn hot, boss.”

“Yeah, your big fat ass looks so good right now for some reason!”

“I want to fucking *breed you!*”

“Ohhhhhhh,” she moaned. “I didn’t w-want this!”

But her body did, and it shot forth a sticky web upon the ground in premature excitement.

“I’m gonna kill that fucking stranger!” she cried. “I’ll build a goddamn motorbike that can fit me just so I can track him down! I swear!”

It would have to wait though, because the new spider queen now had a bevy of male subjects to please, and be pleased by in turn. Without even intending too, she leaned her upper half over to show off her impressive grey-skinned cleavage, her white hair tipping over her left shoulder sensuously. Her legs shifted so that her bulbous backside was presented in profile, looking full and fertile to her underlings.

“Fuck,” she said, and it was as much a command as a curse.

She vowed revenge on the Stranger, and to become a badass spider drider biker chick if need be to do so. That would come later though, because in that moment, she was as much predator as she was prey.

Part 8: Karmic Harem

Sometimes the Stranger does not dole out change for no reason, or just because it is in his nature. Sometimes there is also a sense of karmic justice in his approach to chaos and transformation. So it was with his next targets, who were located in the central mall at the centre of Friendly Oaks. The Stranger was always simply passing by, but his route was quite circuitous and irregular, and even he was not quite sure why that was the case. In many ways, he was a force of nature more than an individual, and sometimes he simply felt drawn to certain places without really knowing why, other than he could somehow sense where the next fruitful change would be. But once he got near enough, and the information of the universe flowed through his alien mind, *then* he understood.

Benjamin Lee was just trying to shop for the new *Legacy Man II* video game that had come out. He didn't really have many friends other than a couple of fellow nerds, but they'd managed to scoop it up at the midnight release, whereas he had been too tired from his shift at the *Chicken Finger* restaurant he worked at to make it. So instead he had finished his day shift at his second job in the local market, collected what money he'd earned, and moved quickly to the mall. He was a scrawny nerdy kid with mixed Chinese heritage. He had to wear thick glasses, and to his frustration his teeth were noticeably crooked, while his stature was impressively short. All in all, it had made him a target for a lot of bullying and racist jokes back in high school, and sometimes it made him dread going out in public since his bullies were all locals.

"Hey Ben! How's it hanging, man?"

He turned, startled, but sighed in relief. It was just his best friend Artie, a similarly nerdy kid with bright ginger hair and strong Irish freckles. He was similarly often bullied like Ben, and the two had often bonded over their shared status of victims, as well as their complete lack of success with women.

"I'm doing well. Are you here for-"

"*Legacy Man II*? Hell yeah, you're finally getting it? I got it last night! It's so sick man, seriously. But no, I'm just here to grab some milk and bread for Mom and Dad."

"They still getting you to run your errands?"

He sagged. "Yeah, I don't have enough to rent like you do."

Ben raised an eyebrow. "Well, I do have to work two jobs. Seriously, I'm tired all the time. I don't even know when I'll be able to even play this game!"

"Better than being the dork still living with his parents. Mom keeps begging me to move out and find someone. She really wants me to get a girlfriend."

"I'd like that too. A girlfriend for me, I mean. No luck though."

The two sighed together, bonding as always over their complete lack of success with women. As if to taunt them, Tara Sams walked past that very moment through the main area of the mall. She was the the hottie from their old year group, a Persian beauty with enticing features and who looked hella good in a sexy genie costume, as an old Halloween party attested.

"God, to have anyone like her."

"She's way out of our league, Ben, seriously. We've got more luck making out with - oh shit!"

Ben turned around, only to find himself being shoved back by a brutish hand. He sprawled to the ground, followed by Artie. He cringed in recognition at the tormentor who was already chuckling as the pair of them got up.

"Dustin," he said.

The much bigger man folded his arms, grinning with a sadistic smile upon his features. "Guilty as charged, you little dweeb. Saw you checking out my girl? You think you can just look at my Tara and get away with it?"

"We weren't looking, Dustin, we swear-"

But the punch came quickly against Artie's stomach, causing him to collapse. "Clam it, you ginger-eyed little fuck."

Several of his buddies fanned out, and the two nerds gulped. They may have been twenty years old now, but that didn't stop these alpha jocks from tormenting them whenever they arrived. They were all big, beefy dudes who liked to act as if they were all still in high school, which they may as well have been, given what this 'friendly' small town let them get away with. It wasn't like the mall was heavily populated at that moment, or like it had good security cameras to catch an assault. Hell, Officer 'Piggy' Prisket would likely side with them.

"I'm sorry Dustin," Ben said. "We didn't mean tol. We'll leave. Please just let us go."

"Oh, we're not letting you go that easy, are we fellas?" Dustin said.

Several of his buddies laughed. One of them, an absolute *lunkhead* named Todd, stepped forward. He was even bigger than Dustin, but had all the brains of a brick.

"Yeah, you think we're going easy on you, you little Japanese nerd?"

"Chinese," Ben corrected.

"Whatever, it's all the same anyway. *You* all look the same."

Ben cringed at the racist comment, infuriated that he was still being mocked over his race. For extra emphasis, Todd raised his fingers up and stretched his eyes up in a disgusting parody of 'almond eyes'.

"*Awww, me so offended!*" he said in a grotesque parody of an accent that Ben didn't even possess. "*Did me want good sex time with hot girl?*"

Still, it got a rise of laughter from Chad. He was lean where Todd was wide, shark-faced where Todd was flat. But he was a malicious piece of shit, and had been the main instigator of subtle pranks against Ben and Artie when they were younger.

“These losers wouldn’t know a hot girl if one accidentally walked over them,” he sneered. “Hell, remember Nadia Springs? The hot black chick with the humongous tits and the ass that just wouldn’t quit? Man, black chicks are just the hottest. Can you imagine these guys even trying to be in the same space as a hot slut like her?”

“Certainly can’t!” Dustin said. “Let alone my Tara.”

“Let alone anyone,” Tyrone said. He was a handsome, muscled African-American jock who loved to party hard. Like Chad, he often had different women on his arms depending on the night, something the pair were boastful about quite often. “These losers are still fucking virgins, dudes.”

“We’re not!” Ben exclaimed, though he knew it was a lie. Artie tried to shush him, but he continued speaking. “I’ve had sex! I’ve even had a blowjob!”

It was not a convincing statement. Tyrone laughed the hardest, leaning over to flick the nerd on the nose. “Sure you have, kiddo. A nice blowjob from a sexy girl with big full lips and hot blonde hair, right?”

“That is right,” came a new voice. *“He has. Or at least, he will, with your help.”*

The voice sounded strange, like it was formed from crackled glass, its hoarseness not entirely natural. From behind the escalator leading to the second floor of the mall came the Stranger, looming over even Todd, who was the tallest of the bullying group. Both bullies and victims stared at this strange preacher-like figure in confusion, wondering who he was.

“Dude, this has got nothing to do with you,” Dustin said, “so clear off.”

“It has everything to do with me.”

“Oh yeah?” Tyrone said. “Well who the fuck are you, man?”

The figure smiled, his eyes glowing faintly. “I am just a stranger passing through. But I couldn’t help but notice how you treated this poor young man and his friend. And it seems, Dustin, Todd, Chad, and Tyrone, that you have been treating them like this for some years. It is time for a change, I think. I am all about change.”

Todd scratched his head. “Dude, how do you know our names?”

“I know many things, Todd. Like how you wet your bed until you were seven years old because you were afraid of the Halloween decoration lurking in the old cupboard to your right.”

Todd froze, and the others looked at him.

“What the fuck?” Dustin said. “You back off, freak, or I’ll end you right here.”

But the Stranger ignored him, and turned instead to face Benjamin. "It is true that you are a virgin, Benjamin."

"Y-yes, it is," he admitted.

"But today things change for you. And possibly for your friend. We shall see."

