

# Wishing Chaos (Multi TF TG)

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## A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

*Sick of his toxic coworker Rick, Lance manages to acquire a magic ring that grants a limited number of wishes, intent on giving him a minor payback. But when Rick ends up with the ring instead, Lance and the rest of the office staff find to their horror that everyone's least favourite work peer now has the power to warp their bodies and minds purely for the fun of it. And because he's a poor listener, even he may not know the effects might become permanent . . .*

## Wishing Chaos

"God, I fucking hate the people working here," Rick said. "Look at them. A bunch of absolute nobodies, all stuck together on this depressing cubicle floor."

Lance rolled his eyes. For three years, he had suffered being the cubicle opposite Rick's in their corporate *Syne-Tech* office floor. Stuck across the aisle from him, and thus, so to speak, stuck as his toxic coworker's 'neighbour.'

"What do you mean by that?" Lance said, taking the bait. He couldn't help himself. It was either that or have Rick continually say more and more provocative things until finally he simply *had* to reply. That was how Rick was. He got under your skin.

"I mean look at them. C'mon, don't be a pussy, Lance. You know exactly what I'm talking about. Take Cheryl, for instance. Total fucking cow."

He pointed to Cheryl, who was walking past. She rolled her eyes at Rick.

"Get back to work and stop talking about us behind our backs, Rick," she said.

"See what I mean?" he said, sniggering. "Total cow."

"She's just blunt."

Rick just snorted. "Yeah, well, she'd thicker than she thinks, at least around the waist."

She wasn't really that thick, and in fact a fairly attractive woman all things considered, but Rick didn't care. He pointed over to Gary, who was once more by the vending machine. He was an overweight man with doughy cheeks who was purchasing another chocolate bar.

"And look at this porky pig right here. Oink oink. Gary just looks more repulsive each day. Look at that belly. If he were a woman, he'd be fucking pregnant with a whole damn litter!"

Lance gritted his teeth. Gary was a good man, even if he did eat half the staff banquet each Christmas. He opened his draw, eyeing the ring there. The golden one with the red ruby in it.

“And fucking Stewart. Worst fucking boss ever. Can you believe him? Prancing about in a fine suit, talking about golf, golf, golf. Can you believe he called me a boob?”

“It astonishes me,” Lance said flatly, still eyeing that ring. The one he had acquired from that mysterious ‘Wandering Witch’ named Tila. Of course, Rick wasn’t immensely wrong, David was a bit of a rich asshole, but he was a fairly effective manager. Rick just hated that he had to do the standard amount of work under him.

“And that fucking underline Jasper. Always sucking at David’s tit, always trying to get me fired like the crybaby he is.”

Sure enough, the wiry form of Jasper was at Stewart’s side, ever hopeful for his own promotion. Lance grinned, pretending to find Rick’s toxic words amusing, and took the ring.

“And why did he try to get you fired again, Rick?” he said, knowing full well the reason.

Rick gave him a glare. “Hey, Sarah came on to *me*, okay?”

“She claims you touched her tits.”

“Please, it was just a bit of drunken office party fun. Besides, her milkers are way too small for my taste.”

Lance put on the ring. Tila had told him that you just had to focus, and make a wish out loud. It had a limited amount of charges; roughly ten to twenty, but the number wasn’t set in stone. So he had to be careful just to punish Rick without delivering anything permanent. Rick didn’t notice, and kept on talking.

“And don’t get me started on Nancy, that absolute bitch. Always gossiping, always passing on everything I said in the staffroom.”

“To be fair, Nancy *did* overhear you calling her a bitch multiple times.”

“Eh, chicken and egg. At least she didn’t screw me over like Bianca. Goddamn receptionist, first she turns me down and then she makes it so I can’t take paid leave because her *boyfriend* wants to take her to the aquarium.”

Lance chuckled. That had been a good day. Sure, Rick had made it miserable, but everyone was happy that he had been unable to go to the stripper show in town. And Bianca’s face when he asked her out! Priceless!

“And that’s just the tip of the iceberg, Lance. That fucking HR asshole Brent is always on my back. Man is as useless as a potted plant. Daisy is on the freakin’ payroll but always on damn maternity leave, sucking up as much money without working as those useless babies of hers. And don’t get me started on the IT nerds. Waste of space, if you ask me.”

Lance just grinned. Normally, this would be torture, but if the Wandering Witch was right, then Rick was about to get some just desserts. He fitted the ring, trying to make sure it fit his finger - it was wider than expected, and kept coming loose.

“And is that all of your list of grievances, Rick?”

Rick smirked. “Well, there’s also that damned Gisele. She fucked me over. I don’t know what she did, but I deserved that promotion. But no, she had to be the damned goose that lays the golden egg!”

He sighed, kicked his desk in frustration. “Sometimes I think you’re the only damn good person here Lance. The only one that gets me, you know? You know how fucking worthless all these assholes and pussies are, just like me.”

