

# Wedding Mayhem (Multi TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

*Jace and his fiancée Harper are getting married. It is a small, low-budget event with only friends and immediate family invited, but when a vengeful ex-girlfriend and ex-boyfriend crash the event with new magical powers, the most romantic day of Jace and Harper's lives turns to pure chaos as their wedding party is transformed, followed by them too!*

## Wedding Mayhem

Jace fiddled with his tie again.

“Stop it,” his best friend Brendan warned him. “You look perfect, buddy. Just relax. You won’t be thinking about your tie the second you see her walking down the aisle.”

“I know. Just getting jitters.”

“Not the backing out kind, I hope!” his other groomsman Freddie replied, chuckling.

“Hell no. This is going to be the best day of my life. I know it.”

Jace put his hands back down by his sides. His mother grinned at him, while his father was engaged in eager conversation with Harper’s mother beside him.

‘*She’ll be here. It’ll be fine,*’ his mother mouthed to him.

‘*I know,*’ he mouthed back.

And he did. Jace was only twenty four years old, but he knew he’d found his partner for life in Harper. She was a gorgeous, energetic, vivacious woman who lit up his world with her passion, particularly her love of animals and the wild. There was a reason she was a veterinarian, after all, and a damn good one at that. She was kind and sweet, and not at all like his ex. The two had been smitten from first sight when he’d taken his labrador in for a check up and she’d been the one to see him over. And, of course, she was quite the looker too, with dark skin and gorgeous frizzy-curly hair which she often wore tied back in a sort of afro-ponytail.

She in turn had fallen in love with his loyalty. They’d both had bad experiences with terrible exes, and so his own patience and positive attitude was something she had clung to. He attributed this to his farmer upbringing. He worked on his father’s farm and would one day start his own, and you had to be patient in such a profession, and take the seasons as they came. It also left him quite fit, and due to his 5’11 height and manly jawline, Harper had also been quite intrigued by his good looks too.

Together, they had dated for two years, and after that time Jace had gotten tired of waiting. He'd gone to his best friend Brendan, who was often described as 'the most reliable man in a crisis', and asked him his advice.

"Dude, stop being a moron. Hurry up and fucking marry her already."

"I just think that after Samantha—"

"She's not Samantha, dude. That woman was a viper. We all love Harper. Now hurry up and go buy her a ring. A good one, before Freddie thinks you're not serious and thinks he has a chance with her."

Jace had to laugh at that one. Freddie was a great friend, but also a huge ladies man. He was still a party guy at heart, and was hoping to get with one of the bridesmaids, preferably Lila, who was Harper's best friend and not a bad looker herself.

So he'd asked Harper's parents for their blessing, and they'd enthusiastically given it, and then he'd proposed after a romantic dinner at home, and she'd cried and said "yes! Yes! What took you so long!?"

And now, a whirlwind engagement and wedding planning later, he was waiting to see his blushing bride appear on the horizon. He didn't have to be so nervous. Neither of them loved the spotlight, so this was just a small event. There was the bride and groom, best man Brendan and groomsman Freddie, and maid of honour Paris and the other bridesmaid Lila. Then it was just the parents on both sides, and a few other friends who filled out a couple of extra seats. Just twenty one people in all. A small, personal event without great extravagance, with just a family friend Tommy who was a celebrant to marry them, and who had to keep reminding Jace to stand still.

"You've been a quiet, patient boy the entire time I've known your family, but you've got ants in your pants today!"

Freddie giggled, and Brendan had to shush him.

"I'm just waiting to see . . . her."

And suddenly, there she was. They were getting married at a quaint farmhouse on an idyllic spring mid-morning, and the sun was to her left, bathing her in perfect tones of gold. She emerged, walking around the side of the farmside in a white dress that hugged her figure beautiful. Her shoulders were bare, and a taste of her small cleavage showed through the slight v-neck of her top. Her hair was as frizzy and wild as ever, with flowers woven through it. She stepped slowly, holding her bouquet, her two bridesmaids behind her, both dressed in lilac. Paris was fully six-months pregnant and glowing, while Lila was looking stylish and thin, already batting her eyes towards Greg.

But all Jace could focus on was his bride-to-be. His jaw dropped, and for a moment he almost couldn't think, let alone breathe. She was more stunning to him than ever before,

and when she smiled at him - *beamed* at him - it lit up his entire world. He loved Harper's smile.

"That's the money shot!" the photographer said, capturing his amazed gaze. Brendan and Freddie chuckled lightly, and the celebrant Tommy leaned forward just a little.

"I've officiated more than a few of these things. Your is the best reaction. You two are meant for each other."

Harper's father walked her down the aisle, then retreated to his seat as she reached the marriage altar. Paris took her bouquet, stroking her round stomach idly. Then the bridal couple turned to one another, feasting their eyes on each other.

"You look beautiful beyond words," Jace said.

She giggled, practically *bouncing* on her feet. "Thank you! It was hell to put together, but I feel so cute! And how gorgeous is Paris, all big and pregnant! I'm almost jealous."

"She's putting thoughts in your ear," Jace said.

Paris loved kids, and was excited for her first. Baby crazy would be the best way to describe it. She was already egging them on to have "beautiful mixed babies," a wording that made them both feel a little awkward, though it was just Paris being Paris.

"You look very handsome too, by the way."

"First time I've worn a suit since prom."

"Mhmm, you fill it well. I love you so much."

"I love you too."

But then they had to hush their proclamations of love, ironically because it was time for them to get married. Tommy made a joking show of rolling his eyes before the small gathering and imitating that he was pushing them apart, something the whole group found hilarious. Everyone knew how cuddly the bridal pair were, and so they held their hands together, giggling and smiling and feeling foolishly head-over-heels in love, as the marriage ceremony began. It didn't take long. The introduction by the celebrant, the declarations, the readings, the exchange of rings. Brendan was trusty as ever, having safeguarded the ring all day from nonexistent threats. He passed it to Jace, who placed it carefully onto Harper's ring finger. Her parents were already in tears, especially her mother, whom she got her excitement from. She herself could barely wait to be this man's husband, to kiss him and hold him and love him. And the more excitable, passionate part of her couldn't wait for them to retreat to the little on-site cottage and fuck each other's brains out after their little reception was over that night. Without protection, if she could convince him. Just having her baby-crazy maid of honour so close was making her baby crazy too.

Finally, the moment had arrived when it would all become official. Almost as if making a joke, Tommy threw out that old line.

“Before we wrap this up with romance and love, does anyone object to the lawful union of this frankly wonderful couple, even if you’d be admitting you’re crazy to do so?”

There was a chuckle from the small gathering, and he grinned before proceeding.

“Very well then. Jace Mosswell and Harper Christensen, I hereby pronounce you-”

“WE OBJECT!”

There was a gasp from several individuals in the gathering, particularly from the parents of the bride and groom. Everyone looked in the direction of the two voices that had shouted their objection.

“Oh, fuck,” Jace said. “It’s Samantha.”

“And Jacob,” Harper hissed, clinging to the man that was meant to be her loving husband by that point.

“What!?” Lila cried. “How do they know each other?”

“I have no idea,” Jace said. “But it’s them.”

There was no denying it either. His poisonous ex-girlfriend Samantha, and Harper’s own venomous counterpart ex-boyfriend Jacob, were approaching the gathering from the same direction the bridesmaid party had arrived from only twenty minutes ago. Samantha looked different from how she had been three years ago. Her black hair was longer, going all the way to her waist, and she had green eyeshadow on. She wore a dress that was far too tight and revealing for a modest occasion, as if to show Jace that she must have had work done. Her formerly plain figure now had impressive curves, and what had to be a pair of double-D breasts straining against her dress, if not larger. But even from a distance, he could see that cruelty in her eyes. The controlling nature that had caused him to leave her, because she demanded that he always worship the damn ground she walked on and not even dare to see his friends unless she permitted it. Which was barely ever.

Jacob likewise looked changed, and Harper gasped to see the impossibility of those changes. He was taller - literally several inches taller! He had previously been below average height, but now would compete against her groom quite easily. But he still had his sharp, shark-like features, the same olive Mediterranean lips, and the same smug smile upon his features. He moved with the confidence of an apex predator, and she imagined it was the same look he’d had when he began seducing his coworker. Last she had heard he’d been kicked to the curb for that stunt after she found out as well, and he’d lost his job over the incident. She was happy to have heard it, but now he was here, not begging for her to take him back as he had once, but looking at her like he knew something she didn’t. It sent a shiver down her spine.

“Someone do something,” she said.

“I’m on it,” Brendan said.

“Me too,” Freddie replied.

Paris also stormed ahead, not minding her heavily pregnant figure but instead using it to be even more imposing. The gathering was already standing to look around as the pair drew closer to the rear, and several people were shouting at them, shaming them.

“We object!” Jacob yelled.

“You’re not a member of the guest list,” Tommy replied. “You both need to get off this property. It’s trespassing.”

Brendan and Freddie were moving to intercept the pair, and Paris was not far behind them. Several others were blocking the interlopers’ entry, but neither looked worried or personally confronted.

“I don’t care about trespassing!” Samantha cried in her high, reedy voice. “I have a right to be here! That man doesn’t deserve happiness, not after he dumped me so cruelly!”

“Back off!”

“Get out of here!”

“I will remove you if you don’t back the fuck off right now. Both of you.”

This last sentence came from Brendan, whose fists were clenched, knuckles white. He was ready to throw down at that point, and the bride and groom were happy for it. But there was a nervousness to the air, a tension that could be sliced with a butterknife it was wound so tightly.