Chad and Dustin were already rushing forward by this point to grab the Stranger and throw him to the ground and deliver a harsh beating. But they never got the chance, because the mysterious Stranger turned faster than they could have imagined he was capable of, and locked his gaze upon them. They froze in mid-movement. In *mid-punch*. Todd was stepping forward, and Tyrone behind them all, and they too were locked into place.

"What?" Ben said, startled. "How are you doing this?"

"Observe," the Stranger simply said, turning his gaze upon Dustin first. "You touted your Persian girlfriend as a thing of beauty. Let us make you in that image."

Dustin tried to cry out, but instead his voice quickly turned to a high, almost sensual moan as his body began to rapidly transform. His skin darkened in tone until it was a gorgeous, unblemished olive. His shoulders shrank, his hips widened, and his waist became delicate and perfect, muscles not pronounced but certainly fit. A belly dancer's midriff. His clothing separated into two garments, turning a bright purple and going sheer in some places.

"N-no! Stop this! What the fuck!?"

But there was no stopping it, not even as his limbs became slender, or his chest pushed forwards into a sexy tube top, forming an impressive set of DD breasts that were just aching to be touched. He let loose a high, almost orgasmic whine as his penis retracted back into his body, leaving him now entirely female.

"No! What the fuck!?! Change me back, you freak!" he cried. But *her* voice was now female, and as she made to throw a punch she found it literally impossible; the ability to perform any violence at all was now lost on her. Instead of looking like an intimidating jock, she now appeared to be a sexy harem girl with a perfect hourglass figure, her eyes a startling hazel, her eyebrows thick and perfect, her cheekbones delicious.

"There," the Stranger said. "Now here is change. From now on, you are Daria. You can be Benjamin's submissive girlfriend as penance for all your bullying. You will feed him, dance for him, entertain him with all the complex arts of lovemaking."

"N-no! You can't - ohhhhh, my head! Oh God, what are you doing to me?"

"Making you compliant," the Stranger said.

Daria turned to scream at Ben, to curse him out for bringing this Stranger along, at least as she assumed he had. But instead she gave a low bow, showing off her new and foreign cleavage.

“Whatever my master wishes,” she said. She sashayed her impressive body over to Ben’s side, and to the latter’s astonishment and arousal, pressed herself against him so that her luscious body made itself *very* known.

“Holy shit,” Artie interjected. “This is crazy. This is crazy!”

The Stranger simply shook his head. “It is not finished.” He looked at the now terrified three remaining bullies. He picked Todd next.

“You mocked this man for his race. A foolish distinction between mortals. Perhaps in your stereotyping, you have selected your own future.”

“Wha - what do those words even mean!?”

The Stranger smirked. “You will soon understand. Now change.”

Todd groaned as the transformation began. The stupid man took far longer than Dustin had to realise what was happening to him, or even that he too was becoming a woman. But as his features softened and his enormous bulk more than halved in size, even he couldn’t deny it, especially once his skin also turned olive, albeit lighter than Daria’s.

“Dude, what the hell? This feels, like, really weird!”

His voice gained an accent as he panicked. His eyes shifted, taking on the almond-shape he’d just made fun of, while his stature reduced until he was a mere five-foot-three. His figure became trim, elegant, and slender. *Womanly*. The former jock gasped as his hair grew out long and black and straight, all while his clothing shifted to become a gorgeous dress that looked to be an *ao dai*.

“What have you done to me?” she stammered, her accent now Vietnamese.

“Given you a new life as a servile wife, *Thu*,” the Stranger said. “But you need not worry. You will have more company to share soon.”

Chad and Tyrone tried to run, but their changes came rapidly, rooting them to the spot. The sadistic pranker who liked to insult others found his body darkening far more than the others, his hair becoming frizzy and black, his lips full and his ass incredibly impressive. His breasts surged forth even larger than Daria’s.

“Fuck you! Fuck you! I’ll kill you!” she cried, even as her hips rounded out to become a real set of babymakers. “I’m not going to *fuck my loving Benjamin and make him know how much I care for him.*”

Her eyes went wide as her face finished, and for once she had nothing to say. Tyrone on the other hand had gone completely silent. The dark-skinned man was going pale - literally. To his horror, his black skin was lightening more and more until it was a pale Caucasian.

“I’m white! You can’t make me white! You just - you just can’t!”

“You are right,” the Stranger said. “We should make you *blonde* as well.”

His frizzy hair took a reverse course to Chad's, straightening and lengthening until it fell around his shoulders, a sexy dyed platinum blonde. His figure shrank dramatically, limbs becoming fine, face taking on a heart-shape. The man who had been so proud of landing hot chicks was now becoming one himself, and there was nothing he could do to stave off the growth of pouty lips that were perfect for giving blowjobs, or bright blue eyes and a cute button nose that would complete her blonde bimbo look. Whereas Chad had ended up in a sexy black dress fit for a club, Tyrone's clothing transformed into a tight little pink crop top and tight pink skirt that left much of *her* new form on display. And she was a *her* now - both of them were - as their penises had slid back into their bodies and left a feminine slit in place.

"No, I'm not, like, a total bimbo or whatever! I'm meant to be *Tina!* I mean, I'm *Tina*, damn it! Not, like, a total sexy hottie who *loves sucking cock!*"

The Stranger smirked at the full-bodied and curvaceous Chad and the classical blonde bimbo Tyrone.

"But that is what you are now, *Tina*," he said. "Just as *Charlize* here will know exactly how to use her body to please her new suitor."

The four women looked at one another. Their minds raged with hate, despair, fear, and shock, but more overpowering than any of that was the strange lust that was rising up within them. Try as they might to fight it, but their former victim Ben was looking mighty fine to their new female instincts, and all of them were hit by an unnatural sense of submission to him. Even if they factually knew it was magically-induced, they couldn't help but see him as their sexy master, to love and take care of and make every moment as pleasurable as possible. Slowly, they shifted around him so that Daria could no longer hog him: Charlize pressed her backside against him, flirting openly, while Tina pressed against his other side, folding his arm around her bare waist. Thu was more submissive despite her internal panic; she blushed demurely as she approached him, working up the courage to kiss him on the lips.

It was all too much for poor Ben.

"Um, this is really, really crazy. Can't you change them back?"

"You don't want them like this?" the Stranger asked.

"I mean - they're really hot. And - oh God, so hot - but I didn't want them to die and be replaced by dumb bimbos or anything!"

"Do not worry," the Stranger said. "They are still themselves. Just with some new lusts and compulsions. I'm sure they will come to accept their new lives - they will crave you, after all."

"You can't turn them back?"

"I can, but I will not. Simply enjoy this, Ben."

The Stranger began to move away, leaving Ben surrounded by the luscious harem who were increasingly failing to fight their interest in him.

“Ohhhh, I don’t want this, but you’re so hot!”

“I hate you Ben, but I need to take you back to bed right now!”

“I want to cook for you, please!”

“I can dance for you, then you can change me back. You have to! But I’ll belly dance first!”

It was Artie who stopped the Stranger, however. He actually ran forward and grabbed him by the sleeve, something few people had ever managed or had the courage to do. It almost impressed the Stranger as much as it aggravated him.

“Hey, what about me!” Artie declared.

“What about you?” the Stranger replied, half-turning.

The young ginger-haired nerd gestured to the scene behind him. “I was bullied too, not just Ben! How come he gets all the really hot action! I want some of that action too! It’s not fair otherwise!”

The Stranger grinned, and it was almost a little menacing. “You are right, of course. I was inconsiderate. You will indeed have a piece of that ‘action’, as you so call it, Artie. You are Benjamin’s best friend, are you not?”

He puffed himself up a little. “Of course. Known each other since we were kids.”

“Hmm. Then it only makes sense to give you a most honoured place-”

“Yes!”

“-as his first among equals, his most beloved bride.”

“Yeah - wait, what? No! I didn’t mean that! I thought you were doling out karmic punishments. I don’t want to be a woman!”

But the Stranger was already gazing upon Artie, who could feel the pressures rippling across his body.

“Karmic sometimes, other times just because it is so. And I think Benjamin would appreciate a beautiful Irish bride, would he not? Enjoy your ‘action’, *Emer*.”

