

“Fuck man...those were strong...”

Gabe braced himself against a support beam and waited for the sky to stop spinning. The sounds and smells of the carnival were making him dizzy. That and the four strong drinks he'd downed in a row. His friend Nate had dragged him out here and he hell-bent bent on not being sober throughout. However, much to his chagrin, he'd underestimated the potency of the carnival's rolling tavern.

However, he was more concerned for Nate at this point. Nate had insisted on matching him drink for drink, and Nate was much less experienced at holding his alcohol. Dizzy himself, Nate stood still next to Gabe and giggled. After a few seconds, he suddenly stumbled and fell hard onto his back.

“Oofff....shiiiiittt. I...I'm kinda drunk now, Gabe....everything is dancing around, heh...” If he had been sober, Nate would have been mortified as he crawled clumsily around in the dirt, but right now he thought it was all hilarious.

“Common *hic* man. Let's stand you up. You're making an *hic* ass of yourself!”

Gabe struggled to help his hefty friend to his feet. He moaned a bit, making sure Nate had his balance before letting go. Nate wobbled a little but soon found his footing.

Light streamed from an open tent flap and illuminated his dirt and sweat-covered face. Nate's bleary eyes caught blurs of movement from inside. “Gabe...maybe...maybe we should check out a show? Just, like, sit for a few minutes...to, um, sober up a bit...?”

"Yeah...let's...yeah. A show sounds good." Gabe said as he guided his wasted friend towards the nearest tent.

Nate leaned heavily on Gabe. He still couldn't quite get both his feet under him, but with Gabe carrying most of his weight he managed to enter the bright tent. Despite it being kind of late in the evening, the crowd was almost full. All of the seats in the back were occupied and the only open seats next to each other seemed to be in the second row.

Gabe sighed and dragged his giggling friend down the aisle, grunting weak apologies to people whenever Nate accidentally bumped into their legs. Finally, the duo slouched into the plastic folding chairs.

“We...we made it Gabe! What *hic* show are you taking me to?” Nate attempted a sly wink, but it ended up being an awkward, slow blink of sorts.

“Fuck I don't...the sign said madam...madam...fuck...Haha! Madam fuck!” Gabe laughed at his own silly comment, perhaps louder than he'd intended, drawing the ire of some of the other patrons.

“Fuck, when's it start!” Gabe whined, watching the still curtain on the makeshift wooden stage. He felt the room spinning a little and forced his feet firm to the ground to steady himself.

Gabe was feeling brazen, the drunken stupor giving him far more courage than the normally reserved man usually displayed. Maybe it was simply because he didn't wanna be here in the first place. Whatever the reason Gabe soon found himself shouting audibly over the crowd.

“Hey! Let's get this started!”

A young woman in the front row snapped her head around at them. “The show IS starting. So can you just sit quietly? It's bad enough we have to smell you too.”

Her insult drew some sympathetic chuckles from the audience around the two drunk friends. Nate felt a faint pang of embarrassment, but still defensively scoffed. “Relax... we...we'll be good boys. I thought the carnival was all about fun...so have some fun already...”

The woman rolled her eyes and turned around as the lights in the tent flickered and dimmed. A slender middle-aged woman strolled onto the short stage. Her black dress was altered with flowing lace, giving her the illusion of gliding through a dark fog. She bowed and waved at the patrons who clapped and cheered for her.

“Welcome! And welcome back, to those of you who have been to every show this week! I admire your admiration of me!” She winked playfully as the crowd chuckled. “I am Madam Mysteria, and as always I'm here to show you some real magic!”

“Ha!” Gabe shouted, earning him some shushes from his seatmates. A couple near them got up and moved a few seats away. How rude!

“For those of us joining for the first time, expect a show of mystery and wonder, certain to make even the greatest of skeptics into believers.”

Gabe scoffed loudly at the introduction. He knew this kind of thing was bullshit. He was surprised to see something like this had garnered such a vibrant crowd. Thank god he hadn't paid for this specifically.

“Perhaps we have our first skeptic?” The woman asked playfully, eliciting a chuckle from some of the audience members.

Nate blinked slowly and looked over at his friend. His world was still spinning and he was only half paying attention to what was happening. Gabe seemed excited and the woman on stage seemed to be looking their way. He grinned and waved at her. “We're *burp* just here to have some fun! Show us something fun!”