But neither were showing a willingness to leave, and both had smirks planted fast on their faces. It took Paris stepping forward, thrusting her pregnant figure out at them, to finally wipe the smiles off of their faces.

“Right, I’m six months pregnant and hormonal as hell, and I am absolutely craving some of that wedding cake. So you both have ten seconds to turn the fuck around and get the hell out of here, or I’ll be calling the police while these two gentleman handle you. Isn’t that right, Freddie? Brendan?”

“Hell yeah.”

“Damn straight. Get the fuck out Samantha.”

“And you too, Jacob, you cheating ass,” Lila said. She didn’t have the same fire as the maid of honour, but she hated Jacob for cheating on her friend, and small as she was she was willing to pipe up. The rest of the crowd joined in, yelling out all manner of angry phrases ranging from the polite-but-firm to the utterly obscene. The message was clear: leave, or there *will* be trouble.

For just a moment, it seemed like they might do so. Samantha swallowed, and Jacob rolled his eyes and took a deep breath.

But then everything went wrong.

Samantha turned and flung out a hand. It glowed a vibrant, unnatural green, and this strange energy expanded from her fingers to enveloped Brendan in a vortex, right before he

could lay a hand on her or Jacob. He was instantly stuck fast, surrounded by this green magic. Several people screamed. Some even tried to run, but then Jacob flung out his hands, and dark purple beams spread out from his fingertips to envelop them as well, holding them in place. Jace and Harper clung to one another, watching this unfold in horror. In mere moments, the entire gathering, themselves included, were stuck in place. They were able to move everything but their feet, effectively leaving them immobile.

“What have you done to us!?”

“Someone help us!”

“This is sorcery!” Tommy cried. He was quite religious, even if the ceremony was secular, and he began making the sign of the cross.

“That’s right, bitches,” Jacob sneered in his arrogant voice. “This *is* sorcery. It turns out that after me and Samantha here got dumped around the same time, that we crossed paths. Together, we found out we made quite the pairing. A pair of vengeful exes who’d been cruelly let go by our partners who refused to take us back, all because of some . . . indiscretions.”

“Indiscretions!?” Harper yelled from the altar, incredulous. “You cheated on me, you bastard! Let us all go!”

“You still kicked him to the curb!” Samantha replied, looking utterly furious. “Just like you kicked me to the curb too, Jace.”

“You were a controlling bitch, Samantha, and you know it! You didn’t let me be me, and you tried to separate me from everyone!”

“I was doing what was best for us, but you couldn’t commit!”

Jace stepped forward. Well, he tried to, only to nearly stumble over. Harper managed to help right him. The two lovers were quite literally stuck at the altar, moments before marriage, as their two tormentors ruined everything.

“How are you doing this!?” he demanded.

Samantha giggled, especially when Paris repeated the question, looking utterly furious. Harper looked to Jacob who shrugged, clearly amused.

“Let’s just say we were both looking for a way to get revenge,” Jacob called out. “And we found it in a book Samantha found. A book that had all the right instructions to make a deal.”

“A deal that gave us power!” Samantha declared. “And meant we could finally put you two, and all your friends who rallied behind you when you dumped us like trash, behind us.”

“By inflicting a delightful revenge on all of you,” Jacob finished, grinning. “That’s right, Harper. We could have worked things out. You could have forgiven me. I would have redeemed myself. But you were just too full of anger to see sense.”

“YOU CHEATED ON ME!” she cried, full of that very anger. “And worst of all, you cheated on HER too! She didn’t know! And then she told you to fuck off as well, Jacob!”

Tears streamed down her eyes, but Jacob just laughed.

“Well, you can see it that way, but it doesn’t matter. Now you’re the one who’ll lose out on love.”

“And you too, Jace,” Samantha said. “You ghosted me after you left me. You changed the locks. You refused to acknowledge me. ME! Well, looks like you’re got your perfect girl. Now it’s time for *you* to feel what it’s like to be ripped away from your one true love.”

Jace grimaced. He swallowed his hatred for this manipulative woman, and tried to appeal to her instead: “Sam, I know you’re angry. Let’s just - let’s just talk this out, okay? There’s no need for anything drastic.”

She crossed her arms. “Too late for that, Jace. I have all the power now, and so does my new lover. Jacob’s a better boyfriend than you ever were, and together we’re going to make sure you, your bitch of a wife-to-be, and all your friends and family understand not to get in our way. We’re going to transform all of you.”

Brendan struggled against his magical restraints, and almost succeeded until Jacob reapplied some.

“You always were a crazy bitch!” he said. And then he spat on her.

For a moment, Samantha was shocked. Everyone was. But then she looked up at him, eyes gleaming unnaturally. Infernally.

“That’s going to cost you, Brendan. You always were the tough man, the big guy, the ‘most dependable guy in a crisis.’ Isn’t that how they always put it? Well, maybe it’s time for everyone to see you how I do: as the devil on Jace’s shoulder, always leading him away from me, whispering in his ear. Time to show your horns, Brendan. But don’t worry, you won’t be the last to change.”

With that, she extended her hand out to him, and there was a flash of green energy. Brendan tried to shield himself, but he was helpless, lost in the bright green rays that soaked into his body.

“NNGHH!!!” he groaned, as the light became ever more brilliant. “Wh-what’s happening t-to me!?”

“Oh honey, just you wait,” she declared.

Freddie and Paris went to speak. Harper and Jace went to yell, to plead. But they all stopped dead in their tracks at the sight before them.

Groaning and moaning and grunting and whimpering beneath the magical light, Brendan’s body was beginning to change.

Jace and Harper could only watch in horror, alongside the rest of the gathering, as the groom's best man began to alter in form beneath the power of Samantha and Jacob. Brennan struggled against the strange pressures and tensions that surged through his body, but was utterly helpless to fight against them. Two sharp pressures in particular were located above each temple, and they increased to the point where Brennan was terrified that his skull would actually burst.

Which it did, in way.

"GOD! OH G-GOD!" he cried, as the headache reached its peak, only to finally release as new bony formations pushed out from his skull. The congregation gasped at the sight of a set of dark red horns that continued to emerge, long and impressive, at least five inches long each. There was a brief moment where everyone took in the actual transformative magic they were seeing.

And then the floodgates were opened.

Brennan, who had always been so dependable in a crisis, was suddenly caught in one of his own, at the centre of a crowd who could not help him. He writhed and squirmed as his body continued to transform painfully, his bones reshaping, his muscles thinning, his entire frame and even his clothing altering. Brennan tried to speak, to curse Samantha in particular for her role in this. He'd always hated her and how she'd treated his best friend, but now all he could do was try to glare defiantly at her, even as he was forced to occasionally squeeze his eyes shut and bear out the pain.

"S-screw y-you!" he managed to say, just barely, his voice sounding alien to his own ears, like it was softer and sweeter, and yet all the more dangerous, somehow.

Samantha just giggled. "Oh trust me, honey, *you're* the one who'll be doing all the screwing soon, just you wait. You'll literally *live* for it."

He could barely concentrate on her words through the pain. It was like fire, *actual* fire, burning him up in the core. It spread across his body, and soon the fire became literal, sizzling his flesh and spreading over it until he was positively encased in flames.

"You're killing him, you bastards!" Jace shouted.

"Let him go! Please don't hurt him!" Harper added.

Others were also calling out, particularly Paris, who was holding her belly and pleading for the warlock interlopers to hold off on their torments. Tommy the celebrant had his hand over his mouth, silent and barely able to watch.

And yet even as the crowd assumed that Brennan was being toasted to death, the man himself was still being transformed within this writhing cocoon of living flame. He cried out, voice becoming higher and more feminine, as his skin turned a crimson red, and clothes burned to tatters, rearranging into a dark blue dress that was highly revealing. His shoulders shrunk, his waist pulled in, and his hips flared out pleasingly wide, at least by the standards



of the female specimen he was becoming. His hair turned black, cascading down his shoulders, and his face rearranged itself to become the very image of sensuous, snake-like beauty: high-cheekbones, full red lips, and captivating golden eyes with vertical slit-like pupils. His chest burned as it formed two beautifully full breasts, each easily F-cups in size, the size of generous cantaloupes, and topped with dark red nipples. The poor man gasped and grunted, clutching his crotch within the flames as his manhood quite literally melted away, revealing a perfect womanhood devoid of any pubic hair. His legs became appropriately shapely, arms too, and soon he had been fully transformed into a red-skinned woman.

But the changes weren't quite down. The new devil-lady moaned as the pain of fire turned to pleasure. Somehow, the flames no longer hurt but instead gave a terrific sensuality to the proceedings, no matter how much she would have preferred the pain. She stuck her tongue out in mid-moan, and was startled by how it split to become forked, hissing in bliss. Her fingernails extended to become like beautifully tailored talons, and her teeth developed a sharp pair of fangs on both sets of teeth. From above her curvaceous bottom extended a long tail that ended in a devilish spade, long enough to writhe around her ankles. It was thick at the base, perhaps four inches across, but slowly tapered down to a serpentine quality. Finally, to complete the effect, two new structures *burst* out from her shoulders, finally disrupting the flames and revealing her new, *winged* form.

"B-Brennan?" Harper gasped.

"It can't be," her husband-to-be said, gaping at his best friend.

"It's a devil woman!" Tommy cried. "They've summoned a devil woman!"

"I'm not!" Brennan replied, her new voice sounding immediately flirtatious and mischievous as she managed to turn to look at them. "It's me, I'm - oh God, what the fuck have you done to me, you bitch?"

Samantha giggled. "My Jacob and I have made you into exactly what I said you were: the devil on Jace's shoulder. Only now you're a sexy devil, Brennan. A really sexy succubi who *needs* to have sex to draw your life force. Isn't that totally fun?"