The red-headed young man gulped as his body began to change, breasts pushing forth and hair becoming even more fiery as it grew longer. Lustful thoughts towards his former friend entered his mind, and already he got the sense that he was going to be quite the vixen thanks to the Stranger’s magic. This wasn’t at all what he’d wanted, but at least he wasn’t going to be a virgin anymore soon!

Part 9: Mermaid Pool

The Stranger found amusement in one of his final locations. It was the afternoon now, and the heat was bearing down. The ancient being was immune to such effects, of course, but he knew well that humans were not, and where they would be going. For a small town, Friendly Oaks had an impressive public pool, complete with waterslide and diving board area. Numerous individuals were gathered around it of a variety of ages, but most of them were in their early twenties. The sounds and sights of young romance was in the air: boys discovering their first crushes, and young men flirting with young women and vice-versa. The women wore tantalising bikinis, the men showed off their abs in their swim shorts, and even older couples relaxed languidly in the luxurious heat, watching others play. It was a truly classic summer sight, and the Stranger felt his usual calling to disrupt it. To cause a little chaos. And perhaps even to make things a little more watery.

“Hey man, it may be a public pool, but it still has a cost to enter,” one man told the Stranger as he wandered forth.

The Stranger looked down at this individual coldly. He looked to be in his early twenties, with freckled skin and bright ginger hair. He looked quite nervous as he stared up at the Stranger’s chilling gaze, but was holding his ground nonetheless.

“I have no money,” he said in his strange, glassy voice. “And I am just passing through.”

“That may be, sir. But it costs five dollars. I’m going to have to escort you out if you don’t pay up or turn around.”

The Stranger smiled. It was always nice when an individual set him up. Of course, this was why he was drawn to this place; the chance for chaos was great, but so was the rhythm and rhyme of the thing.

“Your name is George, yes?” he said, pointing at the man’s nametag. “You are an employee of the pool?”

“Of the town, yeah. I help manage the pool service.”

“Hmm, and you are an able swimmer?”

“I don’t actually swim. I just run the entrance. Someone has to do it. Look, mister, I don’t know what-”

“Perhaps it is time you had your swimming lessons then, George.”

George went to say something, only to immediately freeze up. His limbs went rigid, and he began to shake. His eyes were lost in the gaze of the Stranger, his jaw lowered.

“Uhhhhh,” he said, before swallowing. He suddenly felt quite strange, as if a hundred small hands were running over his body, pressing down on his muscles and squeezing parts of him. “Your eyes - what are you d-doing with your eyes?”

“I am remaking you, George, to better suit your new employment. I suggest moving the entrance to the pool closer to the pool itself, however. It will make things more convenient for you.”

George realised what the Stranger was talking about as he looked down. Right before his eyes, scales were growing across his skin; all of it. He tried to scream, but was helpless to the alien sensation of bright, glistening green scales sliding into place across his form. His legs began to draw together uncontrollably, snapping into place alongside one another, even as his board shorts fell away. He would have shrieked if he could: his manhood was *gone*, having scuppered back inside him and leaving a strange scaled slit that was barely discernible.

“What - what - what -”

He could only stammer, even as his voice rose in pitch and his hair lengthened, becoming wilder and redder, full of bountiful curls. His waist pinched in, and two green scaled breasts emerged from his chest, not that he was a *he* by any measure now. He fell to the ground as his legs fused. They grew out longer, the twin bones joining to become a single length of cartilage that was immensely flexible. In moments, his feet flattened out and became a long green fin.

George could finally look away from the Stranger’s transformational gaze. He looked over his form and shrieked.

“What the f-fuck!? This has to be a dream! Tell me I’m dreaming!”

“No dream, George. You are now a good sight to have when entering the pool, rather than a dismal one. Of course, it will be harder to ‘walk people out’ now, but at least you can finally get your swimming in, instead of being trapped out the front. Enjoy your new form. I’m sure many boys will find it quite beautiful, once you are more comfortable with it.”

One final look at George, and the new green-scaled mermaid saw that her impressive C-cups scaled breasts now had a simple seashell bra to cover them. Her lower half had a simple transparent blue shawl of matching colour, clasped around the waist.

“That - that doesn’t help me!”

But the Stranger was already moving ahead into the pool area proper. Numerous individuals looked his way, startled by how a man could wear such a heavy preacher-style outfit in the hottest part of the afternoon, and by the poolside no less. He spied out potential targets, curious as to who might be deserving of change, whose change would cause the most amusing chaos, and who were in simply amusing situations to cause change.

The first individual became obvious. Another worker for the pool was carrying a variety of pool noodles, floaties, and other forms of equipment in her arms. She was clearly struggling, tripping over half her equipment and having to stop several times to pick up what she had already dropped. The Stranger preferred to make his changes up close, but he

needed to work quickly to ensure a number of individuals were transformed quickly. So, from across the pool's length, he placed his gaze on the woman, whose name was Isabelle.

Isabelle doubled over again, the young twenties woman struggling to carry it all. She was quite pudgy, with short black hair and a short stature. But this time, when she went to pick up her equipment, feeling quite embarrassed, something even more humiliating happened: her black one-piece split open right at the backside. Isabelle immediately straightened, blushing a deep red in shame. She dropped her equipment and made to cover her rear, only to experience something utterly foreign: something was *sliding* right out of her.

"Eeep!" she squeaked as she felt it grow, wet and twisting. She looked around, ducking back against a wall in the hopes that no one had seen anything, and inspected herself.

"Oh God, oh God," she stammered, and for good reason too: a thick black tentacle with purple suckers was emerging from her backside. There was a dreadful twisting sensation, and then another emerged, followed by another, and then another. She groaned, struggling to stay on her feet as the rubbery black skin expanded across her form. Others were starting to look, but given that her swimsuit - which was being devoured by her new black skin to leave her utterly naked - was also black, they were all just seeing the pool girl flail about in confusion, and a number were already pulling out their phones, while others were shouting out to ask her if she was okay.

"I'm - ughhh - okay!" she cried in a panic, trying to hide herself. "J-just don't look! I'm - ohhhhh!!!"

Suddenly she collapsed to the ground as her two human legs lost their bone mass, fattening to become rubbery tentacles the same as all the rest. They *burst* through her, each of them filled with sensation, her brain coursing with the information overload of now possessing *eight* lower limbs. Several closer individuals cried out in horror and began to flee, while others continued to film her strange transformation. Even her hair changes: it thickened, joining together in clumps and elongating.

"N-no! Not my h-hair tooooooo!!!"

But there was no stopping the Stranger's effect, because in moments her hair was now octopoid as well, a series of thinner tentacles forming a strangely alluring set of living, writhing hair. The rest of her skin turned oily black, with that same purple underside to her tentacles. Her plump figure now looked more appropriate for her form, her breasts enlarging and nipples fattening so that she looked like a deliciously curvaceous octopus woman. She stumbled backwards, still trying to figure out her many limbs, and in doing so fell into the pool, whereupon they moved in concert to project her quickly across the pool's length. People darted out of the way of Isabelle, trying to climb out.

But not all would make it, because the Stranger had already refocused his attention. First, he focused his attention on some sunbathing girls. They were beauties, all of them, young and nubile. The Caucasian blonde was named Peyton, the Asian waif Vanessa, and the dark-skinned one with the large rear was Luella. They were well aware of the attention they were receiving from the handsome boys, and their own status as the queen bees of their age group. Certainly, there was no doubt they would be leaving Friendly Oaks one day and heading to the big city where they could make greater waves at parties, clubs, music scenes, and all kinds of places that simply weren't available in their friendly little town.

"Ah, but you are too beautiful to leave this place and deprive it of such sights," the Stranger said to himself. "Far better for you to be lovely sirens, and draw more denizens here with your sweet songs and sensual forms."

His eyes lit up, though few noticed now that their attention was on the flailing Isabelle, who was shocked to find she could breathe underwater. Neither did the three beauties notice, until suddenly their bodies began to tremble.