He laughed and tried to straighten up in his chair and nearly fell into the aisle. He heard a mix of sighs and laughs from the crowd at his drunken antics. Part of him felt embarrassed, but he rationalized that he was just giving them an interesting story to tell on Monday morning at work.

The woman on stage scowled at the drunken men as a hush fell over the audience. This wasn't fun at all! A few whispers could be heard here and there, but for the most part, the audience waited with bated breath.

“Something...fun? You expect something *fun*?! My inebriated audience members, my stage exists for the sole purpose of gifting the world with but a small sample of my unique talents. I entertain, mesmerize, and frighten. I do not dabble in ‘fun’ as your simple minds so comprehend it,” she said, wafting her nose as though repelling a repugnant stench.

“H-hey! That's *hic* not very nice! We just came to have some fun! Some *burp* hocus pocus magic tricks. Am I right?” Gabe yelled to the crowd, receiving only boos and jeers from the audience. Face turning red, Gade realized he was getting fed up with this place.

“Hmmm...on second thought, perhaps I *can* have some ‘fun’ with you. And make believers of you yet!” The woman cried and motioned for them to come up on stage.

Nate grunted as Gabe slid by him and marched confidently onto the stage. He groaned as he stood up, beaming when he didn't immediately fall over. He stumbled onto the stage less confidently than his friend, but he hoped they could turn things around with the lady in black and the disgruntled crowd. He really did just want to have fun; a tent full of people angry at him was really bumming him out.

“We'll play along! Let's all just, like... relax and stuff. It's a Saturday night! We didn't mean to be disre-*burp*-spectful of your art or whatever.”

He waved at the crowd, though most of them were sitting with their arms crossed or covering their mouths in shock and anticipation. It was a confusing reaction, but Nate was too wasted to really process it. He looked at the cold expression of Madam Mysteria, wobbling in place as he shoved his hands in his pockets.”What do you need us to do, Miss Mysera?”

A sudden gasp fell over the crowd. Gabe could barely comprehend the atmosphere. This was supposed to be a fun show! This crowd was seriously harping on his buzz.

“I would bother to correct you, but your intellectual prowess seems beneath the ability to learn. Soon it won't matter. You both seem to prefer to overindulge. A bestial existence would better suit your personalities, I think. Free to explore your carnal desires without degrading the rest of your race.”

“Ok, that's enough you bi-*hic* that's enough insulting us! We're just here to have *hic* fun! We don't deserve to be *hic* insulted!” Gabe took a moment to steady himself. He felt the stage spinning, forcing him to consciously steady his legs. He wasn't about to keel over on stage!

“You only prove my point. Since you've not only offended me but my audience as well, I'll let them decide your punishment.” The woman turned away, dress gliding across the stage as she addressed her onlookers. “Now what sort of animals do you think these boys look like to you?”

There were murmurs throughout the crowd. At first, the assembly seemed a little taken aback to be called on directly, but as they talked among themselves enthusiasm grew. A few people called out some suggestions that were impossible to hear over the general noise of the crowd.

Then the woman in the front stood up and cupped her hands in front of her face to shout over the crowd.”These creeps deserve to be something gross and ugly and slimy! What about...a couple of little frogs!”

The crowd murmured in agreement and Madam Mysteria grinned evilly. She nodded to the young woman and turned to take in her two foolish volunteers.”Hmm...yes. A true classic for a powerful witch such as I. I like it! So what do you say, you fools? Are you ready to croak for me?”

“Croak! Oh, this should be fun!” Gabe said sarcastically. He figured it would be a simple hypnosis trick. She'd ask them to hop around the stage a little, make some ribbit sounds. He was willing to play along. Might get some laughs from this half-dead audience.

“Very well. It's time to teach you both a valuable lesson. Though unfortunately, you won't be human much longer to benefit from it.”

The woman swirled her dress, a film of smoke billowing out from under her. Not bad for a cheap stage show, Gabe had to admit, even through his drunken stupor. She turned to them both, pointing to them with a finger that suddenly appeared more decrepit and boney. A nice prop.