Brennan thought it was the farthest thing from fun. Like everyone else, she was unable to stop looking at her new form, which was incredibly female and eroticised. Her body was perfect, with a generous hourglass figure, full breasts, and luscious legs. Even with her monstrous features she was a sight to see, the devil you wanted to know, the temptation in the Garden of Eden. Her wings were just like out of a painting of a devil's, and her tail too. But what no painting could capture was the full seductiveness of her new form, particularly given that her dark blue dress clung to it tightly, with a deep v-neck that went all the way to her bellybutton. A slit on either side of the thin material revealed her legs, and fine golden jewellery adorned her ears, her neck, her wrists and ankles. Without even meaning to,

Brennan posed with her hands on her fine hips, her chest thrust out a little, her pose confident and posh, yet also seductive.

“Ohhhh, why do I f-feel so - so . . .”

“So horny? So aroused? So devilish? Tell her, Jacob.”

Jacob laughed, scratching the back of his head. He approached the devil-woman, who tried to shirk back. She was no longer bound by the spell keeping the rest in place, but something about the smell of this man, the scent of his attraction to her, kept her in place. It was like a drug to her new infernal sensens, and she couldn't help but flick her tail and flutter her wings as he drew near and confidently caressed her breast.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned.

“Stop it!” Freddie cried.

“Shh,” Samantha said. “You'll get your turn. All of you will.”

Jacob continued to stroke Brennan's succubi form, and the new devil-woman purred in reluctant joy. She yearned for this man, and could sense his life force. It was like a deep hunger, only not for food but the very essence of sex and passion itself. She needed it, badly.

“Ch-change me back, damn you! I don't deserve this!”

“Oh, but you do, my lovely dear,” Jacob said. “Sam's told me all about you trying to block her previous relationship and get in the way. Well, now you'll be too busy with your own relationships, *Braezera*. You're going to serve the Seven Hells as one of the most accomplished succubis ever, travelling to the mortal realm to tempt men into foul pacts and sate the needs of your new body. See how much you like interfering then, ha!”

The new deviless whimpered as her new name was given to her. *Braezera* . . . it sounded perfect. She wanted to push against it, to reclaim her true name, but already the fire was spreading over her form again, fiery and brilliant and powerful, just like she was now.

“No!” she cried. “You can't do this, damn it! Fuck you! Fuck both of you! Change me back, you bastards! I'll kill you!”

“Oh, there won't be any killing in your future, *Braezera*,” Samantha chided. “But there will be plenty of fucking. Best get to it: your life literally depends on it. See you round, devil-woman!”

And with that, *Braezera* could only turn and look back at her friends, at Jace and Harper, with an expression full of terror and unwanted anticipation.

“Jace, I'm sorry!” she managed, but then the fires swept over her, and she was gone, teleported to her new infernal plane, to be trained in the arts of the succubi.

“See how much we've learned from our magic tome pact?” Samantha declared.

“More than enough I’d say, honey,” Jacob said, kissing her. “We’re having a devil of a time, Harper! But don’t worry, we won’t be getting to our exes until last. Who shall we punish next, deary?”

Samantha kissed her partner, then scanned the frightened congregation.

“Ohhh, so many to go, but I think it’s your turn, my love. It was our pact together, so who do you want to choose?”

Poor pregnant Paris, the maid of honour who had advanced to throw her bulk around, realised that Jacob was looking directly at her, smirking. She froze, and placed her hand protectively on her six-month bulge, as if trying to shield her unborn child. Jacob just rolled his eyes, sneering with his shark-like features as he advanced up to her.

“Oh please, Paris, I’m not a monster. I’m not going to kill your child. But I might give the pair of you a very different life to what you imagined. After all, wasn’t it *you* who kept making up lies and stories about what a bad boyfriend I was? Right?”

Paris, to her credit, stood her ground, not that she could move. She placed her hands on her broad hips and summoned what courage she had left after seeing Brennan be transformed into a literal succubus. “They weren’t stories or lies,” she said. “They were the truth. And you did cheat on Harper. You broke her goddamn heart!”

Jacob sighed. “Well, who pushed me to do that? You know, I always thought you were a real cow of a human being, Paris. Your big obsession with breeding, the way you put yourself up in everyone’s business like a bull in a China shop. The way you barged in on my relationship. A total cow, in my opinion.”

Paris swallowed. Her mind, as with everyone else’s, was fixated on what had happened to Brennan. What was the limit of their power, if they could do that?”

“P-please,” she murmured.

“Speak up!”

“Please don’t transform me! I’m sorry!”

Jacob sighed happily. “So good to see some docile humility at least, Paris. But I’m afraid it won’t save you. Samantha and I made a deal for this power, and we don’t plan to waste it. It’s your turn to feel some harsh punishment.”

Jace and Harper cried out, as well as Lila off to the side, who pleaded for her friend to be spared. But as much as the chorus rose, more desperate now that they knew the stakes, the magical tormentors didn’t care. Jacob raised a hand, and vibrant streams of green energy poured forth from his fingers, winding around Paris’ form. She cried out, only to be quickly smothered, her voice incoherent as the bright bands of energy turned to an illustrious golden light that marked her as an illuminated silhouette.

“Don’t worry, I’m not killing her!” Jacob declared. “I’m a big softie, that way. But I think it’s time for Paris to be a bit more productive in her pregnancy, and given that this is a *farm* style wedding, why not go the full hog? Well, *cow* anyway.”

The meaning of his words became clear as the golden silhouette changed shape. Paris, much like Brennan, was trapped inside a field of energy, only hers was skintight and pressurised, actively resculpting her form like it was clay. She tried to scream for help, to plead and pray, but there was no stopping the changes. All she could do was try to hold her belly protectively and ride out the changes as they advanced.

And what a set of changes they were. Paris’ body exploded in size, her form growing and extending to rapidly develop a whole new horizontal torso that ran at a near ninety degree angle to the rest of her. She would have collapsed painfully to the ground had not the magic kept her aloft, but her legs were quick to catch up. They swelled in size, gaining a set of hooves where her feet once were. As her ass pushed ever backwards, taking her womanhood with it, a new set of legs also developed there. She moaned in discomfort and confusion, unable to even see her own changes because the light was so blinding.

But she could certainly feel them, and they were *big*.

“What’s happening to her? What are you doing to her?” Lila cried.

“Oh, just making her into her true form, as far as I’m concerned,” Jacob said casually. “And emphasising those lovely big udders of hers. Ha!”

The other bridesmaid blinked back tears as she beheld Paris’ changing form. The pregnant woman’s lower half swelled every larger, her new animal torso increasingly that of a cow’s. She mooed out loud, just like a cow, as an enormous udder formed between her rear thighs. It was heavy and large and round, with four teats that everyone could see, even as a golden outline.

“MOOO!!!! MOOOO!!!”

It was the only sound she could make. Her mind panicked as fur sprouted along her form, coating not just her lower half but her upper half as well. There was a brief, intense sensation of itching, and then it was immediately satisfied by the alien sensation of hair forming. It was accompanied by the loss of clothing: her dress evaporated, leaving her full breasts outlined: these swelled ever larger, growing and growing until they were easily twice or perhaps even three times their usual size.

“Oh God,” Harper said.

“Jesus,” Freddi added. He’d always thought Paris was pretty hot because of her larger chest, but this just horrified him, even if he was a *little* curious about the final result.

But for Paris, she was simply lost in the intense pressures of change. Much like Brennan, her skull was pierced by two jutting horns that erupted from her scalp painfully. They swept back, even larger than the deviless’, and distinctly bovine in nature. This was

accompanied by the growth of a snout which pushed her jaw forward and left her teeth flat and herbivore-like. Her ears became fluffy cow's ears, and her pupils large, giving her a doe-eyed look - not that anyone could see this just yet.

And still her milk producing parts swelled. Her udder pushed her rear thighs apart, and her frustration was heightened by the growth of a tail that extended out from her rear. Her womanhood was still between her front legs in its usual place, but a new one expanded between her rear ones, becoming a larger bovine opening beneath it. But it was the sense of fullness that overpowered over everything: fullness in her new freakish udder, fullness in her huge, head-sized breasts, fullness in her humanoid belly, and . . .

“MMMMOOOOO!!!”

She cried out as the golden light burst, revealing one final fullness. As before, the gathering of people gasped at the sight of the newest transformee. Standing where Paris had been was a kind of cow-centaur, naked and covered in fur. She was still identifiably the same woman, even though she had a cute little snout, but her body was warped into a mythological appearance. Her fur was chestnut brown with darker spots along her flanks, and her blonde hair had similarly turned a dark brown. Her udder was tremendous and already leaking, as were her more humanoid breasts, which were humongous in size, sitting heavily upon her pregnant belly. Rivulets of white milk dripped down, and the panicked new centaur tried to cover her shame, but was barely able to do so, her breasts were just that large.

“Paris!” Harper shouted. “Are you okay?”

“MOO!!” she cried, before rallying. “No! Harper, someone, help me! What’s happening to me! What’s happened to my baby!?”

Jacob just laughed. “Your baby is just fine, you silly bess! He or she is right there in your belly, growing away!”

Sure enough, her baby was. At that very moment it kicked from within her furred belly, making her squirm. It was strangely comforting, but more powerful than she'd felt before. Almost as if her baby had grown.

And then there was another quake, a stirring of life in her *other* belly. Her bovine one.

“MWAHH!!” Paris cried. “What’s happened? What did you do?”