"Um, girls, do you feel a bit weird?" Peyton asked.

"What do you - ohhhh, I do feel a bit weird," Vanessa replied. "My legs particularly."

"M-me too," said Luella. "And ya'll are looking a bit weird. Your feet - my feet! What the fuck?"

They sat up from their lounging deckchairs and stared in shock at their feet. Much like George's, they were flattening outwards, though even more than his. Their bikinis evaporated away as their legs fused together, the three girls screaming in horror.

"What the hell? What was in that fruit drink?"

"I don't think this is the fruit drink, Vanessa! Something weird is happening!"

"Shit, it's affecting that girl in the pool. Is it spreading? Someone help!"

But the boys didn't notice those weird changes, as their eyes were locked onto the naked chests of the women. In fact, the Stranger's magic made their respective breasts grow even larger. Peyton was already quite stacked, yet she ballooned larger, while the petite and slender Vanessa found herself suddenly possessing a large pair of ripe E-cups, while Luella ended up largest of all with melon-like HH-cups that overflowed her palms as she tried to contain us.

"Like, what's happening to us!?" Peyton shrieked.

"I don't know, but my b-bones are shifting! I can feel - it's a tail!"

Vanessa was right, and Luella confirmed it. Each were growing mermaid tails, identical in colour to their bikinis. Blonde Peyton had a gorgeous blue one to match her eyes, while Vanessa's was bright pink, her eyes shifting to match it instead. Luella's eyes became golden, her tail a gorgeous yellow to contrast her dark skin. Each developed some fins along their forearms, and a small fish fin along their backs that was soft to the touch. Their hair

also developed a slight shine of those colours. Small slits appeared at their necks, giving them the ability to breathe in water, which was a good thing, because their bodies felt unbearably dry.

“M-mermaids! We’re mermaids!” Luella gasped, her voice sounding suddenly musical. “Need w-water!”

“Quickly!” Peyton declared, voice also sounding like a sweet song. “To the p-pool! We’ll solve the rest later!”

Vanessa cried out as they pulled themselves into the pool. “This better be temporary! I don’t wanna be a fish!”

At this point the rest of the visitors to the pool were in a state of shock, amusement, horror, and simply disbelief. Many were still taking photos, while others were fleeing, and still others assumed it was just an odd performance. Some of the men were simply perverting on the mermaids. The Stranger was amused by this; it was exactly what he’d intended with this change. The women were now undeniably luscious mermaids, with impressive libidos to match, and voices that couldn’t help but sing. Even now as they splashed in the water and cried out for help, their voices joined together in an accidental yet perfect chorus. It prevented others from leaving, hypnotising them to stay just a little longer. The sight of them also helped: they didn’t know it yet, but from now on they would find it literally *impossible* to cover themselves up in *any* clothing. Their naked bodies would remain beautiful and enticing for their now-elongated lifespans. A perfect little gift, the Stranger considered, for the attractions they would make for future visitors.

It also gave him time to turn his attention to other individuals worthy of being changed. He acted much more quickly now, using imagination and chaos to transform the pool area into an aquarium of strange new sea life. An athletic girl training to swim back and forth along the training side of the pool found herself endowed with an even more powerful body than before, her figure transforming mid-swim to that of a tough, buff, and sexy sharkgirl with enormous tail and impressive snout with sharp teeth. An older woman by herself in the pool ballooned out, turning into a curvy jellyfish lady, her one-piece bathing suit turning translucent and part of her, flapping gently with the bob of the current. She panicked over her new form, but with her limited mobility there was nothing to do but be grateful that a number of older individuals were also transforming into jellyfish people as well, and that they were all de-aged in the process. A couple of sporty jocks became frog men and frogwomen - the unluckier ones were the latter, as the Stranger figured it was best to change half of their genders for future breeding purposes. Others became other forms of mermaids and mermen: a clownfish pair and Japanese koi were among them. Some had even more radical changes, their flesh becoming seaweed, their movements slower as they shifted along the bottom of the pool, now existing like fantasy dryads or nymphs, beautiful yet tree-like in

nature. The changes continued, easily the largest number that the Stranger had exacted on this place. A curmudgeonly older man even found his lower half that of a crab, just for the Stranger's amusement, while a lounging sleeping beauty became an eel woman without even knowing it, her body buzzing electric yet failing to wake her.

Many managed to successfully flee, pushing past the siren music, but that was fine by the Stranger. They deserved to remain unchanged in order to spread the word of what was happening. His time at Friendly Oaks was near its end, and he had left the town greatly changed. Most denizens were still normal, of course, but this place would never be the same, and would be filled with strange and chaotic sights.

"Perhaps these girls and boys would benefit from shifting to the nearby lake instead?" he mused to himself. He walked away from the pool, idly transforming a young couple into a pair of cute anthro-salamanders as he did so.

There was just one place left to visit and he would be gone. He had enjoyed his time at Friendly Oaks. He wondered if these transformees would enjoy their new existences?

Part 10: Mayoral Duties

The reports were flowing in from across Friendly Oaks, and Mayor Wickham was trying to make sense of them all. He was an older man, balding, with a wide set face and large red nose. He was rarely seen without his business suit on, as he took the responsibilities of his office very seriously. More seriously, perhaps, than most of the residents of the town thought was ordinary. Still, the mayor was determined to fulfil his duties, which not only included running the town, but also maintaining its rustic aesthetic and dealing with any crises that emerged.

And a crisis had emerged, if the reports from his secretary Lillian Shorts was to be believed. She was a young thing of only twenty five or so, and the one informal perk of office he had was in seeing her dressed in a tight pencil skirt and professional blouse, a look that drove him wild. Not that she knew that; he hadn't made a move yet. He couldn't afford a *second* sex scandal in office. So instead he frowned as he read over the notes she'd handed him.

"Is this for real? John Prisket as some sort of pregnant pig woman? You've got to be joking."

"It is likely a prank sir, but if it is, the photos are incredibly . . . realistic."

She passed him several photos taken of the alleged transformee. Prisket was indeed a pig, and Todd Wickham could barely standard the bloated bastard, but to be turned into a

pregnant pig woman with six gargantuan breasts and a litter in his belly? It defied comprehension! At least it would, if not for other strange reports that were also on his desk.

Gabe and Barrett, the garbagemen, had become a romantic couple that very morning. According to the cute Asian woman Da-Eun who was claiming to be Gabe, a mysterious stranger in an old southern preacher's outfit had changed her from a man into Barrett's devoted wife! Mayor Wickham thought the whole thing ridiculous, but that wasn't the end of it.

A new police officer had turned up, a tall statuesque stunner who was literally fucking the crime out of the criminals.

The diner waitress Annabelle had grown an udder and tail and fur and horns and was now a lactating cowgirl serving coffees in an altogether 'fresher' way.

The old reclusive woman on Barker Avenue had become a nubile plant lady.

The jogger's group were now a pack of centaurs, most of whom were female despite their recent mostly-male composition.

Even the biker's gang wasn't unaffected; word was they were now spider-creatures roaming across the freeway, scaring up a storm.

And this was to say nothing of that young nerdy lad Benjamin Lee now having a full harem of gorgeous women.

But the real clincher was the pool incident. That had cracked it all open wide. Call after call about young women becoming mermaids, men becoming mermen, and even crossgender varieties of each. Which was to say nothing of the people with shark features or crab features or octopus legs or so on. Some were even like immobile jellyfish! There was far too much of it to be a prank, and yet what was he to think?

"This is insane," he muttered to himself. "Are we sure there isn't a gas leak?"

"With total certainty," Lillian responded professionally. She looked quite professional, with her black hair tied neatly back and her round-rimmed glasses. "As per your instructions, the pipe readings have been checked. However, we *do* have reports that some of the inspectors have since been turned into salamander people."

"I'm sorry, salamander people?"

"Salamander girls, to be precise. Lesbians, actually. No, I'm not sure what warranted this. The so-called Stranger's appearance there has not been confirmed but is most likely."