She began speaking in a foreign language, muttering under her breath. Gabe felt a breeze picking up, blowing his hair, and nearly making him stumble. The woman finished her show, grinning as Gabe felt a chill. This wasn't at all what he expected. When was she gonna-

“Oooohhh,” he heard Nate moan beside him. He looked over to see his companion rubbing his skin furiously. He pursed his lips, looking puzzled into Gabe's eyes.”Dude...what the...my skin feels really weird...kinda clammy...”

Nate shivered as the cold breeze swept over him. This was getting kinda wild and the rational part of his brain was berating him for getting into this mess. He was quickly distracted from his drunken regrets by the chill that ran through his body as the wind continued to wash over him. He gripped his trembling arms and groaned at the unexpected slick sensation. He knew he had been sweating like he always did when he drank too much, but this was a whole different experience. His fingers slid over the shiny surface of his forearms. When he pulled his hands away, his sweat stuck to them and stretched in sticky ropes.

He looked over to see Gabe staring at him. He held his sticky hand up to his friend. “Something's wrong, man...I feel cold, and like, my sweat is all sticky...”

This elicited gasps of amazement and light cheering from the audience. The first few rows of show veterans leaned forward in voyeuristic anticipation while the back rows grew quiet, entranced by this bizarre and disturbing performance.

Gabe reached out to touch his friend, not thinking when suddenly he felt a cool breeze wash over him as well. He suddenly felt chilled, his skin dried out and irritated. He rubbed his flesh, noted how weird it felt to his touch. He felt flushed, sweaty, and gasped as his fingers began to stick to his skin, a sticky film spreading from his arm to his fingertip.

Next, his skin itched as his hair follicles began to loosen. He ran his other hand over his forearm, the areas untouched by slime smooth to his touch, devoid of hair. A glance at his companion showed Nate was worse off; his friend's brown hair had begun to fall out in huge clumps as he shuddered in discomfort. "What the hell have you *hic* done to me?!"

"What do you say? Our boys are looking a little green, aren't they?"

Nate clutched clumps of his brown hair as the crowd roared in laughter and applause. His legs quaked and wobbled when he turned to Gabe, gasping as he saw that Gabe did indeed look a little green. He vaguely recalled something from his health class about skin color and organ damage. Were they that sick?

"G-Gabe...we need to get to a doctorRRRRR!" His eyes widened as his words devolved into a strange, throaty hiccup. He raised his hands to his throat in alarm, whimpering as he saw his own slick skin was also pale green.

"I don't feel goodRRRRRR!" Nate's mouth stretched wider, his lips thinning. He looked at his friend, Gabe's eyes bulging and an unnatural wide grimace over his features.

"Me neitheRRRRRRR!" Gabe cried, his own throat feeling loose and expansive as he struggled to keep the air bubble down. His mouth ached as it stretched wider, no doubt mirroring Nate's own bulging eyes and expanding jaw.

"What the fuckRRRRRRRR!" Gabe moaned as his clothing began to feel loose around his body. He watched as Nate's, too, began to look a little big around his chubby frame, a size or two large. He could see how sickly his friend's skin was becoming, grotesque with greenish-brown blotches.

With a shudder, Gabe watched large clumps of hair fall away, clutching his scalp in horror as the sticky slime made it hard to remove his digits. He shook his arms, muscles feeling a bit weak as they contorted and shrank. "Please...make it stopRRRRRRRR!"

Madam Mysteria grinned maliciously. It had been far too long since she had indulged her sadistic side. She looked from the fools on stage out to the audience, frowning. The people seemed a little uncomfortable now that the cursed men were begging. Her dark eyes narrowed for a moment before she put on a winning smile. She waved her hands over the crowd, working her will on them as well. It wouldn't do to have a squeamish crowd for her fun.

“Looks like they're catching on, eh? Isn't it wonderful to see them beg?”

The crowd started cheering and jeering the young men, despite the look of apprehension in their eyes. The witch raised her arms and the crowd grew louder and more raucous. Mysteria smirked at how easy it was to manipulate the humans. Basically no smarter than sheep.

She turned back to her subjects, gliding over to a hunched Nate. Taking his wide, slimy chin in her hands, she looked him directly in his swelling eyes. “Aw, you're so scared...but you haven't realized just how good it feels to become the gross little frog you were meant to be yet. It does feel good, doesn't it?”