“I’ve just given you a nice little calf to join your current baby, Paris. After all, you couldn’t shut up about how much you wanted to start a family back when I was with Samantha, and also how much of a terrible father I’d be. Well, now you can prove what an amazing mother you’ll be - to your half-cow little baby in your upper belly, and your full calf growing in your bovine one! Won’t that be great?”

Paris began to cry, and even more so when both her babies jostled in her pair of wombs. Her larger calf kicked inside her, causing a long stream of milk to pour from her full

udder. The pressure and warmth in it was incredible, necessitating someone to help milk her dry.

“You can’t do this! Please, turn me back! I don’t want to be a cow woman!”

“Well, that’s too bad, Paris, because that’s what you’ll be for life now,” Jacob said smugly. He patted her flank, leaned down, and with one great tug, caused a long stream of milk to flow from her udder. She moaned in relief, unable to stop herself from mooing in response. Instinctively, she tugged at her huge nipples, causing more milk to pour from her chest as well.

“Mahhhh . . . moo . . .”

And then, just for extra sadism, Jacob wrapped his mouth around one of her teats and sucked deeply, drawing in a large amount of her milk before swallowing greedily.

“Mhhmm, yum! Shall we keep her, Sammy? She could go great on our model little farm?”

Samantha clapped her hands, gleeful. “Absolutely!”

“No! My husband!”

“Oh, we can make him a fine bull, I’m sure,” Jacob added. “Keep you nice and bred to make milk and calves for us. It’ll be fun to watch you graze on the hills. We’ll send you there now - but don’t worry, I’m sure your other friends will be joining you! And we’ll have you in attendance for our own wedding, along with *Braezera* too.”

He clicked his fingers, and Paris only had time to bellow out a desperate half-moo, half sobbing cry of desperation, before she was whisked away magically elsewhere, presumably to the new farm that Samantha and Jacob owned. There was another outcry, particularly from the wedding party as well as Tommy the celebrant. Harper was in tears, and Lila even more so. Freddie was beginning to panic, not sure how to react, and becoming deeply worried about exactly what his own change might come.

Those fears were appropriate, because Samantha and Jacob both turned their eyes on the remaining members of the wedding party.

“Let’s hurry this up, shall we, my love?” Jacob said.

“Agreed, Jacob!” she replied. “We’ve got so many to cover, so many punishments to give out before we get to our happy not-quite married couple. Lila, Freddie, and our good old celebrant shouldn’t have to wait long. Let’s change them all right now!”

The three of them trembled, raising their hands to protect themselves, but it was too late. The newest round of curses were already being bestowed.

Lila squealed. She had always been an excitable woman, but in such horrible circumstances she was practically hyperventilating. The young Asian woman was slim and charming usually, but her partygirl antics were not unknown either, and it was no secret that

she was likely on the prowl for a man during the reception, something Freddie the groomsman was more than happy to fill the role for. Now, such hopes were dashed.

Or so they thought.

“My, my, the two partygoers,” Samantha mused. The dark-haired witch stepped forward, amused as she considered the pair. With one sweep of her arms they were dragged closer, still immobile from the waist down but more free to move above. They pressed against one another uncomfortably, cheeks smushed, arms awkwardly entangled. Freddie muttered a number of apologies, and Lila just teared up.

“P-p-p-please don’t hurt us! We didn’t do anything to you!” she cried.

Samantha sighed. “Not directly, no. Tell me, my lovely Jacob, how well do you know these two?”

Jacob gave a noncommittal shrug. “Well, I don’t know Lila as much, she was a new friend to my Harper at the time. My, she is cute though.”

Samantha gave him a fiery glance, and lanced forth an even fiery whip at the ground. He jumped, but his response was simply a laugh.

“Oh, my love, you keep me on my feet. Don’t worry, she’s not nearly as lovely as you. I like a *hot* woman, after all.”

She made an exaggerated groan at the pun, and it would have been a sweet sight of a couple doing their back-and-forth, were it not for them being pact with infernal forces and radically transforming everyone around them.

“Oh, sweetie, you are just too much sometimes. But Lila makes a good point. I mean, Freddie was always annoying, and he did try to flirt with me a couple of times, even playfully when I was with Jace. A bit too hungry for pussy, that one. Plus, Lila here is a champion of Harper, being her bridesmaid. Does that warrant punishment?”

“Please,” Freddie croaked. “It shouldn’t. I swear, I never said anything against you, Samantha. Please, just let us go. We’re all very sorry and -”

“Not good enough!” she exclaimed. “You support them today, that means you support their actions back then. Besides, you were always trying to worm your way into another girls panties, so why don’t we put you in them . . . permanently?”

Jacob cackled, clasping his hands together. “Oh, this is good! We could make him her pussy? Make him taste cock all the time?”

Freddie whimpered, not even knowing what to say. He looked through his peripherals to Lila, who looked equally horrified at the prospect.

“Hmm, that’s a rather lovely idea, honey,” Samantha said. “You know, I was just going to fuse them together into a kind of two-headed person. You know, since they’re always desperate to shack up with someone, and clearly were eye-fucking each other earlier, then maybe that’s the fate they deserve - being stuck with one another forever!”

Jacob beamed. "That's incredible! God, these powers have no limit! I love your idea."

"Aww, but I love yours."

Neither Lila nor Freddie liked either. Freddie's mind was racing with horrified thoughts of being trapped as a living vagina for life, and all the things that would accompany it. But at the same time, being a multi-headed freak was no walk in the park either.

"Let's flip a coin for it, then," Samantha declared.

Jacob took one from his wallet, even as members of the congregation begged them to reconsider. Jace and Harper were the loudest voices among them, and perhaps it was because, on some level, they both knew they weren't getting out of this unpunished. The events were clearly leading up to their final change, and so they called out.

"Don't do it, you monsters! Just leave them be!"

"Jace is right, they didn't do anything to you! Freddie is a good man! And Lila is one of my closest friends but she never knew about any of this, I swear!"

Jacob ignored them all, and caught the coin.

"Ha!" he declared. "You're in luck, Freddie. I still desperately love the notion of turning *someone* into someone else's vagina, if only for how bizarre it is, even for me. But it looks like you two party goers are about to be *very* acquainted with each other in another way. You won't need to shack up with anyone else ever again when you have each other! Shall we do this one together, dear?"

Samantha kissed her fiance on the cheek. "My pleasure, my love!"

Together, they outstretched their hands, and summoned forth weaves of magic. As had happened with the fires around Brendan/Braezera and Paris the new doubly-pregnant cowtaur, the magic surrounded the essences of Freddie and Lila. He became an outline of boyish blue, and she girlish pink.

"N-no! Stop this! I don't want-"

But Lila's voice was cut off, and so was Freddie's, though his was more just a series of guttural curses by that point, any begging having been forgotten. The warlock/witch pair concentrated, working together. The magic was difficult, even for the arcane power they had been given in their infernal deal, but it was a strange testament to their genuine love and loyalty and partnership as a couple, evil as they were, that the blue outline of Freddie and pink outline of Lila slowly began to merge together. Jace and Harper clung to one another, just barely able to do so despite their immobility, unable to stop watching as the colours combined into a bright purple instead. The shape was remoulded and reformed, and it wasn't an entirely human shape either: it was taller, at least six-foot-eight in height, and with broader shoulders than even the average man, and broader hips too. It had large legs, though these were more womanly in configuration, and a tighter waist that gave it a somewhat hourglass figure. Moreover, it had *four* arms, athletic yet elegant, and double



more than one should ever expect. From the top of the humanoid frame formed one head, then a second. They seemed to be roughly similar in shape, borderline identical, in fact. The two heads gasped and groaned as the energy slowly began to dissipate, and despite all the alien sights they had witnessed over the course of the last thirty minutes, the crowd either gasped or were stunned into silence at the sight before them.

None were more shocked than the two victims, who found themselves sharing a body that was humanoid without being human, male and female in equal measure without being one or the other entirely.

“Oh God,” Freddie managed. “Oh God, oh God, oh-”

“AAAAIIEEEEEE!!!”

“Jesus!” he yelled, his right ear ringing from the voice that had come from that direction. Lila was emitting a terrible scream, but he was also distracted from his own voice, which sounded far too . . . soft.

“What have you done to us!?” he cried, looking down at his chest. And what a chest it was, though at least not on the level of Paris’, whose cowtaur upper half was likely being pumped of milk at a remote farmstead at that very moment. The pair now appeared to be something like a Greek mythic legend, a monster from the ancient past legends. They were nearly seven feet tall, and had a body that appeared to be broadly more female than male, with a large chest that would have been perhaps E-cups in proportion to their body. They were wearing a bridesmaid dress that seemed to be made of material fused from what Lila and Freddie was wearing: it buttoned at the front and was darker, just like the suits, but was sleeveless and had no pants, though the shoes were more masculine. Their actual heads had changed, though the pair were still identifiable: Freddie’s face was softer, and given that Lila was Asian, his own features now looked more mixed. His hair was longer, his lips fuller, and one could almost say he was quite pretty. Lila looked a bit more handsome, albeit still feminine, but she was not so petite in expression anymore, and her long hair had shortened in proportion to match her new body partner’s.

The new multi-headed pair staggered on their shared legs, now able to move, and desperately confused at how to do so. They were both in control, though they quickly ascertained that at least their upper pair of arms had separated uses: Freddie controlled the upper right one and Lila the upper left. Both continued to turn their necks to look at one another: their faces were just close enough to kiss if necessary, not that they were in a kissing mood.

“This has to be a dream,” Freddie said, his voice much more androgynous.

“A nightmare!” Lila cried. “This isn’t fair! Please! Change us back! I don’t want to be stuck to someone forever!”