The mayor sank his head in his hands. "I have to be living in a nightmare. This must be a mass panic of some kind, like that Orson Welles alien broadcast thing."

"Perhaps sir, but with the amount of reports coming in, perhaps we should start some emergency procedures."

Mayor Wickham was quiet for a moment in his office. It was an older building, and so the ceilings were tall and impressive, with many rich murals and architectural decorations

that spoke to the town's history. It allowed for a very reflective space, and being on the second floor - and the building on a natural hillside - it allowed for him also to turn, face the window, and look out over his town while he brooded.

Except even that view was ruined by the strangest sight he'd ever born witness to.

"Good God! Those can't be - those aren't birds!"

Lillian gasped, stepping up near him. "Those are people!" she said. "Feathered people!"

They each had large bird wings, and harpy-like claws for their feet. Some even griffon-like faces, complete with beaks. He thought he spotted an angelic justicar type in there as well as they flitted past. Most looked as terrified and shocked as he was.

"That *was* real," he replied. "Very well."

"It was, sir."

"Okay, we start emergency procedures. I need everything ready for an emergency broadcast, radio *and* television. We'll light up the evacuation zones; it'll be dark in a little under an hour, so they'll easily be seen. And once we've done that-

The buzzer sounded for the door. Both paused, looking at it. It buzzed again.

"Do I have appointment?" he asked Lillian.

"No sir. I cleared your schedule as the emergency unfolded, sir."

The buzzer sounded again, this time insistently. He hit it and responded.

"We don't have time," he replied, "I'm very sorry, but there's an emergency. We'll have to-

'I'm afraid my appointment cannot be rescheduled, Mr Mayor Todd Wickham. In fact, it must go ahead. I bring an important change to you.'

The mayor's blood froze. The voice on the other end of the line had not been a familiar one, and Lillian's own shocked expression told him she was thinking the same: this could well be the Stranger.

"Who are you?" the Mayor said, pressing on the buzzer.

'I am just passing through,' the Stranger said.

And then something impossible happened. Then the Stranger 'just passed through' the very door itself. He emerged on their side of the room casually, as if he hadn't stepped through solid matter. Lillian stepped off to the side, holding her mouth in terror. The Mayor stood behind his desk as if it would protect him from this tall freak of un-nature.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"I'm just a stranger passing through, like I said," the man replied, his voice low and crackling unnaturally. His eyes were hidden from view. "And I just like to cause some change as I go."

"You call turning my citizens into freaks a change?"

"It's just in my nature, Mayor Wickham. I can be no other. But as you can see from the dying sun on the horizon, the day is nearly over. I've followed the auras in need of change here, whether for good or ill, and now I must be going."

Mayor and secretary exchanged a quick look, both conveying the same thought process; *maybe he won't change us?*

"So you *did* change Mayor Prisket into a pig woman?"

"Appropriate, wasn't it?" the Stranger said, stepping closer to the desk. "I expect she will give birth in a month or two, and to quite a litter."

"Good lord. Look, do you want money, or transport out of town?"

"I can find my own way. What I am here for is just to ensure that my work is not for nothing."

Again, that pause and shared glance. Perhaps he wouldn't change them. It was seeming more likely.

"What do you mean by that?" Mayor Wickham asked. "Do you need a statue? A memorial? Some kind of vow? Visitation rights for the changed individuals?"

The Stranger actually smirked, as if the Mayor was far off in understanding.

"No need. I won't be coming here again. But this place is remote and isolated and quite unique. That uniqueness, that chaos, should remain. It needs a steward to keep the changes coming from time to time. And that, I have decided - or at least drifted towards in my own motions - will be you, Mayor Wickham."

The Mayor gulped. He didn't like where this was headed. "M-me? How do you mean?"

"I mean that this town needs someone to keep the changes coming, Mayor Wickham, and give your position of leadership, you seemed the appropriate choice. And given that you have a predilection for young, beautiful women, the change also has a karmic element."

Mayor Wickham wordlessly looked to Lillian, who took a couple of steps away from him in apparent disgust.

"Lillian, don't listen to this - this Stranger! Look sir, I don't know what you intend to propose, but I still have the power to call in-"

But the Stranger had lifted his head by this point, and his eyes were like endless spirals of stars forming into galaxies before collapsing and imploding all over again. It was the most beautiful and strange and terrible sight Todd Wickham had ever seen, and he found himself drawn into those eyes, even as a new truth reflected out of them. He witnessed images of hot sands, of Arabian deserts, of camels in long processions over the great banks. He took in harem women dancing before an aging sultan, their figures nubile and scantily clad. He absorbed the sight of a golden lamp uncovered by a young explorer's hands, and a deeply alluring woman of great magical power bursting from its end, trailing into existence

from a smoky outline to grant her new master's wishes. This last image remained, the woman in the Stranger's eyes smiling at him, her movements fluid and soft and elegant. The Mayor couldn't help but reach out as if to touch this woman in his vision, but instead the woman was to *find him*.

It happened quickly, though not so quickly that he didn't recognise the odd truth of what was occurring. All at once the Mayor's skin burned, singing into a gorgeous copper-olive colour. His body reversed in age, losing its many wrinkles, his white hair turning dark brown again, and then a shiny, raven-black. His pride and joy, his business suit, that is, burst off of his form, with only small strips remaining. These quickly turned to bright purple and golds that wrapped around selective parts of his body, and just in time too: his chest bloomed forth into a pair of impressively large E-cup breasts, while his hips widened and ass padded out impressively. The man groaned and grunted as his manhood retreated, replaced by a set of feminine lower lips and a womanly tunnel leading right to his - or her - new uterus.

"N-no! What are you d-doing to me!?"

"Making you a genie of the lamp, of course! You do work to serve the people, do you not? The public are your master, yes?"

"N-not like - ahhh! - that!"

But no amount of arguing could stop his feminisation. Soon his waist pinched in, while his limbs became dainty and soft. His gut pulled inwards to become soft and flat, while numerous bits of golden jewellery appeared around his wrists, ankles, neck, as well as on his earlobes. Makeup appeared on his face, which transformed to be that of a beautiful Arabian woman's, while his clothing completed its change, leaving the man standing there in a harem woman's outfit, a small trail of purple smoke flowing from *her* all the way to a golden lamp that now sat upon the desk.

"Oh God," she muttered as the Stranger's eyes ended their transformative effect. "You've made me a woman! You turned me into a bleeding woman!"

"A female genie, to be precise. Your new name shall be Taraena. It seems most appropriate. You are now bonded to the lamp, and have the power to grant wishes."

"I wish you would change me back!"

Nothing happened. The Stranger smirked. "It only works for other people"

Lillian's eyes widened as she took in the incredibly busty genie woman before her. She could barely believe that the too-serious Mayor was now this harem woman, her cleavage and midriff and legs so deeply on display. But with the talk about wishes . . .

"I wish to be a queen!" she declared.

Wickham rounded on her, breasts jiggling unfamiliarly in her tiny genie halter top. Well, she wasn't Wickham anymore. She was Taraena now. Thanks to the Stranger's earlier

comment, it was like her internal thought process was struggling to even consider herself male. But it didn't make her voluptuous and on-display body any less strange.

"What are you doing, *master*?" she asked, before catching herself. "No, this won't stand, Lillian. You're not my master. I'm your *genie* and you're my *master*."

Lillian smirked. "I think this change might be a good one, Mayor *Pervert*," she said. "Or is it Taraena now? Either way, those are some impressive jugs, Mayor. And what a showy outfit! There's more skin showing than cloth. Now grant me my wish: I wish to be a queen!"

The Stranger smirked, perhaps already knowing what was about to happen. He withdrew, opening the doors this time, and tipping his hat to the new genie Taraena. She looked to him with a panic, but was unable to stop herself from raising her hand to click her fingers.

"Your wish is my command, master!" she cried, her new voice accented and enticing. Power radiated from her core, and it made her truly realise that she was a magical being now, not just a sexually attractive Arabian woman. No, she was luminous with power, and it coursed through her and out from her fingers, enveloping her former secretary.