Nate whimpered and gurgled in the witch's grasp. He realized he was staring up at her, even though he had been taller than the woman not a minute ago. Almost as if to punctuate this thought, his soaked jeans started to slide down his sleek, green-skinned thighs.

“NooRRRoak!” His throat bulged as he cried out and tried to catch his pants. Yet, his fingers spasmed in the cool whirlwind and the denim slumped around his thin ankles. Despite the chill he felt, an internal heat started to build in his belly and groin. His gangly fingers slid slowly between his legs as he stood bow-legged on the stage.

Gabe couldn't help but stare at Nate's naked crotch, a sense of dread filling his mind. Though the angle was off, Nate's crotch seemed...different. Where were his cock and balls? He stared in horror at the relatively smooth hairless flesh, the patchy greenish-brown skin encroaching over his friend.

Gabe felt his own crotch tingle as a strange warmth flowed from his groin. His hips seemed relatively wider yet still threatened to fall off his shrinking frame. He grasp his jeans in desperation, his fingers feeling weak and strained. It was unlikely he could hold on for long.

“Makeeee *ribbiiiiiit* stopRRRRR”! Gabe cried out, looking in disgust as the crowd jeered and cheered at their misfortune. What kind of sick fucks did her show attract? Why wasn't anyone helping them?

The woman in the front row who had originally suggested this fate for the men was clearly having some regrets. She squirmed in her seat and looked up at the witch. “I...think they've learned their lesson, so maybe...”

Madam Mysteria hissed and pointed at the woman. “How dare you?! This is my show! You do what I tell you. You will learn to hold your tongue.”

The woman frowned and opened her mouth to respond. “Now liste-AAAAAH!”

The bleat surprised everyone. Her eyes widened, her pupils stretching into blocky rectangles. Her hair curled and lightened into white wool, and her face stretched out slightly into a short muzzle. She raised her head and bleated, clapping her hands dumbly.

“Much better! Now does anyone else have a problem?” She questioned, staring daggers into the gathered people. The crowd hesitated before clapping and cheering.

Smirking, the witch turned back to Nate and Gabe. Gabe stared at her, big eyes gleaming with defiance. Nate, however, was not faring as well. He continued to squat further down, his shirt collar sliding down his narrow shoulders and exposing his proportionally wider chest. His long fingers were rubbing and probing his changing sex organs, a look of animal lust spreading over his green, shiny face.

“Looks like your friend gets it. Look how good it feels to embrace the slimy little creature you are!”

Gabe watched as Nate's clothes slipped off his slick slimy skin. His eyes bulged as they expanded on his head, his irises deflating. He rubbed his groin furiously, the remnants of his penis now poking through a slit. Nate moaned and whined as his throat inflated, a flap of skin expanding and contracting with each breath.

Gabe felt a corresponding ache in his own groin. His cock felt needy, and yet the usual erect sensations were absent. Still, he was overcome with the need to touch himself. His weakening fingers finally let go of his pants and they fell to the stage with a sick *splat*. His shirt, too, felt loose around him as his shoulders thinned and shrank, muscles weakening as the changes progressed. His own eyes bulged larger as the rest of his head contacted, his neck fattening to support the weight of his head.

“N-NAAAAAAAATE... SORRRRRRRY!” Gabe croaked as he began rubbing his thick slimy digits over his thickening crotch.

In response, Nate just shrugged off his oversized shirt. From the thickening neck down, he was indistinguishable from a 3-foot tall bullfrog. His lanky legs wobbled; they were more suited for hopping along the ground rather than holding his inhuman body upright. His throat swelled outward as his new center of gravity pulled him forwards, though he managed to catch himself with his free hand.

Eyes rotated in his sockets to watch membranes grow up between his thin fingers. His eyes snapped back to the crowd as bleating laughter erupted. The transformed woman in the front row was baying frantically as her thick-nailed hands slid down the front of her skirt. An inhuman groan of relief escaped her muzzle as an udder flopped over her waistband.

Mysteria cocked an eyebrow at the crowd. She must have gotten carried away and released too much of her power, or maybe it was one too many spells. The crowd was going wild, literally. The first few rows had started sprouting horns, hooves, ears, and wool. Clearly, they were becoming a horny pack of goats, with fingers and hooves alike pawing at each other's groins. A few were taking the initiative and using their ugly flat teeth to tear apart obstructing garments.