Despite looming over their tormentors, and possessing more than a few limbs able to beat them with, they were terrified of anything that would antagonise Samantha and Jacob, who were currently holding hands and admiring their handiwork.

“Simply marvellous!” Jacob exclaimed.

“You’re the best, honey,” Samantha said, kissing him on the cheek. “And they haven’t even figured out the funnest part yet!”

“F-funniest part?” Lila managed. She wiped her tears with three arms, still not used to them, until Freddie wrested control of one back just to rub his temple from frustration.

“Oh, just that you *really* are a combination of the pair of you, male and female. And that includes between your legs, too. Congratulations, you’ve got column A and column B! I’m sure you’ll be completely satisfied now that you always have a permanent lover with you! But if not, I’m sure you two can still find a good party that will accept you, *if* you can put up with the stares and questions, and learn how to get along.”

“And find some dresses that fit you other than this one,” Jacob added, grinning from ear to ear. “For now though, let’s just relocate you to a remote isle with its own uncontacted tribe, where you can learn how to manage your new body and become . . . accustomed to one another. I’m sure the local legends that will spring up about the two-headed godlings will make your lives very interesting! Try to adapt fast!”

Freddie and Lila exchanged a glance again, still trying to figure out how to coordinate their huge shared body with its male and female characteristics.

“No, please wai-” they both shouted, but then they were carried off elsewhere, presumably exactly where Jacob had claimed he’d send them. It was at that point that the celebrant yelled out, alarming even Samantha and Jacob.

“Devils! Monsters! How dare you do this to these kind people! God will cast you out of this place! And this infernal bargain you have made will be your end, I promise you!”

Tom the celebrant was an older man, but his anger came like a storm, almost making him seem like a preacher of old. Jace and Harper cheered on his words, placed near him due to them still being not too far from the wedding altar.

“You tell them, Tom.”

“Yeah, Tom, give it to them!”

Fire up, he gnashed his teeth holding up the Bible. “You think these sins will bear out, today? Do you really think your actions will bring you happiness, and love, and hope? You have come here and destroyed the beauty and hope that was present, but you have none yourselves. Turn back from this path and repent, or else the punishment you face will be far, far worse for the sins you have committed!”

Jacob and Samantha were momentarily silent, stunned by the celebrant’s words. And then they fell to raucous laughter that ruined the effect that Tom had just created. He tried to

regain his momentum, but they obnoxiously laughed louder, until Jacob wiped a tear from his eye.

“Oh Harper, where did you find this guy? If we’d been married, I would have found a better preacher.”

“Jace,” Sam said, “I know Tom is a family friend, but surely you must be embarrassed right now?”

“He speaks the truth,” Jace said stoically. “I never wanted to wish hurt on anybody before, Samantha, not even you. But what you have done is monstrous.”

“And sinful,” Tom added.

Jacob stepped forward, smirking at Harper before looking directly into the older man’s eyes. “It’s a shame we’ve already created Braezera, because making *you* a sexy succubus from the hells would be so much fun. We could always do it, right Sam?”

“No, we promised we’d be created, remember?”

“Ah, yes, we did. But this man talks so much about sin. So much about following the holy design, and condemning us for the actions of monsters. We could make him a monster?”

“Or,” Samantha said, before whispering in his ear, at which point Jacob grinned deliciously.

“That is perfect!”

“What are you doing?” Tom demanded.

“Oh, you’ll see, preacher, you’ll see.”

And with that, Samantha took charge, casting her magic over the man. Jace and Harper were both very close to the sight, and so able to see it all go down. Their parents in the front seating gasped as their close friend Tom was submerged in dancing lights, almost like that of a disco ball. They whipped and spun and danced around him, making it almost impossible to see the old man but for brief glimpses. He grunted and groaned within, and as he did so, his voice began to change.

“Ohhhh, s-stop this at once, I demand it! You monsters! You vile monsters! I - ahhh! - what is happening to me!? What are you doing? God, save me! Save me from this - OHHH!!”

Little glimpses revealed his changing form, and it soon became obvious what Samantha’s idea had been. Within the numerous shifting lights, Tom’s body was becoming downright *sinful*. He was feminising like so many others had been, regaining his youth but at the cost of his maleness. His clothing altered over his transforming body, becoming little more than sexy black lingerie. The cups of the large bra were filled by new breasts that grew and grew, appearing quite fake, and his bare midriff became toned and young and pierced in the bellybutton with a golden stud. Numerous tattoos of flowers and roses appeared in sleeves on his arms and thighs, while his ass became large. It too had a fakeness to it, like

from a deliberate buttlift. His hair grew out long, becoming platinum blonde with dyed streaks through it, while his lips were injected with filler to make them so pouty as to be positively unnatural. Heavy makeup fell upon his features, and his feet became dressed in heels so high they were uncomfortably impractical.

“Stop this! I condemn you! This is a place of love, not - OHhhhhh G-God! HELP ME!!”

But there was no help coming, and in moments the dancing lights dissipated, leaving Tom no longer a respectable older man with a good sense of humour and personal religious zeal, but rather a busty looking stripper with tattoos and surgically ‘improved’ body parts. Jacob and Samantha admired their handiwork, particularly as Tom began gyrating on the spot, shifting about with his hips - *her* hips - and moaning sensuously with her prominent lips, as if just begging for a cock to suck.

“Wh-why am I dancing? What demonry is this?”

“Oh, devilry, not demonry,” Jacob said. “There’s a difference. And Samantha can explain: it was her idea.”

Samantha giggled. “Well, we just figured that since you’re soooo obsessed with sin and judgemental of us, why not turn you into a sinful stripper who does all sorts of acts with men - and women - alike? You can spend the rest of your days as hot entertainment in the most seedy dives in town, getting paid to fuck your most loyal patrons after dancing for them!”

The new woman’s expression curled into anger, though it was hard to take seriously given how pouty her lips were, and how bright blue and bimbo-like her eyes were.

“You monsters. You can’t do this. *Not when I want to be fucking hot men all the time right now instead of listening to all this boring talk.*”

“Oop, there’s the mental changes settling in,” Jacob said. “She even talks like a bimbo now.”

Tom was aghast. “I - I didn’t mean to say that. I don’t want *men to cum all over my face and tits, because it turns me on so much. I can’t wait for them to take me from behind. I’ll take two, even three at once, guys and girls.*”

Again, the poor man was shocked at his own words, but he wasn’t truly a man any longer, nor was he even Tom.

“I think we’ll call you Tina, that’s a sexy name, isn’t it?”

Tina nodded against her will. The compulsions were coming over her now, and they were impossible to resist. It was like her real personality - her Tom self - was trapped within her body, only able to watch and feel and experience while Tina ran the show.

“*Mhmm, that’s a real sexy name,*” she purred. “*I can’t wait for my favourites to moan it while they fucking jizz inside me. Or for them to chant it while I show off my sexy body on the stripper pole. I bet I’m reallllly flexible now.*”

“Oh, you will be,” Samantha said. “And so very sinful too. Enjoy your new life, Tina!”

*“I will, hot stuff. Call me if you ever want a good time.”*

She licked her huge lips, immensely happy, though inside Tom was screaming. And then, with a wave of their hands, the infernal pair of magic users sent the new stripper off to a bar or club somewhere to start her new life.

“Don’t worry, she’ll come back as entertainment for our wedding,” Jacob said. “It will be a big reunion. Fun for the whole family!”

Jace spat on the ground, followed by Harper. Both were disgusted. But Samantha and Jacob didn’t seem to care. They spent some time making out before the remaining people, which at this point was just some of the couple-to-be’s relatives and parents, and the couple themselves. It was clear that things were drawing to a close, and their tormentors were enjoying drawing this out. Only when they parted and turned their eyes on Jace and Harper was it clear that they planned to finally end it.

“So, our lovely bride and groom remain, and their families,” Samantha said.

“What do you say, honey, shall we finish this?”

“I’m very happy to,” she said. “But what shall we make them? So many options!”

Jace and Harper said nothing, simply standing stoically together as closely as they could. They reached out, placing an arm around each other, and held on tight, unable to flee or fight.

“Do your worst,” Jace said.

“We’ll always love one another,” Harper added.

It was a challenge to the pair, but Jacob and Samantha seemed happy to meet it. The pair began to debate the perfect final changes to ruin this wedding day.

The tension was thick in the air. There were so few people left. Now it was just Jace and the Harper themselves, and their respective sets of parents. Neither of the couple’s parents liked Jacob or Samantha. The pair had stirred up enough drama with their unfaithfulness and controlling natures, and had been glad to find either their son or daughter with not only someone new, but their soulmates as well. Now, horror filled their hearts. They clung to one another, these two older pairs, trying to think of ways to save their children. Unfortunately for them, the warlock pair had decided *they* were next.

“Well, first thing’s first, I suppose,” Jacob said. “We best get rid of the oldies.”

“If you hurt them,” Jace said. His muscles flared. He wanted to kill this man, and his evil girlfriend, especially for turning his best friend into a red-skinned succubus.

“Oh, we have no plan on hurting them,” Samantha said. “Quite the opposite! We’re going to make your parents quite . . . productive!”

Jacob snorted. "Yes, very productive. After all, we've already said that we're retiring to a nice, well-deserved farm life after this. But there's just one problem, isn't there Samantha?"

"Oh yes. It's a lovely place. Really vintage. More of a country manor really. Except there are currently no livestock! Or at least, not enough livestock to keep things going."

"And given that your parents always hated me, Harper, viewing me as an erratic beast . . ."

"And yours viewed me as a control freak, a total cow, Jace . . ."