Lillian laughed. "That's the stuff, sir! Oh, you have no idea how sick of calling you 'sir' I was, and feeling your gaze on my ass. I won't have to worry about - eurgh! Wh-what did you d-do!?"

Taraena had no idea. The magic had been transformative, and flowed out of her without any of her own input as to what the results would be. But now she could see what was occurring as Lillian screamed. The secretary's pencil skirt tore open as her ass swelled to gargantuan proportions, segmenting away from her and becoming the size of a large fridge. Yellow and black hairs erupted from it, while a second set of arms shot through her blouse, tearing it. The woman screamed as two antenna pushed from her head, and again as her body gained that same downy yellow and black fur. Her legs became hardened and chitinous, and her shirt finally burst open as her breasts grew out, even larger than Taraena's own. A pair swelled below them too, and to both of their astonishment a thick, sap-like stream of honey began to leak from all four nipples.

In more moments, Lillian had become a queen alright. A giant, anthro-queen *bee*.

"What have you done!? Change me back! I w-wish to be changed back!"

But Taraena sensed that her wish was now done, and this woman no longer her master. She still felt humiliated and ridiculous, but at least she had some power back. Quite a lot of power, in fact.

"Lillian," she said. "You're fired."

The other woman sobbed, and it was enough to set off another great pressure in her body, this one in her new ovipositor.

“No! You can’t! You - nnggh!!”

A large ovoid egg pushed from her backside and plopped upon the ground, wet and shining. Silence filled the room for a moment, and the ever-opportunistic Lillian realised she had one last card to play.

“You c-can’t fire me! I’m t-taking maternity - nnggh! - leave! Ahhh, these s-stupid eggs! This better not b-be forever!”

The queen secretary had the genie mayor on that one. There was a maternity leave policy, and it was fairly generous. Almost as generous as Lillian’s new insectoid womb. She continued to push out more eggs as the nubile Arabian woman looked back out her window to the town that had changed so greatly in a day. She could feel them, her many masters, and so many wishes and changes to grant, and always in twisted ways, no matter how much she wanted otherwise. She was now cursed to be the young, sexually attractive genie mayor of the town, destined to change and warp her many citizens over the years and years to come, so long as they made a wish of some kind in her presence that she could misinterpret in some dastardly way, just like how the Stranger wanted it.

“I think Friendly Oaks is going to look quite different from now on,” she mumbled.

And somewhere out there, the Stranger was already hitting the road, readying to leave the town, and onto the next one, ready to bring more change and chaos.

“At least he made me young and good looking again,” the genie said while the queen bee continued to birth in the background. “Though the new attire will take some getting used to.”

Epilogue: Strange Things in Friendly Oaks

Polly was on her beat, as usual. The tall, statuesque stunner of a policewoman loved her job, even if it was still a little strange to imagine how much her life had changed. She’d once been a silly delinquent, prone to breaking the law and tagging buildings and fighting the law. Now, she was the law, even if the law in this instance wore sexy high black heels and always left the top three buttons of her officer’s shirt undone to show off her delightful cleavage. Her hips swayed elegantly as she moved through the central district of friendly oaks, her blonde hair bouncing, her ruby red lips in a perpetual smirk as she continued her prowl for criminals to rehabilitate. Certainly, more than a few were on good behaviour as a result of her ‘restorative practices.’

“Morning Officer Polly! You’re looking well this morning!”

The voice came from an individual she'd once hated, but now regularly caught up with. Jane Prisket, formerly John Prisket, formerly *Officer* John Prisket, was sitting on a bench by the small community park entrance, feeding her babies. It still astounded Polly to see her. She'd called the previous police officer of Friendly Oaks a 'pig' many times in her former life, but to see that the man had now become one, and a *female* one at that, was still quite a bit to take in. At least she was a humanoid one, with quite cute facial features (the wide pig nose and ears on her head even suited, somehow). She'd also lost a lot of weight, despite her piggish nature. The cause of that was obvious.

"Morning Jane! Lovely to see you! How are the little ones?"

Jane gave a deep sigh. "More than a handful, as you can see! Six babies of the same age is a lot to take care of. At least I've got the tits to handle them, right? Ha!"

She gave a half-snort as she chuckled, the same kind of laugh she'd made at bawdy jokes in her previous life. Indeed, her top was undone at the front, and she was leaning back so that five of her six children were upon her chest, suckling away at her large tits. Polly was pleased with her own Double-D's, she couldn't imagine *six E-cups*. Still, Jane actually seemed happy.

"They're growing fast," Polly declared. "Maybe soon you'll be able to get some babysitting, maybe even join me back on the force."

Jane snorted through her pig-nose. "Wouldn't that be a pairing? Polly and the Pig-woman? Nah, I'm good kid. I still hate that Stranger for what he did to me, but I love my babies, strange as it sounds. I just want to raise 'em right, maybe find a good husband to help take care of them. That's something else that's a little crazy! But then, no crazier than an *Officer* Polly in charge of the law, even if your approach is a good deal more . . . personal than mine was."

The pair of them shared a laugh, and then Polly turned her head.

"Well, *speaking* of finding good husbands, look who's doing a late run!"

A large garbage truck pulled to an impromptu stop before them. Out of it climbed Gabe, one half of the local trash collection service. The young man looked more handsome and confident than he ever had after the Stranger's change to his life, even if he himself was not physically transformed. Polly almost wanted him to deliberately litter just so she could handcuff him and teach him some 'lessons.' She'd never do that, of course, the big reason being the *other* half of the garbage collection service pairing.

"Officer Polly, great to see you! And Jane Prisket! Looks like a bit of a Stranger reunion, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," Polly said. "I even caught up with some of the fishing folks by the lake this morning. Isabelle has a real mastery of those tentacles now."

“We’re actually headed that way. Given how many live in the lake now, it’s worth us collecting the garbage from the bottom so they aren’t all living in litter. Hey, it gives us a pay boost, isn’t that right babe?”

The horn beeped, and Da-Eun waved from the seat in the truck.

“Sorry I can’t come down and say hello myself!” she called from the window in her cute Korean accent. “I have trouble getting out without Gabe’s help.”

Gabe gave a sheepish grin. Everyone knew she was pregnant, and quite far along now. Given that she had been a stubborn know-it-all named Barrett in her previous life, she absolutely refused to stop working even as she got closer and closer towards labor. Still, there was something strangely attractive about her in the maternity coveralls, and the two friends had slowly adjusted to being lovers, and were now actually *in* love, even if it they could only safely admit it during sex or the direct aftermath of it.

“All good, Da-Eun!” Polly called, and Jane echoed the sentiment. “Just good to see that you two are - wait a minute!”

The sound of twenty two blaring loud and heavily modified Harley Davidson motorcycles rocketing down Main Street hit them just before the actual bikes themselves came into view. Polly’s eyes lit up in excitement and anger and perhaps just a *little* arousal, at the sight of the Spider Drider Gang tearing up the road at highly illegal speeds. All of them were spider-like in some way - some had eight eyes, some two extra sets of arms, others had fangs. They were, surprisingly, quite damn attractive. And at the absolute head of their mob was Spider Drider herself, formerly known as just *The Spider*. Her bike consisted of two Harleys fused together to accommodate her swollen rear abdomen, while her eight legs were perched in custom-fitted positions on the bike. Her busty upper half with its dark skin and flowing hair looked wild and free, and she laughed as she passed.

“Try and fuckin’ catch us, copper!” she yelled.

“Hmm, I think she’s growing eggs again,” Jane mused. “And I thought six babies was hard.”

“She’s not exactly raising them well!” Da-Eun called. “Good thing we got off the road, honey! I mean, Gabe!”

Gabe chuckled. “Well, they’re passed now, so let’s get back to it. Good luck catching them, officer. I doubt you’ll be able to fix Spider Drider’s ways.”

Polly was already running though, moving to the nearby station to get her own police bike out, complete with the sexy leather outfit that fit her so well. She giggled to herself.

“I may not be able to fix her!” she called, “but I think I may be able to convince a few of her gang members to rehabilitate!”