Yet, the Madam simply shrugged. Not her fault if these humans couldn't handle a little eldritch magic. Turning back to Nate, she was in time to see the frog boy down on his belly, still fingering himself wildly. Although...not really a boy anymore, not with the particular spell she had used.

She watched as his still-standing friend shrank down further, helplessly jerking at his little frog cock. She grinned as Gabe grew thinner, while Nate stayed round and plump. "Oooooo-RIBBIT!" Gabe moaned and throbbed as he shrank, leg muscles weakening, barely able to support his upright stance.

Gabe tried so hard not to touch the remnants of his cock, but his groin ached so much. He felt his fingers ooze slime, thick and bulbous as a thin layer of webbing formed. His feet fell out of his shoes, splayed and webbed as he fell forward, staring at the backside of his former friend.

"Aw, what good little froggies!" The Madam remarked as she leaned down and placed a finger delicately on Nate's forehead and pressed gently, forcing his skull to flatten. He croaked loudly, his bulbous eyes blinking out of sync from atop his head.

Gabe's shirt barely clung to his chest as he shrank, watching the Madam reshape Nate's skull. Nate's neck was nearly absent now, shoulders slouched as he fingered himself relentlessly. His ears sunk into his skull as his eyes bulged, mouth wide open showing his shrinking teeth. Yet, Gabe's focus was lower, staring in horror at the slit where Nate's cock had been. His ass had widened to merge with his sex as something looked squished inside, liquid oozing from the opening.

Smiling, Mysteria patted Nate on the head before standing up and wiping her hand off on her dress. Nate's jaw opened, as though to speak, but instantly snapped shut. The reshaping of his skull and shrinking brain had taken his words away. Instead, his throat expanded again with a loud croak that elicited a few enthusiastic bleats from the horny goat crowd.

Expression vacant, his tongue shot from his mouth and ran across his eyes, keeping them nice and moist. There was so much noise and movement around that he couldn't quite comprehend. He did, however, understand that he had a building pressure inside him. His altered brain and instincts were telling him it was time. Time for what, it mattered little. Only the needs in his groin mattered at the time.

With another ribbit, Nate pushed his pointed tailbone back. Out of his new froggy cloaca came an unexpected blob. A large clutch of frog eggs splat onto the stage, covered in a thick layer of mucus. Nate waddling and turned around, staring at what he had just produced with a bit of confusion. He rotated his head and fixed Gabe with a dark, questioning eye. “RRRRRIIBBBIITT?”

Gabe stared at the disgusting display in horror. Nate croaked again as another blob of eggs oozed out of his cloaca. It was apparent that he had changed more than just species.

“NAAAATTTE?” Gabe croaked at the sight of his friend's dripping sex. Nate looked at him puzzled as his face continued to contort. Yet, Gabe couldn't look away. Something about the sight was powerfully arousing. His groin ached, slit throbbing powerfully with need.

Gabe simply groaned as he shrank, feeling his crotch burn, his asshole aching as it, too, merged to form an amphibian cloaca. His crotch felt moist, and in terror, he realized that a sticky fluid was beginning to ooze out of the opening, thicker than his friend's. He wanted to grab Nate's backside, powerfully aroused by the notion of him ejecting more eggs as Gabe did... what?

A chorus of bleats echoed through the tent as some of the patrons started to run, to escape the fate of their changed brethren. Those lucky enough to make it to the exits were stopped as though hit with an invisible force field. They beat and banged their fists as the bleats of their changed brethren rang in their ears and reminded them of their eventual fates.

Meanwhile, the woman in the front row fell to all fours as her former neighbor sniffed her backside, cock clearly visible under her dress. The scene repeated itself all over as thickening hooves clutched straining cocks and throbbing udders, while square jaws made short work of dresses and shirts.

Yet, the two changing frogs hardly had the wherewithal to care, lost in their own changes and desires. “NNAATE...soRRRRREEEE *riiibbit*” Gabe croaked as Madam Mysteria walked up, a sympathetic smile on her face as she lowered her hand to Gabe's head. He flinched, knowing what it would do to him. “Don't be afraid my little frog. Your friend is so happy. Don't you want to join him?”