"Then it only suits that the parents that could have been family will now make families of their own, and *they* can see what it's like to be viewed as *animals*, for once. For once, and forever!"

"No!" cried Jace. "Don't you dare! Those are my parents!"

But Samantha simply walked right up and prodded her on the nose. "Don't be worried, I hear you *love* animals, Harper. Don't you plan to become a vet? You can start by helping out with your old folks!"

She ran back to Jacob even as Jace tried to lunge and grab her, but he was rooted to the spot. Together, the evil warlocks held hands and cast a flurry of spells. The two pairs of parents cried out for help and mercy, the men in particular looking terrified due to all the genderbending going on, but it was much too late. The light enveloped them, and within moments their bodies began to warp and transform grotesquely, some of them enlarging considerably, others becoming much smaller than before. Harper began to cry, and Jace did his best to hold her as the light faded, and they beheld their parents' new forms.

"You fucking monsters," Jace declared.

"Oh God," Harper added, tears in her eyes. "Mom! Dad!"

Jace's mother had become little more than a clucking chicken, squawking in terror on the spot. His father, on the other hand, had become a fat sow with pink skin and fur. It - now a she - snorted, scratching at the ground with its hooves in anger. Harper's parents were similarly radically transformed. Her mother had become a mighty stallion with an embarrassingly large cock on display, while her father had swollen to become a large cow. A female one, judging by the heavy udder.

Jacob was ecstatic: "Our second cow in one day! You'll be good friends with Paris, that's for sure!"

"Maybe they can keep each other company when they feed their calves," Samantha added. She patted the new cow on the side, and it mooed in sorrow.

"Change them back!"

"Those are our parents! It's us you want!"

But Jacob was feeling particularly sinister, since with a single wave of his hand, all four animals were dismissed before they could even look in Harper and Jace's direction and see their son and daughter respectively one final time. Harper sobbed.

"Don't feel bad," the warlock sneered. "They're young again, in the prime of their animal lives. And they'll stay that way, too! We've got good use for livestock who won't age, and can keep on producing. We'll get lots of mares pregnant thanks to your mother, Harper, and your dad will still be able to see her, when he's not full with calving or expressing milk in that giant productive udder of his!"

"And your mom will be soooo useful, Jace. I love eggs and bacon for breakfast, and now thanks to her, we'll have half a dozen eggs every single day. We've made her *mega-productive*. Hell, maybe she should push out a dozen, honey?"

"Great idea."

"And your dad will give us lots and lots of cute piglets! Don't worry, we won't butcher him - well, *her* - or those babies. The grandkids will make good meat though. She can dig us up plenty of nice truffles in the meantime! And he'll always have his mind. They all will! We're not monsters!

"You *are* fucking monsters," the bride and groom said as one. The coincidence made the pair laugh.

"So symmetrical! We really do have to separate you two. After all, it's going to be *our* wedding next, and we don't want you taking away attention from us."

Samantha, who had just spoken, gestured to the wider wedding setup. The emptiness was so apparent. It had not been an immense venue. The pair wanted something rural and quaint and personal, but now it was completely empty. Brendan was stuck as Braezera, probably already forced to please mortals or devils with her sexy, horny form. Paris was already on Jacob and Samantha's farm, pregnant with a little half-cow tyke, and a full calf in her lower bovine belly. For all they knew she was already begging to be milked, the poor thing. Freddie and Lila were stuck together, literally, on some island as a two-headed hermaphrodite. They could well be already worshipped by some tribe, and trying to figure out how to share their new body and its weird needs. Tommy was now a sexy stripper and slut, probably dancing at that very moment for a group of men that she not only couldn't say no to, but desperately wanted to say yes to. And now their parents were all animals, forced to be livestock and reproduce and play out their bestial roles and impulses, likely forever. It was horrifying to think about.

The only thing that was more horrifying, was what the witch and warlock would do to *them* when this was all over. The pair held one another, and shared a kiss.

"I love you," Jace said.

"I love you too. I'll always be your bride," she replied. "No matter what happens."

The moment was ruined by their cruel tormentors, who clapped sarcastically. Samantha hung off of Jacob's arm, and they mirrored the moment cruelly.

"Time to change," Jacob finally said.

Jace tried to be stalwart, still clinging to the love of his life. "Do your worst, then. We'll always love each other. You can't take that from us."

"Wouldn't dream of it!" Samantha giggled. "In fact, we're *counting* on it. We want you to always love one another, but never be able to do anything about it. Besides, we both still carry a bit of a torch for you guys, so we want to repair things between *us* first, isn't that right honey?"

Jacob eyes Harper's beautiful form. Her perfect dark skin, her lovely curly hair. The way her wedding dress contrasted her tone and brought out the beauty of her lovely shape. He licked his lips.

"We absolutely do," he said. "We'll leave this one a surprise, I think. Suffice to say, you're going to enjoy it, even if you claim every day for the rest of your lives that you don't."

There was no time to say anything further. No time for big speeches, or vows, or meaningful recalls to their best moments. The loving couple could only look into one another's eyes and try to remember all that had passed between them in their years of knowing one another, and hope they could be together again, regardless of what Jacob and Samantha did to them.

And then the magic of the coming curse swept over them, and they were blinded by the light that began to twist and change their forms. It happened so quickly that it was almost impossible to keep up with. Their forms began to shift and bubble, melting and sliding and shifting like sticks of butter on a hot pan. The two groaned as their sense of bodily self gave away, and it was only their connection to one another that helped them cope with what followed.

Jace began to shrink. His tall, muscled form reduced down in size, his shoulders slimming, his waist narrowing. His chest burned, then expanded into two bumps that got bigger with each passing second. He was no fool, he realised pretty quickly that he was becoming a woman, but even he was astonished at how curvaceous and busty he was intended to be; his breasts ballooned rapidly, becoming what had to be full E-cups if not bigger, heavy and pert. At some point his clothing shifted to reveal them further, while his hips flared outward and his ass expanded considerably. His skin lightened just a tetch, turning paler than before. He could feel the hairs retract from his arms, and his manhood pull back into his body.

"Nghh! Aghh! What are you - MMPH!"

He was silenced by the plumping of his lips, as well as the rearrangement of his internal organs to make room for a womb. His hair came down, long and now an unnaturally



crimson red. His facial features shifted, and he could already tell he was becoming button-cute. What Jace didn't expect was the transformation in clothing; his groom suit transformed into a black and white French maid's outfit, complete with plunging neckline and short skirt that revealed a set of pantyhose and garters. He could barely believe it, and it only made him fear what insanity would await him soon.

"Jace!" Harper cried. "You're-"

"I know!" he replied in a sweet voice that was tinged with a heavy French accent. "I am *zeir* French maid! But what are you becoming, *mon amour!*?"

The answer soon came, because Harper's body bulked up as rapidly as Jace's had shrunk. She gained muscle definition in her arms, a thickness around her waist, and her various curves dissipated. She recognised quickly too what was happening, especially since her hair pulled back into her head, leaving her with a short professional cut. Her skin tone thankfully did not lighten, but her dress became a suit as her body continued to grow. She had always been a dainty thing, but now she was nearly six feet tall, and wearing a bespoke gentleman's suit as if she were a butler, white gloves and all. To her alarm, a set of carefully trimmed whiskers emerged to form a professional goatee, while the pressure between her thighs manifested as an increasingly large member that was bigger than even Jace's own, before he'd been so recently turned. She felt her underwear strain to take her own new length, even as her breasts finally melted away completely, her ass becoming flat.

"No!" she roared in a manly voice, deep and baritone. "You can't do this to us! And even if you do, we'll stay together! You can't pull us apart so easily, assholes!"

The changes finished, and what was left of the menacing light dissipated, leaving the two standing there in their new forms. Jace was now a sexy French maid, while Harper was a deeply handsome butler. Both were of the same age as they had been, and as they observed one another they were shocked to discover their sexual orientations had flipped; Harper's eye was drawn to Jace's cleavage, while he was finding it difficult not to admire how tall and strong his former wife-to-be was. They reached out to hold hands, but some invisible force stopped them.

"Uh-uh," Samantha said. "No fraternising between our new employees!"

"What do you mean?" snapped Jace.

"She means," Jacob said, drawing closer, "that from now on, just as we will be immortal lovers running our own delightful little farm, you will be our immortal servants, tending to our every need."

"You've got to be kidding," said Harper as she looked down over her muscular, well-taken care of body. "Haven't you punished me enough by making me a man? Can't you just let us go."

“Oh please, you’d just become a pair again. No doubt it would be strange at first, him the girl, you the guy, but you’d get together again and get married and make beautiful babies just as you planned. No, we’ve got a far better far in mind. Samantha, care to explain it?”

She grinned. “My pleasure!” She pointed first at Jace, then at Harper, and took great relish in explaining their future roles. “From now on, the pair of you will work to keep our lovely country manor running. Jace, you will be serving as a sexy French maid to keep everything spick and span and clean and beautiful! You literally won’t be able to fight that impulse either, darling. You’ll *want* to keep the place constantly clean, and all while looking sexy and flirty and amazing too!”

Jace went to speak, but suddenly a second change flooded over him, this time affecting his mind. To his horror, he no longer thought of himself as ‘Jace’, but instead as a woman named *Juliet*. More than that, the new *she* understood that her purpose was to clean and cook and do everything she could to serve her new masters, always speaking in her sensual French voice, and being submissive as all hell. Worse, it also included being attracted to *Jacob* of all people.

“*Non!* *Zis* is not fair! Why am I finding Jacob so *attractif!*?”