Especially that one with six arms. Just *imagine* what he could do for 'restorative justice.' Three pairs of handcuffs could lead to a *lot* of fun. God, being a hot cop was so much better than a lame delinquent.

Annabelle moaned as Robbie thrust into her from behind. It was such an *animal* position, and one she loved well. Her fat udder slapped against her thighs, dripping into the floor, but she didn't care. She'd deal with that later. Her massive breasts bounced in her diner girl uniform, threatening to rip the buttons off, but she knew from experience it would hold. Robbie held her horns, pulling her head back a little and thrusting into her wet womanhood.

"M-mooo! You're so moo-assive!" she cried.

"Speak for yourself," Robbie said, leaning forward to cup one of her large, furry tits. It spilled over his hand, far too big to be contained. He unbuttoned the shirt expertly and pulled at her nipple, causing a spray of milk to erupt onto the floor. She moaned again. God, she was always so full. Always making so much damn milk. At least Robbie knew how to please her, turning her burdens into excitements.

"S-so close! I'm going to - MOOOOO!!!"

She came early thanks to him ramming his thick cock even deeper into her bovine pussy. She shuddered, and almost a litre of milk poured onto the floor. Thankfully, they were having sex in the diner storeroom, with a wide clamshell pool for toddler's serving as their improvised 'catcher' for all her spilled milk.

"You're so fucking amazing," Robbie said as he extracted himself. She turned around and he nuzzled at her breasts, sucking more milk from each of her large nipples. She groaned at this.

"You're the one who's - mhmmm - amazing, Robbie. You still love me like this. Still accept me. Still find me-"

"Sexy as all hell," he said, fondling her udder. "My fucking sexy cowgirl. Hey, it's not like this town doesn't have weirder."

She blushed through her fur. "Yeah, but no one makes as much damn moo-ilk as moo-ee! It's ridiculous! I've spilled so much and yet I'm still full as hell! Damn that Stranger."

"I don't hate him. He made you all the more perfect."

"Aww."

"Besides, there's no point crying over spilled milk!"

"Oh, you're terrible! C'mon, I need to get back out there. Thanks for moo-aking my dreams come true as usual, babe."

"Just let me go on the udder next time."

She kissed him, her snout forming a good set of lips to lock with his - that had taken practice. "Just remember, I need it for work, sweetie."

She exited out into the diner, having disappeared for a quick 'fix up job'. She doubted it was all that secret to the town's denizens, but no one made a comment. She quickly fixed up a button, not that her breasts or udder could be fully contained even by her modified uniform.

"Sorry about that everyone! I'll get right on your coffee now! Milk and cream for everyone, right?"

After a parade of 'yes!'es, she got to work, pulling out her udder from its support and pulling a teat. She had gotten damn good at filling coffees just right with her milk, and the people of Friendly Oaks *loved* it. Sure, it was weird at first, but no one could deny that her milk was the best-tasting and most addictive they'd ever had.

"Extra large cups for our centaur group, of course! I want to make sure you all have the energy you need for today's run, especially you Gemima! I mean, Gary! I imagine leadership has its difficulties!"

She was speaking to the former female leader of the running group, who had then been overthrown by the misogynistic Paul and Aaron before being restored as a powerful male stallion centaur. No one could deny her authority now: she was a strong leader, muscular, and had a dominating presence. Her and Tiffany and the other head runners of the centaur herd. Once women who had been pushed to the side, they were now either stallions or mares who just happened to also have male equipment.

"Thanks Annabelle, as usual! Us furry people have to stick together, right?"

"Exactly!" Annabelle said with good cheer. "Though I wish I could run like you can. This big fat udder makes even a quick amble a bit difficult!"

"Ah, but you'll make *us* run! Especially Paula and Ava here, right my beautiful harem girls?"

Two beautiful mares near the back of the diner (there wasn't enough space for all the centaurs, the rest were waiting for their orders outside) blushed considerably. They had once been headstrong chauvinists, but now they no longer competed for alpha male dominance. The evidence wasn't just in their female beauty either: enough mating had made their equine bellies swell noticeably lately.

"Y-yes, my stallion," Paula stammered.

"No coffee, just milk please!" Ava said. "Our stallion says no coffee for our foals."

Gary chuckled. "Funny how strange things have worked out, and yet so well. Just look at our Benjamin Lee here: what a man he turned out to be!"

Annabelle indeed headed to his table after Gary and the centaurs left with their orders. Her hooves clacked loudly on the floor, but she was used to it. What she was still

sometimes surprised by was the sight of Benjamin Lee, the town nerd who had often been beaten up and she had felt sorry for, now looking more muscular and full of confidence, with a literal harem of gorgeous women supplicantly surrounding him. But then, that had been the Stranger's doing too, hadn't it?

"Oh Benny, you're so funny!" the one called Daria giggled. She had once been Dustin, one of Ben's primary bullies. Now she was an unbelievably gorgeous Arabian or Persian harem girl wearing a purple two piece outfit that left her luscious olive skin on display. She was pressed right up against him, and was not subtle about where she was circling her finger.

"Thanks, Daria," he replied easily. He kissed her, clearly tonguing her as well, and stroked her bare thigh, causing her to shiver. "I really like you like this, you know."

She sighed. "Don't I know, *master*, don't I know."

"At least you're not pregnant!" exclaimed Charlize. She was the gorgeous, full-chested and full-bottomed woman who had a wide set of babymaker hips, emphasis on *babymaking*. Her round belly looked to be in the middle of the second trimester and growing, and she rubbed it softly, trying not to smile.

"Admit it, you like it," Ben teased. "I didn't hear you complaining when I put that baby in you!"

"That's because of all these damn compulsions that just make me *so in love with you and your wonderful, manly body*, Ben."

He just chuckled, clearly having accepted this state of affairs, and gestured to Annabelle as she approached the table.

"Annabelle! Great to see you! Me and the wives thought we would drop by for some coffee and delicious pancakes. Charlize here is getting the cravings, and we suspect Thu is as well, isn't that right my darling?"

The Vietnamese woman who had once not even been Asian, and certainly not as demure as she was now, nodded her head shyly. She was wearing a gorgeous white dress in traditional style, but she placed a hand on her still-slim belly.

"I believe I am with child, yes," she said meekly. She tried to suppress a smile but couldn't. Though she raged inwards from time to time at her fate, the former bully still felt a great deal of unnatural peace and contentment from not only being Benjamin's submissive wife, but also his cook, his cleaner, and the future mother of one of his children.

"Well, congratulations are in order, I suppose?" Annabelle said. She grunted a little as some milk spurt into her maternity bra. "Mooo! Sorry, that's my milk building up. Can I get your orders?"

They each gave their orders, all in their own style. She was used to it though; the main thing was that her customers wanted her milk, and God knew her body would always

rise to the occasion to oblige. Her tail flicked behind her as she got their orders, then took their glasses and gave them some free milk on the house as compensation for the waiting period.

“Wait for me there, yon lassie!” came a strong Irish voice.

Annabelle turned, her udder slapping audibly against her thighs since she hadn't tucked it back in yet. Emer - formerly Ben's best friend Artie - was returning from the bathroom. She was a gorgeous redhead with cute freckles and a full chest. Annabelle sighed a little. She missed having a figure like that. Well, she wasn't *that* gorgeous or full-chested, but she certainly hadn't been a literal cowgirl with a tail, horns, fur, and a goddamned udder! Not to mention the hooves and constant lactation and the mooing and all that. Still, she embraced Emer.

“I'm glad you're here!” she said. “I was worried you were at home, um, pregnant or something.”

“I'm still lucky not to be, but given how Benny is it's only a matter of time, alas!”

She grinned saying it, though her awkwardness was clear. The two had bonded in an odd friendship since the changes - Annabelle with her odd body and Emer with her gender change and compulsions to be her friend Benjamin's sexy Irish wife. It was an odd match, but the two were often in each other's company when they weren't with their respective boyfriends.