Lance stood. “Oh, I don’t think we’re anything alike, Rick. And I’ll show you. You see, I recently bought a magic ring that can grant any wish to transform anyone into anything, in mind and body. And I figure I’d use it to - !”

Lance’s eyes went wide as it flung from his finger. He’d intended it to be a dramatic gesture, but instead it went loose, coiling in the air before landing on Rick’s desk with a clink. The other man laughed. He was an oily looking figure, overweight and with crooked teeth, who barely seemed to take care of himself. He took the ring with alacrity.

“Jesus, you’re giving me a magic ring? Yeah, pull the other one, Lance.”

Lance spluttered. “Wait, Rick. I didn’t mean to do that. Give that back now, so I can show you -”

But Rick wasn’t listening. “So I just, what, put it on, focus on someone, and wish for a change.” He slipped it on, chuckling. “Least it fits nice. What did you pull this out of a cereal box?”

Lance’s heart pounded in his chest. This had all gone backwards. “I’m serious Rick. I just need you to pass that back to me so I can, er, demonstrate -”

“What’s there to demonstrate? Lance, magic isn’t real. I appreciate a good practical joke, but just because I look at Cheryl and say, ‘Hey, I wish she was turned into a plump cow-woman for life, just like she is on the inside,’ doesn’t mean that -”

The ring suddenly blazed a bright red. Immediately following, there was a scream, followed by several more screams. Rick gaped, astonished. He stood and ran up the aisle of the office to where the screaming came from, and Lance followed, terribly alarmed. It was all going so wrong!

But just how wrong, he realised when they turned the corner. Cheryl, the blunt-yet-earnest coworker who despised Rick, was bloated up before their eyes.

“H-hellllp MOOO!!” she moaned, grasping her mouth in shock, even as it pushed out into a snout. The two men, along with a large crowd of fellow workers, watched in astonishment as black and white fur burst from her skin all over. She squealed, trying to

stand and run in shame, but she fell over as her midsection bloated, followed by her ass and hips. Her breast grew and grew and grew, until finally her shirt simply exploded off of her, revealing that she not only had a massive set of head-sized furry breasts, but a *second* pair right below the first two, both just as big.

“Holy shit,” Rick said. “It did work.”

“What’s happening to m-MOOO!?” Cheryl cried. She clutched her head, where two cute horns sprouted. Her fingers fused so that she had cute little two-fingers hooves with a hoof-thumb, while her feet turned into regular hooves. With a cry, a thick ropey tail pushed out of her backside, forcing her pencil skirt to rip as well. She tried to cover her shame, but then stopped.

“N-no! What’s this! No! NOT THAT! ANYTHING BUT THAT! NGNH!!!”

Her thickened thighs were pushed apart as an enormous pink udder swelled into being between her legs. It was easily the size of a beachball.

“Oh God! Oh G-God! It’s s-sooo f-full!”

As if to prove her point, she placed a hoof down on her new milk bag, and half a litre of milk spurted from all four teats, causing her to moan deliriously. Her four breasts answered the call as well, thick droplets of sweet milk leaking down her furry front. Cheryl the filing clerk was now Cheryl the cow-woman. She was thickset, incredibly curvy, with a huge set of wide hips to accommodate her enormous udder. Her tail just barely kept her upright, as her four huge tits nearly dragged her forwards. She wore nothing but a few tattered remains of clothing.

“Mooo! I don’t - MOOO!! - deserve this!” she cried.

“Yes you do,” Rick declared, grinning with an evil smile as the office staff tried to help her. Others, though, tried to flee. “And where do you think you’re going?” Rick roared. “I wish that everyone had to stay on this floor until I’m satisfied!”

The crowd halted. Gary, despite his weight, had made it the furthest, while their boss, David, was just behind him, looking haggard from shock in his bespoke suit.

“Lance, this is the most amazing gift!” Rick declared. “I was right, you *do* understand how shit this workplace. I won’t forget this buddy!”

Lance gulped. “Rick, listen, I didn’t intend for -”

But Cheryl interrupted, standing on wobbly hooves. Lance hadn’t noticed, but her ears were also like those of a cows. Even her hair had become the same black and white colour of her fur. “Change MOOOO back! PLEASE!!”

Rick just rolled his eyes. “No, I think I like you better this way, Cheryl. It’s way more honest. In fact, I *wish* that your milk would be twice as productive from now on, just so you *finally* accept that you’re a cow.”

The ruby stud on the ring flashed upon his hand, and Cheryl shrieked. Her already-large breasts bloated audibly, increasing in size until they were enormously fat HH-cups with immense, seeping pink nipples. Her thighs stretched wide from her udder.

“MOOOO!!! I don’t d-deserve this! Oh G-God, so moo-uch mooo-ilk!”

She immediately began milking herself, struggling with her hoof-hands to deal with her overflow. It was then that David stepped in.

“Rick, I don’t know what insanity this is, but you have to turn Cheryl back and let us leave!”

But Lance caught Rick’s smile. Jasper had joined David’s side, the sycophant giving his boss strength.