“Because if I can’t have Harper, then I might as well enjoy her transformed partner,” he said easily. He placed a hand around Samantha’s waist. “We may love one another, but we both like to have a bit of experimental fun now and then. So when I’m feeling up for it, I’m going to enjoy fucking you in your new, wet French pussy, Juliet. And you’re going to want it too. You’re going to be so fucking horny for your master’s cock. And Samantha might even join in for old time’s sake.”

“If I’m not climbing this tall drink of water when I’m bored,” the witch said, eyeing Harper. The new man groaned, clutching his head as a new wave of changes hit him as well. Like Jace/Juliet, Harper’s self-identity changed immediately to male, his name now *Hugo*. He was also hit with compulsions: he was to serve as their loyal butler and manservant, overseeing the house’s maintenance and operation, and taking care of guests and the serving of meals. He was also aghast to find that Samantha now looked deeply attractive to him, which made his new cock stir just as Juliet found her large pink nipples harden behind her French maid top.

“You can’t do this. I’m not going to sleep with you! I’ll never fuck you!”

“That’s right,” Samantha said. “I’ll be fucking *you*. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you always know who your mistress is, and punish you appropriately. And like with me and Juliet there, my former boyfriend, we might even have Jacob join in on the fun. But never the two of you together. You’ll always be separated. Always forced to serve us. Give pleasure to us. And, of course, see to our lovely farm as well, when you have time!”

The couple tried to hold hands again, but found it impossible. They were unable to form even the most basic contact. Only their sadness lingered in each other's gazes, and the horrid awareness that they still longed for one another, were still aroused by one another.

But all they would have for bodily pleasure would be their former masters.

"Very fun, don't you think?" Jacob said.

"Horrible," Hugo replied. "You'll pay for this. You'll have to. Someone will make you pay. You've made a terrible bargain with that book, and it will come back to bite you."

"*Oui*, you will fail in the end! We will be together!"

But the warlock and witch just shrugged.

"Well see," Samantha replied. "For now, we've got a proper wedding to plan, back at our farm. You two will be very busy preparing for it. Everyone will be there, from Braezera to Paris to our conjoined couple, even Tommy in his stripper outfit! It's gonna be so much fun, and I can't wait to have the pair of you as our maid of honour and best man."

"A real proper wedding," Jacob finished.

The pair clicked their fingers, and Hugo and Juliet were whisked away to their new fate, potentially forever.

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A year had passed. Jacob and Samantha had spent much of that time planning their wedding, right down to the smallest splash of colour and theme. Just as they had stated during their magical gatecrashing, the pair had 'purchased' a gorgeous rural manor with a rustic country aesthetic and attached farm. They lived splendidly, enjoying the creature comforts the warlock and witch selfishly believed they deserved. They were served at every opportunity by their handsome butler Hugo, formerly Harper, and their sexy French maid Juliet, formerly Jace, and they had not gotten sick of tormenting the pair of them.

"Juliet, make sure you clean the manor from top to bottom! I want to see it all dusted. Oh, and do so naked, ha!"

"Hugo, my darling wife is feeling in the mood, but frankly I'm a little tired. Go make sure she gets a good fucking, will you? Oh, and make sure to do all the naughty things she's into!"

"Ah, the lovely not-quite married pair. Make sure to go tend to Paris today. Juliet, I'll have you milk her - udder *and* breasts, thank you. And Hugo, I'm sure you can assist with her coming birth. She just started labor and is calling for help. Looks like her little anthro baby *and* calf are finally going to arrive!"

And so on. Hugo and Juliet lived a life of torment. They were both incredibly good looking, both in good health, and according to Jacob and Samantha they wouldn't age a day, being practically immortal just like the Hell-empowered pair. But they were never able to truly be together. Never able to express love beyond the occasional wistful glance or whispered word, or a private conversation reminiscing on old times. Instead, the only sex they had was in pleasing their new masters, and it was rare that all four were in bed together. During those rare times, Hugo and Juliet took what pleasure they could from their love's own bliss, both pretending they were truly making love to one another.

There were some small ways to cope, of course. Hugo remained an animal lover, and while the former woman couldn't become a veterinarian anytime soon, he did his best to tend to the animals of the farm, even if it was a little outside his butlerian duties. His friendship with Paris remained: the poor woman had it even worse, arguably. She was still a huge, permanently lactating cowtaur, and by Samantha and Jacob's rules wasn't even allowed the dignity of clothing.

"She has fur all over her, that should be enough!" Samantha had declared.

"Besides, I rather like the look of her naked," Jacob added.

"Oh, you handsome naughty devil, you!"

So Hugo helped to milk her udder, since Paris couldn't reach it herself, and to take care of both her anthro cowgirl daughter Miriam. She was an adorable little innocent, with a cute little nascent udder poking through her white fur. She even had her mother's horns and tail and hooves, but was otherwise humanoid. Of course, Paris had *also* given birth to an entire regular cow calf. *That* had been an ordeal. And not too long after, Jacob had made sure that she'd been re-impregnated by the bulltaur they had, much to the poor woman's grief. The only good thing out of it was that her husband was the bulltaur, not that it made it any less embarrassing. Her life had become one of constant milking for the farm's profit: she was *always* overladen with her produce.

Special care was taken, naturally, to the farm animals on site. Hugo knew which ones had been formerly human, including his own poor parents. His mother seemed not unhappy mounting the many mares on the farm, but his father had to be regularly milked, and was currently full with his first calf. That had to be hard. He often took Juliet, when she wasn't cleaning, to see her own parents. Her mother was a clucking chicken, of course, and one that laid half a dozen eggs every single day. Being with her was difficult, but she often held the hen and soothed her. Her father, surprisingly, at least had a good humour about the situation, gallows as it was. Being a pig - a sow who had already laid one full litter of piglets - he/she managed to communicate by making markings in the mud and snorting in response to queries - one for yes and two for no. The chicken was catching on, and soon conversation was possible with all parents, though they were as trapped as the tragic couple still.

Others had fared just as strangely, poorly, and uncomfortably during the interval before Jacob and Samantha's wedding. Brendan, the former best man, was now Braezera, the sexy red-skinned succubus. She was a continually lustful individual, confined to Hell itself to please all manner of demons and devils. It disgusted her how degraded she was, and yet every time she used her breasts, her pussy, her wings, her tongue, her tail, her *anything* to please, the fires within her were able to abate. The bliss was undeniable, and even more so when petty mortals summoned her to make love. She literally needed sex to survive, and could barely remember what it was like to be a man anymore. To have a dick anymore. She simply fed off of sex, moaning ecstatically as the hell within her was quenched for a short time.

Freddie and Lila, meanwhile, had it slightly better. The two-headed hermaphroditic giant was treated as a god/goddess by the remote island tribe they had been sent to. With their four arms, two heads, and seven feet of height along with their impressive strength, it was easy to see why they would be worshipped. Of course, that also came with numerous other complications, including having to learn the local customs, language, and dress in an outfit that did little to hide their strange new body. At least they were well-fed, though modern amenities they enjoyed - especially social media for Lila - was no longer a possibility. And while Freddie pined for his partyboy days, the best he could hope for was to get himself and Lila off, an act that could be as embarrassing as it was satisfying. At least the village people were coming around to the idea that gods could be bedded, because the pair of them argued as much as they made up.

Tommy, of course, did not enjoy *her* new life. Stuck as the sexy stripper Tina, she was constantly having work done to make her body even more plastic and attractive to the denizens of the dive bars she performed at. No act was too lewd or erotic for her, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't make her own proper voice heard. Instead she spoke in her constantly flirtatious and sensual manner, always teasing men.

*"Oh honey, I know what you like. Let me show you,"* and so on.

Of course, this reached its crescendo when she gave private lap dances, or let men fuck her after a show for some extra cash. She'd already had two boob jobs and injections into her ass to make it even fuller. There were no signs of stopping either; she was the star attraction and drawing bigger, more chauvinistic crowds every day. To the quite religious former man, it was pure hell.

Thankfully, these personal hells ended, or were at least briefly halted, almost exactly a year after the tragic events of Harper and Jace's wedding mayhem. Just as they had promised, there was a flash of light, and each of them were disappeared from their current realms. Braezera was quite shocked: she was in the middle of being ploughed by a demon who had two cocks, and she was wailing in delirious delight as both her holes were filled.

WOOSH

Each of them found themselves outside, a country barn beside them, and several gorgeous fields to the right. Further away was the manor, and right before them were several rows of seats filled with animals, including a cow, stallion, pregnant sow and fat chicken.

“What the actual fucking fuck?” Braezara asked. “Why am I wearing a freakin’ dress? Where are we? Wait! Lila and Freddie?”

“That’s us,” they said as one. They looked down. “Why are we wearing a suit? One with a kilt!? Paris, what’s going on?”

Paris was beside them, finally wearing clothing again; a dress tailored to her cowtaur proportions, with thick maternity bra to absorb her endless leakage. Her udder was not so covered.

“Oh my God, it’s so good to see you again! I didn’t know if they’d actually bring you back. I missed you so much!”

“We missed you too - both our heads. But what is this? It looks like Harper and Jace’s wedding? Are they okay?”

Another flash, and Tina appeared. She was in the arch, and likewise wearing a dress. She looked plastic as hell, and for once she was able to speak her words again, albeit strained through a sexy voice.

“F-finally, I’m back!” she declared. “This has been hell, absolute *fucking delicious* hell. I’ve been dancing for *hot, sweaty, gorgeous hunks* for far too long! Tell me this Satanic evil is ended, *otherwise I’ll be fucking sooooo many hot dudes again!*”

“Fuck, it’s Tommy,” Braezera said.