“Can I get you some milk?” Annabelle said. “Please say yes. Even after Robbie 'helped' me I'm still soooo full.”

Emer just laughed. “I'm sure he drank straight from the tap! But of course, honey! It's good to hear things are going steady with you.”

“And how are you with Ben here?”

Ben waved, half listening in before Tina distracted him. She was the last of his harem, a former black man named Todd who was now a white-skinned, blonde-haired bimbo in a sexy pink cocktail dress. She was very clearly trying to makeout with him and take attention from Daria. The four of them, unable to bully their former mark, now often turned on each other in their efforts to please him *and* accommodate their old inclinations.

“We're going fine. It's taken a lot of adjustment,” Emer said, adopting a sexy pose out of habit. “I mean, we fuck *constantly*, even more than with his bullies. It's crazy! But it's been months and we're not exactly turning back, and we're still best mates and always playing games and shooting shit about comics and the like, so I think I can adjust. God help me if I end up in the family way like Charlize and Thu though!”

Annabelle chuckled. “I worry the same for myself! I get in these strong heats, and make so much milk during that we just don't use protection! The Stranger never did tell me if I'm, um, compatible. I better be more careful.”

“Well, let’s warn our husbands and boyfriends together, shall we? Move this Friday night?”

“It’s a date!” Annabelle said excitedly, her tail wagging behind her happily. “I just have to bring a pump and a few buckets. Robbie will be keen!”

“So will Ben. Though I warn you, the rest of might show up too.”

She indicated to the harem vying for Ben’s attention. Annabelle marvelled at how lucky that man was compared to so many others.

“I best make up your food and drinks, or else they’ll be eating him up soon.”

Emer giggled. “Trust me, he’ll like it, the dog!”

Taraena relaxed on the beach, her luscious genie body smoking just a little, her legs fading together as they became purple fog that extended over to her lamp. She had to make sure not to forget to take it with her again: the last delinquent who had stolen it and tried to get a wish out of her had desired to be ‘powerful and attractive’, so she’d been forced to transform him into a dominating anthro-wolfman. He actually *liked* the change, the bastard, though perhaps he’d like it less when he went ‘full wolf’ under the full moon and found out that it wasn’t just the local ladies who found him attractive anymore, but the local she-wolfs too.

For now though, the Mayor of Friendly Oaks was enjoying the radiant sun. She was used to her gorgeous female body by now, and even enjoyed flaunting it. Sure, it could be embarrassing sometimes, and it was also literally impossible for her to wear more than a revealing genie outfit, but at least she was young and vibrant again. Besides, she hadn’t lost her taste for beautiful women, even some of the stranger transformed ones, as evidenced by the sexy mermaid named Tayah by her side, coiled against her on the beach. She had red hair and a green tail, just like from the movies. Of course, as also evidenced by the attractive merman on her other side looking quite pleased with himself, she also went both ways these days, and with a strong libido to match. Thankfully, these two together had matched her.

“This is the life,” she said. “The town is happy - well, happy as it could possibly be given the circumstances - and the lake restoration project is going, if you’ll excuse the pun, quite swimmingly. Wouldn’t you say so Isabelle?”

She called the last part out to the oily-skinned octo-girl with the rather thick figure. Not bad thick, but the kind of thick that was actually attracting the mereman seamen of the lake quite a bit.

“Just remember!” the woman called. “I get paid according to my worth in tentacles! I’ve got eight limbs not even counting my arms, and they’re all working this clean. I expect my bonus!”

The Mayor Genie laughed. “Oh, you’ll get it! Don’t think I’d forget that you’re my new Lake Zone Secretary either!”

Lillian was *still* on maternity leave, of course. It had been a sly move on her part, but the mayor knew well that she was regretting her wish to be a ‘queen’ quite a bit now that she was an endlessly pregnant bug queen. She had over fifty kids and counting, though at least it was giving the town a population boom, not that other transformees weren’t trying on that front also. That Benjamin Lee fellow seemed to have a whole harem waiting to have children . . .

A giggle erupted in the distance as several figures shot into the air in an orchestrated display. Luella, Vanessa, and Peyton had been the popular girls in town before, and they had retained their status in the lake community as beautiful mermaids. Individuals ranging from jellyfish folk to salamander men to other members of the mer community all watched and clapped at their performance. The Mayor rolled her eyes, though she couldn’t deny their talent. Unlike some, they had adapted perfectly after the initial panic - what girl didn’t want to be a beautiful mermaid, after all? And given the amount of wishes she’d tackled to let men and women become so, it seemed the acolytes of those three women would only swell in years to come. They would be trouble, that was for sure.

“Well, if it isn’t our gorgeous mayor,” spoke a familiar voice.

Talaena looked over to see the plant nymph Gretchen approached from the lake beach entrance. She was, like so many other transformees, very beautiful and strange at once. On her arm was an impressively hunky man, and on the other was a nervous looking fellow who looked to be in his twenties. It was no secret that since becoming younger and ‘going green’ that Gretchen was enjoying her youth again, all while sunning herself and enjoying the ‘taste’ of water in her roots when she put them down. Talaena had to respect that; more than anyone, Gretchen had gotten what she’d wanted from the Stranger.

“Gretchen,” the genie remarked. “I see you have some new friends with you. Still living it up in our new Friendly Oaks?”

“You know it, youngun!”

“I’m actually in my fifties. You know that, right?”

“Bah! And I look twenty, but we all know I’m ancient even by your standard! And with my plant DNA, I’ll probably outlast everyone but you, our eternal mayor.”

“Come to enjoy the sun and water?”

“The sun, yes. The water? Absolutely. I’m going to put down roots and enjoy the sights and sounds of nature, probably out by Reacher’s Point. I still like my calm and quiet, and there’s a natural garden there that is just perfect. But this here is Liam. He missed out when the Stranger came through, and has been trying to find information on him ever since.”

“Oh, and what have you found, Liam? God knows the rest of us tried and nothing came up. He just turns up, causes chaos - some good, some bad, all of it weird - and never returns!”

Liam scratched his hair awkwardly. “Well, um, I didn’t find much. I know that he appears in mythology and legend going back thousands of years, though it can’t be substantiated. And that he apparently moved through a town in Australia recently, causing lots of weird changes there. But that’s all.”

Gretchen nudged him. “Go on, don’t be shy.”

“But, well, I feel like I, um . . . when the Stranger came through, I was sleeping. I was stoned, actually. I kind of feel like, well . . .”

Gretchen chuckled, and it had a gravelly quality that revealed her true age despite her beautiful nymph form. “Oh, I’ll say it then, young one. He means to say that he missed out, and given that you’ve got the power to transform people thanks to your geniehood, he’d like the chance. He’s been working up the will for months.”

Talaena stood up, drawing away from her lovers. She grinned at Liam as she approached. He was straining not to look at her cleavage, and that was something that shamed her a little, yet also excited her. It was a different kind of power to the mayoral kind, but she could use it when she wanted. Still, the kid seemed nice.

“You have to make a wish, Liam, you know that, right? It’s how this works. And I can’t tell you what you’ll become. My magic works in mysterious ways, just like the big guy himself. And I’m *not* talking about God here. I’m talking about *him*.”

Liam gulped. “I know. But . . . it’s something I want. It’s the attraction of Friendly Oaks these days anyway, right?”

“That it is, that it is.” She took her lamp and carefully placed it in Liam’s hands. The magic the Stranger had left her was a part of *his* magic. She wondered if it would ever run dry. She suspected not. He liked to bring change, and now that he was gone, it was her role to continue it. It wasn’t something she could bring herself to fight, and in this case, perhaps it would do some good.

“Okay then,” said calmly. “Make your wish, Liam.”

“I - I wish to be different,” he said. “Changed, like other people.”

The magic welled up inside the genie. It could go in so many directions, thanks to his vagueness. Perhaps that had been intentional. Either way, there was no stopping it now.

“Your wish is my command,” she said, and she snapped her finger. And the newest transformation in Friendly Oaks began. It would not be the last, not for a longshot.

Somewhere, far away, the Stranger smiled.

The End