

The Dizzying World of Wizney Presents

After Midnight

A Happily Never After Re-telling of Cinderella

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with
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Part 1. Fairy Step-mother

Lady Tremayne simmered silently in the moonlight of her manor's garden. Her cold, constant, composure was at risk of being overtaken by her anger for the first time in her life. How could her plans for the ball have gone so wrong? She knew it would be stiff competition for her daughters to grab the eye of the prince, but she had paid people for arrangements. Deals had been struck. And then... some... nobody wanders in like a lost mutt off the street, and the prince refuses anyone but her? So mysterious yet so gaudy. She had to be someone of standing with that giant blue get-up and specialty glass slippers, but who? Who's manor had this wild card sitting in their deck, only to whip out at the very moment she was ready to strike. And why was there something so... grossly familiar about her. Something about that woman even at a distance put a cold chill down the old widow's spine. Why was she so familiar?

A commotion in the garden pulled the Lady of the house out of her thoughts. "Drat drat, now where did I leave it?" Came a kindly old voice in the bushes. Tremayne crept around the corner to see a plump older woman clothed in a hooded blue robe.

"You would think after granting the poor girl a ballgown and a night to remember, I would know to put my wand somewhere safe. Such a forgetful fairy godmother I am."

Wand? Fairy godmother. Had Lady Tremayne heard her correctly? For as fantastical as it seemed, it also let everything that hadn't made sense fall into place. That mysterious yet familiar wrecker-of-plans had come out of her damn household, magically assisted even. Fairy godmother indeed. That little rat of a stepdaughter didn't deserve a godmother. She got what she needed. What she deserved! No, actually, after this betrayal, she deserved much worse.

A glimmer in the pumpkin patch caught Lady Tremayne's eyes, and she quickly snatched it up. It was long and white and cool in her grasp. Holding it between her fingers, she could feel it

vibrate with power. Small stars sputtered and crackled from the tip.

“Oh my, you found it.” Called the befuddled fairy godmother. “Oh, it’s you!” Her face dropped as she saw who had her wand.

“Indeed, it is I. And who might I ask, are you?” Lady Tremayne arched her eyebrow and crossed her arms.

“I don’t owe you any explanation. Wouldn’t let that poor child go to the ball with you. I had to make Cinderella a carriage out of a pumpkin.” Growled the magical matron. “Now, hand it over.”

“No, I don’t think I will.” Purred the old widow as she circled the fairy godmother. She waved the wand experimentally, shooting sparks and sparkles in her wake.

“You can’t even fully bend the power to your will unless you’re a fairy. Now hand it over or y-you’ll... you’ll be-”

“I’ll be quite bored if you continue, that is for certain.” Tremayne shot a spark from the wand and knocked the fairy into the pumpkin patch. “How does one become a ‘fairy’? You don’t seem to have any qualifications.” She leered. “Is it how you are born? Or is it some kind of enchantment? Can it be...” An evil glint sparkled in her eye. “taken away?”

The fairy godmother stuttered and spat curses of anger and frustration, but it didn’t stop the spell from being woven. A gust of wind kicked up as the evil stepmother swirled the wand like she was stirring a stew. Magic popped and sizzled in the air, raining sparks down on the plump fairy godmother. Her body glowed blue as wisps of shimmering magic were sucked from her form into the swirling cyclone around her, only to fall gently on Cinderella’s Stepmother, who accepted it like refreshing rain.

Lady Tremayne’s body glowed a soft red. Every ounce of her felt warm and rejuvenated. The wrinkles and age of her skin softened and filled in till it shone like a young woman again. Beneath her gown, her breast firmed and swelled, back straightening to make them even more pronounced. Her hips and bones no longer creaked, and firm young flesh filled out her formerly boney frame. “Ah.. what... w-what and unexpected, s-s-side effect! AHHH!” The transforming woman let out a long moan as wings erupted from her back. As the wind died down, a much younger, more beautiful, fairy version of Lady Tremayne stood there marveling.

“Y-you can’t use the power for selfish reasons like that!” The fairy Godmother huffed. “If you think making me human and stealing my fairy magic-”

“And knowledge.” The new fairy added.