Without waiting for a response, the witch placed her hand on the frog man's head. Gabe let out a surprised croak as more of Mysteria's power rushed into him. He could feel his skull creak and flatten. His mind grew foggy. Or rather, more froggy. Gabe felt the worry and fear slip away, allowing growing instincts to creep in. He had watched his former friend reduced to a big egg-laying frog, hopping around the stage. Now he, too, felt himself slipping, overcome with the compulsion to move, to hop. To catch tasty bugs for his belly!

But first... he needed to claim those unfertilized eggs for himself. To spawn more wonderful frogs. Gabe shivered and croaked, trying to fight, but it was getting so hard to think...

A rumble in his stomach altered him to a bestial hunger, and Gabe was overcome with an instinct to hunt anything small enough that moved. A passing human thought was disgusted by the notion of eating bugs, but he no longer had control of his faculties. Before he realized it, his tongue had shot out to strike a passing fly with expert precision. He barely had time to savor the juices as he swallowed his prey whole.

The action wiped the last vestiges of humanity from his mind. Now all his thoughts were focused on the fertile female before him. He hopped over to her, surprisingly comfortable on his still-shrinking limbs. The former human male turned around, slit oozing fluid as she braced herself. Gabe needed no further convincing. His own slit was needy, and he wanted nothing more than to climb on the female and stimulate her cloaca for her to deposit more eggs to fertilize.

Meanwhile, the last bastion of humans were quickly overcome with goat-like features as their changed audience mates bayed and fucked all over the tent. No matter their resolve, the herd of horny, rutting goats was a sure sign of their destiny. Many found it easier to succumb to all fours, and seek solace in their nearest opposite-gendered partner. Frantically fusing fingers pounded on the invisible barrier as those still strong-willed tried desperately to escape, though none could resist the lust building up in their loins for long.

The woman who had suggested frogs for the ill-fated drunkards was now fully a goat, being plowed for the second time by a virile male. Her thoughts had evaporated; she knew she

was pregnant from the first fucking, but the sensations were good enough and the male was eager to breed her as many times as she would allow.

All the while, Mysteria grinned at the horny chaos. She could feel her power pulse through her veins. She had almost forgotten how good it felt to just cut loose and exert her will on these pathetic mortals. A wave of her hand sent a surge of power that washed over the audience and splashed against the back of the tent in a colorful spray of magic. Groans and yelps erupted from the handful of survivors before coarse wool sprouted and curled from their pores. They only had a moment to stare at each other's hairier bodies before their eyes dimmed as animal lust took over. They tore at each other's clothing, the men sprouting curved horns and the women pawing at their sensitive teats and udders.

Satisfied, Mysteria turned back as she caught the bullfrog that was formally Gabe hop greedily toward his slightly larger companion. She smirked as the female amphibian seemed to turn around, presenting her slick backside to the eager male hopping toward her. “Good froggies...just submit and do what comes naturally.”

A part of Gabe still remained inside the nearly finished male bullfrog, though only enough to be vaguely aware he had been human. A fleeting thought to lament his fate, how a night of drinking had led him to lose his humanity, his hands and hair. Trapped likely forever in the body of a common amphibian. His best friend even worse off; forced to lay eggs for him to spread his seed over. Yet, it was not nearly enough to suppress the overwhelming urge to breed, to coax the lovely female to excrete more eggs for him to fertilize.

Nate blinked slowly as the male hopped toward him. His slimy skin tingled with amphibian lust as the horny frog's male pheromones wafted across his narrow nostrils. What little that was left of his human mind was trying to comprehend what was going on. He tried to rationalize how he had become a slimy frog, and so had Gabe. But his recollections were being corrupted by lusty froggy thoughts. His body craved the attention of his friend-turned-mate. He felt full, and he needed release.

“Riiiiibiiiiittt!”

Gabe wanted to tell Nate he was sorry, but the need to fuck was all-consuming. He had no control as he mounted the female, raising up on her back to begin humping away. He would stimulate her opening, force her to lay thousands of eggs for him. There was nothing the former human could do but slip away into the ignorant bliss of the horny male frog. He felt a corresponding pressure building up in his own loins, waiting for the moment when a torrent of eggs squelched out of his mate's backside.