“How do you know?” Paris asked, followed by the two-headed Freddie and Lila.

But the former best man’s mind was working fast. “This is a recreation of the wedding. Look! It’s styled almost exactly the same, but with red and black instead of cream and green. This lady is exactly where Tommy stood. And she talks like him, sorta.”

“It is me,” she declared sadly. “*I’ve been turned into a sexy, cock-sucking stripper bimbo!*”

“I’m so sorry Tommy. But Brendan, you’re right!” Paris declared. “This is the same wedding setup, but with a kind of ‘hell’ theme. They’ve been preparing it for some time.”

“But where are - oh my God, we’re the bridesmaids and grooms again,” Freddie and Lila noted, finishing the sentence together.

“And we’re the best man and maid of honour,” came a low voice.

The figures turned, and their eyes went wide, except for Paris, who knew what to expect after being flashed from the field to here. Hugo and Juliet were walking arm in arm, but not in a romantic way. Instead, they adopted the positions of the maid of honour and

groom, close together but always kept apart, their eyes facing towards the animals that were their parents.

“No way,” Braezera said. “Harper? Jace? You got gender switched too!? At least you haven’t been taking demon cock for a year. God, I could fucking get more demon cock right now. I’m so fucking horny already. Being a succubus is hard goddamned work. Goddamned *literally*.”

“It’s good to see you,” Hugo said. “Good to see you all. I’m so sorry about this. We’ve tried to fight them for a year, but they use us and make us clean and force us to be servants. Paris has had to be milked, and our parents . . .”

They indicated to the creatures ahead, and the group fell silent.

“I’m so sorry,” Lila said. “I guess me and Freddie had it easier, compared.”

“Not that it’s been that great,” Freddie replied.

“Oh, but it can always get worse!” came a taunting voice.

Juliet sighed, knowing full well the taunts of Samantha by now. Her former girlfriend waved to the French maid with amusement as she placed herself at the end of the aisle. Jacob, on the other hand, walked up to stand by Tina, ready to receive her. Juliet could have mocked them if she had the power: it was clear they didn’t have real friends with their toxic personalities, just people to control and taunt. Otherwise, where were the other guests? Not that it seemed to dull their enjoyment: Samantha was wearing an all-black wedding dress that radiated a kind of gothic evil, while Jacob was adorned in a blood red suit, his hair styled with small ‘horns’. They were clearly playing to the theme: they’d even set their magic book that had caused all this insanity on a little altar for all to see, as if it were the registry.

“Well, well, glad you could all make it,” he said, smirking.

“Fuck you,” Braezera replied.

“Says the woman who’s been fucked by every citizen of Hell for the last year.”

“Please, just give us our lives back!” Freddie cried.

“Yeah!” Lila added.

“Not a chance. You’re just here to witness true happiness. The happiness you all tried to deny us. Now, you’re going to watch my midnight bride walk the aisle and marry me, all while Tina weds us. Isn’t that right, dear?”

Tina bit her lip. “O-of course. No! I don’t want to. You are both cursed, but *I’ll do whatever you want. Whatever you want.*”

It was clear she was humiliated, but had no choice but to go along with it. Jacob chuckled, and signalled for Samantha to begin walking ahead. With a flourish of crimson magic from his hand a set of invisible instruments played, a dark symphony to match the usual wedding theme. She walked forwards proudly, holding some dead flowers and mocking the animals as she passed.

“Oh, looking very good there, my lovely sow! Much better than a Dad to a useless man who wasn’t worthy of me! Oh, and I see some more eggs! I love being a normal farmgirl, ha!”

All the changed individuals were forced to grit their teeth and hold their breath, hating the pair with every fibre of their being, yet unable to change anything. Samantha stood next to Jacob, who looked at her with twisted love, and the two held hands while Juliet was forced to hold the flowers. Tina was forced to make a mockery of an officiant’s proceedings. Paris squirmed as her udder leaked milk. Braezara rubbed her thighs together, already needing to be fucked so badly again for her necessary life force. Tina felt an urge to dance before the crowd, and Samantha occasionally teased her when she stumbled with her words.

“Don’t worry, Tina the stripper. You’ll get your chance to perform for us at the reception. We’re looking forward to a very lewd performance from a woman who used to be such a prude of a man. Now don’t stop, we’re nearly to the ‘I do’s!”

Tina creased her brow and tried to force her way through it. But none of them were as angry and aghast as Juliet and Hugo. They’d known this wedding was coming, but seeing it now provided a sense of outrage and fury that both thought they were too desensitised to feel. Juliet clenched her fists, wishing she was still a tall fit man. Hugo wanted violence also, despite being such a peace lover before.

“May I have the rings, please? *Rings, you sexy maid and butler?*”

The forced-apart pair managed to get the rings out and pass them over, hands shaking in anger, but forced to go along with orders from their masters.

“Why thank you, my former lover,” Samantha teased at Juliet.

“And thank you also, former lover,” Jacob repeated to Hugo.

They turned back to face one another, holding their rings, ready to close the deal. The rings, naturally, were of a red glowing brass, infused with their hell magic.

“If - if anyone is to object to this unholy union,” Tina announced, “please s-speak now, or forever hold your peace.”

Everyone waited for an interruption, hoping for some rain upon this parade. But the sneering warlock and witch simply smirked with amusement as nothing happened.

“Well, I guess we can say we’re all on board with this!” Samantha exclaimed.

“Far better than that *other* wedding!” Jacob laughed.

But then, out of nowhere, the ground began to shake. Paris stepped back, her four hooves shifting her away from the splitting ground. Freddie and Lila jumped backwards, causing the ground to shake further; their body was at least well coordinated. The various animals fled from their seats, moving away from the enormous put that was opening in the earth. Hugo clutched Juliet for the first time in a year as flames shot forth from the ground, bright red and unbelievably hot.



“I’ve got you, my love!” he cried, and to his shock he was actually able to say the words. Juliet clutched to him.

“And I have you! What’s happening!?”

Neither Samantha nor Jacob had any idea to judge from the terror in her eyes. It was Tina who cried out in horror, knowing what this was.

“A hell gate!” she cried. “*This is soooo not sexy!*”

Indeed, the flames converged into a great pair of hands made of pure fire. They extended outwards, causing the entire congregation to shriek, but instead they snatched up the warlock and witch, raising them into the air. They squirmed and cried out, trying to use their magic, but a third hand of flame grabbed their unholy magic book and sucked it right down to Hell itself.

*‘THOU HAST HAD THINE FUN. THE BARGAIN STRUCK IS ACCOMPLISHED. THE YEAR IS ENDETH. NOW THE DEBT IS TO BE PAID. IT SHALL BE ONE OF ETERNITY, SAMANTHA AND JACOB.’*

The voice was dreadful, malformed and *wrong*. Samantha and Jacob reached out not for one another, but instead to Hugo and Juliet.

“Please, save us Hugo! You know I just wanted to treat you right! I made a mistake! I wanted to be with you again properly! I swear!”

“Juliet, I never meant for this! I still love you, Jace! I just wanted you to know how I felt! I swear I was going to turn you back!”

But the butler and French maid just clung to one another, glaring viciously. With a great cry the villainous pair were pulled into the pit, still screaming. The smoke bellowed back in reverse, and then the ground closed after them, the echoes of their cries lingering only for a moment. The earth was as if it had all never happened.

“Oh sh-shit,” Braezera said. “That was the ninth layer. Yeah, those two are *megafucked*.”

There was a long pause as the various attendants waited. There was a hope, perhaps, that they would go back to normal. That Paris would no longer have a permanently lactating udder, or that Lila and Freddie could have their own separate lives, or that Tina could be a respectable minister again, and not an innuendo-laden plastic bimbo. But the wind whistled through the silence, and nothing changed.

Nothing, except for the fact that Juliet and Hugo were holding one another, and that none of them were being sent back to their separate realms. The two former loves stared into one another’s eyes, uncertain if they had truly broken the mental part of the curse. They hadn’t dared tried to even kiss in those minutes of relief, for fear that they would find the magical barrier between them rising up again as usual.

“Is it over?” Hugo asked. “Even if we don’t turn back, is it over?”

"I f-feel pretty goddamn horny still," Braezera said, rubbing her red breasts under her dress. "But not, you know, quite as bad as before."

"I can hold off on my *sexy dancing*," Tina added. "I don't think I'll be a minister again anytime soon, but I might not have to dance *all* the time. Part time, maybe."

"Oh my God, I can talk!" came a voice.

Various heads turned.

"Was that the pig?" Freddie asked.

"Who are you calling pig, mister? I'm the groom's father! Well, I'm kind of the mother now, I guess."

"I'm the mother, dear," said the chicken.

Tears came flowing from Juliet's eyes, and then from Hugo's as their parents gained speech. They weren't bodily changing back, but at least this was a small benefit. They could operate like people again; at least more than they had been.

"This is a miracle," Hugo said.

"A hell miracle," the succubi said. "Which means it's only a half miracle."

"I'll take half," Juliet said. "But Hugo, does that mean I - that we . . ."

She could barely say the words: *that we can be together again, even if I'm the woman now and you the man?*

Hugo turned to her, and noticed that the congregation of transformees were nodding, egging him on to at least try. He cupped her chin, something he'd never been able to do before. His heart beat rapidly, and so did hers. It was, in many ways, the lead up to the kiss that would have sealed their marriage before it all went to mayhem. And was this not, in a way, just another wedding ceremony? All the same people were in attendance, even if they were rather altered.

"Kiss me, my love," he said, drawing his lips nearer.

Everyone moved a little closer to see if they would.

**The End**