“Right, knowledge. Well, I’m not alone. I’m going to bring back-up and end your reign over your stepdaughter, you cruel, cruel woman!” The plump older woman’s face was beet red. How could

this have happened? How was this widow able to command her wand so well?!

“Oh, I’m sorry I shan’t be letting you warn anyone.” With a flick of her wrist, the rod shot magic into the pumpkin patch, vines erupting and reaching out like whips to wrap around and subdue Cinderella’s de-fairy’d godmother.

“What are you doing! I feel strange.” cried her victim. The woman’s plump cheeks faded from red to more of an orange hue.

“I’m making a spell, just for you! You do seem to be a fan of produce, yes?” More and more magic rained down like enchanted dust on the former fairy-godmother. Her belly bloated under her gown, swelling up as if she was nine months pregnant, the girth slowly spreading around her waistline and to the back. The former fairy’s body was shaping more and more into a ball, and she couldn’t move because of the vines. She slapped at her belly, moaning, shocked when it echoed back a little hollow. If her dress hadn’t split down the front from the growth, she might not have realized her body was turning orange and lumpy like a pumpkin. It even had the folds. The weight of the change was taking a toll on her old knees. She slowly lowered herself to the ground, huffing as her body outpaced her limbs. She could do little more than flap them helplessly. By the time her dress ripped completely from her form, there was no modesty to be lost. She looked like arms, legs, and a head attached to a pumpkin. She felt like the giant orange fruit was swallowing her, limbs and head sinking into its stiff flesh, but the cold wind on her fruity form betrayed the truth. Nothing was sinking, only being stretched to be more pumpkin. What had been her bicep only moments ago was the pumpkin flesh surrounding her hand. Under her, the legs that her swelling body had pinned were absorbed and transformed as well. She was an orange human head stuck to a giant orange gorge ready to harvest. She could feel the magical thief tapping her fingernails on the bloated pumpkin flesh behind her, but with no neck, she couldn’t even turn her head to see. Finally, a stem pushed out of the top of her skull and removed her hood, all her silver hair gone, only a face showing what she once was.

“Oh, cheer up. I thought you enjoyed the magic till midnight fun?” Tremayne giggled, swishing her hips as she enjoyed this new younger, magically potent body.

“B-but it’s past midnight! You need to put a different limit on it!” The pumpkin lady squealed. She could feel her jaw getting stiffer and stiffer. The inside of her mouth tasted like pumpkin juice, and she was spitting seeds.

“What was that?” Lady Tremayne feigned not being able to hear her.

“You have to pbbbt a wmmmt mm ommmmm” The pumpkin’s mouth sealed shut, no longer having lips to open.

“I’m sorry, my dear trespasser, I don’t know what you were trying to tell me. I do know a giant pumpkin may be good for a week’s worth of harvest goodies-” She waved her wand, sneering as the woman who tried to sabotage her plans’ nose sunk into the fruit as well “-it will certainly

raise suspicion.” With some final waves, the former fairy godmother felt her body begin to shrink, not in proportion. Her body still felt swollen and huge but in height, she was shrinking away, watching her cruel captor ride above her like a giant. She sunk lower and lower, her eyes drifting below Treymane’s waist, hips, thighs, and finally settling on her knees. The fairy-turned pumpkin couldn’t be more than two feet tall, nestled in with the other pumpkins in the patch. Her eyes faded, but her sight did not. She could hear and see but not blink or move any part of her body.



High above, seeming like a giantess to the pumpkin Tremayne giggled in delight. She caught herself and straightened up, afraid this fairy magic was affecting her typical, well-groomed demeanor. "I, as Cinderella's guardian, would like to formally let you go, as she no longer requires a fairy godmother. A Fairy Stepmother will be much more in line with what she needs. You do seem well fitted in your new role, though, so I'll think about making it a permanent position." Tremayne cast some magic, hiding her wings and adding a guise so no one would notice the change. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I must deal with my obstinate stepdaughter. Good Evening."

She glided off towards the house, and the pumpkin was left alone with nothing but her thoughts and the moonlight. Unable to move, speak, or do anything beyond soaking up nutrients, growing, and staring at the house, she was pretty miffed. "Well, I never. What a bibbity bobbity bitch."