Nate croaked encouragingly at the struggling male and rubbed his aching opening on the stage. His eyes bugged out even more as Gabe stimulated his female organs. Gabe croaked in kind, rubbing his new cloacae frantically against the chubby female that had once been his friend. The sensations were too good for him to stop or slow. He needed this female to lay her eggs for him!

Gabe felt a resounding squelch that indicated Nate's cloacae was about to release its load. He could feel Nate's body tensing up, his actions making the new female leak as a few stray eggs oozed out, a prelude to the cascade she would soon produce for him.

Madam Mysteria smiled. The last of the audience members had succumbed to animal lust, males humping away as the stragglers stood awkwardly in their human rags. What was she to do with them? She hadn't the time to set them up on a farm. Perhaps she would change them back. Let them wake up filthy and naked, no memories of what had transpired. Get their just rewards as it were.

Not so for the two new frogs. A simple spell would transport them and their new progeny to a suitable habitat. They maintained enough intelligence to better avoid potential predators. But scarce enough to mourn their lost humanity. She wasn't a total monster, after all.

Nate croaked and rubbed her leaking cloaca against her male. Her eyes quivered and rolled as her opening stretched, another large, gooey clutch of eggs plopping onto the sullied stage. Mysteria's hex sank into the remnants of Nate's old personality and warped it to her whims. Nate could think of nothing but swimming through murky water, catching crunchy bugs for food, and being fucked by males, producing lots of little tadpoles. It filled her chubby form with pleasure. She couldn't help feeling proud as her mate croaked loudly and his seed covered her clutch. She couldn't wait to produce more!

Gabe croaked as he felt torrents of froggy semen leak out of his aching slit and onto the blob of progeny Nate had produced. In his mind he felt like he'd achieved it all, this was the pinnacle of his existence. He, too, couldn't wait to coax more gooey eggs from his mate's slit.

Yet, before they had the chance, Gabe felt the air shimmer as it began to feel warm, humid, more comfortable to his slimy skin. He was on a rock, Nate still under him, their eggs floating down beneath the water's surface where at least some would be safe. He felt Nate shudder as her slit began to spew once more, and Gabe set his pace, eager to explode his cum on yet another batch of future tadpoles!

Mysteria sighed with content and stretched. She loved the feeling of post-curse bliss. The air reeked with the scent of her magic, and she relished it. She hopped off the stage and lazily meandered through the crowd of fucking goats. The witch giggled at a few of them in what used to be the front row. They were lying on the ground, completely exhausted. But her power still compelled them, and their wooly hips were weakly humping at nothing.

She spun around as a short woman gently cleared her throat at the tent opening. The worker waved her broom apologetically. “S-sorry, Mysteria...just doing the rounds before we shut down for the night. B-but I can come back later!”

Mysteria brushed her hair back behind her ear, trying to hide a blush. “No need to apologize, Jenna. I just got a little carried away. Just leave your stuff and I'll get this straightened up myself tonight. Take the rest of the night off.”

Jenna smiled softly and left the broom and can before scurrying off. Mysteria watched the girl skip away. She found herself wondering how the shy girl would enjoy becoming a horny little animal...

But, for now, her energies were spent. The Madam shook herself off and pushed the thought away. Changing her staff never ended well. She concentrated, pulling her power back into herself. The goats slowed their humping. Hooves popped and slowly split back into hands and feet. Bleats and grunts began to resemble words.

“Aaaah...goddd...”

“Whaaat da fahhhck...”

Soon the tent was full of wooly goat people caught between their human forms and the goats they just were. Mysteria rolled the trash can out into the main aisle.

“Alright, goats. You're all going to return to being boring ol' humans, don't you worry your shaggy little heads. But first, you're going to clean up the mess you've made. Got it?”

The crowd shuddered and nodded. “Yaaasss Mysteriaaaa”

She grinned. “And if any of you wish to remain here with me...come to my trailer after you're done.”

She reached out, grabbing a man by his tapered cock and his partner by her teat-like nipple. Their eyes fluttered and they bleated happily. Mysteria strolled to the entrance turning back for one last bow before leaving. She whistled as she walked through the dark fairgrounds, carried off into the night on the sound of applause and bleating cheers. It had been her best show of the week, by far!