“Well, well, it looks like the shoe is on the other foot now, David. I remember you calling me a ‘boob’ once. Why don’t you enjoy being a pair for a change? And small-chest Sarah who couldn’t appreciate a good Christmas feel can finally know what a *real* set of tits looks like. I wish you were a living pair of Double-D cup titties on Sarah’s chest!”

David went to say something, only to suddenly warp and shift and change. The office workers screamed as he reduced in size, his facial features melting away, and his skin becoming soft and blubberous. He floated in the air even as he changed into two distinct shapes, and his clothing fell to the floor. Then, to a terrified Sarah’s surprise, he rocketed across the room *right into her chest*.

“Please don’t kill me!” she cried, but Rick just laughed.

“Kill you? I’m giving you something you should treasure!”

Sarah was momentarily confused until suddenly her chest burst outwards. Her previously flat chest expanded quickly. She placed her hands on her breasts, breathing heavily and trying to contain them.

“N-no! So big! S-sooooo big!”

One button pinged off. Followed by another. Soon, Cheryl was the proud owner of a pair of full double-D breasts that overflowed her meagre bra. She clutched her head.

“Holy shit everyone, I can hear him! David’s still alive! He can still hear! He says he can still see through my eyes. Holy shit, this is insane!”

“And he can be like that for a while to learn a lesson,” Rick boasted. “Don’t worry, none of this will be permanent, but David can now experience a few days as a big pair of breasts. Maybe even enjoy your new love life, Sarah.”

“You’re a monster!” she declared, hate in her eyes.

Rick just rolled his. “Fine. If you don’t want a new love life, you can have evidence of an old one. After all, Jasper here was always a cry baby who whined to David about everything. Why don’t we make him a baby for real? I wish Jasper was a baby seven months along in your womb!”

“I think I’m going to be sick,” someone declared in the crowd. Lance looked about to see who it was, only to realise it was him. Jasper began crying just like a baby as he shrunk right down, reversing in age. In moments he too shot over to Sarah disappearing between her thighs. The poor redhead groaned in discomfort as she experienced the brief agony of an unbirthing. No one else said a word, too overwhelmed by what they were seeing. Sarah clutched her stomach as it immediately expanded to a seven-months pregnant belly, round and full of kicking life.

“Oh God, I can hear him too! He begs you to change him back! They both do!”

“Please, they’ll be fine. And you can think about responsibility with what you do, now that you’ve got a baby on the way. And hey, David can make some milk for the coming baby.”

Another murmured wish, and Sarah moaned. Her breasts expanded a whole cup-size until they were full E’s with large nipples denting against her blouse, her bra having snapped.

“This is t-too much.”

“Try being moo-ee!” Cheryl declared, milking herself into a pale someone had found for her. Lance swallowed, trying to think of what to do. He could try swiping the ring, but Rick would have plenty of time to change him. In the meantime, though, Rick was changing everyone else.

“And you, Gary! I could never stand your constant eating and the sight of your fat gut. You’re like a mix of a pig and pregnant woman, so why don’t we split the difference? I wish Gary was a pig-woman with a full litter of six on the way!”

Gary shook his head. “Please, Rick! I was never mean to you! I can’t help that - OHHhhhh!!”

The poor, timid man’s skin turned pink. His nose widened to become a pig’s snout, and his ears went further up his head, becoming the long, flat ears of a pig. His gut trembled, becoming less doughy and more taut.

“Nnggh! S-something’s f-forming!” he cried. “A l-lot of things! Ahhh!!”

His shirt split open, revealing that not only was his stomach looking a lot more like that of a pregnant woman’s, but that not one or two but *three* pairs of tits were forming on his chest. They expanded, becoming full, round, head-sized boobs that were flushed and sweaty. His hips widened, and his feet developed hooves, with hoof hands much like poor Cheryl’s. He gave a loud, pig-like squeal as his manhood withdrew: everyone could see his nakedness as his clothing split apart. As if by afterthought, he developed a little tail above his swollen ass. Even his face was much more feminine, with dark hair that fell to his shoulders.

“Nngghh . . . I c-can feel them! There’s too many! Oh God!”

*Her* voice was now very womanly, albeit with a pitched whine appropriate for a pig-woman. The crowd gasped as her stomach rippled with the movement of *sextuplets*, overwhelming her. She staggered back, and it was only the quick thinking of Bianca the receptionist that got a chair beneath her in time. Gary nearly broke it from her weight. She huffed, pink skin covered in a sheen of sweat, as she grappled with new, pregnant pig body.

“Oh, Bianca. Always so kind. Except when you reject me, then steal my holiday time so you can go to the aquarium. Why don’t we make you an aquarium display item now, hmm? Of course, we should keep you looking good for the customers. I wish Bianca was a gorgeous mermaid, seashell bra and everything!”

The cute blonde pleaded for Rick to stop, issuing apologies, but nothing could stop what was coming. Her legs fused together, and Lance knew he had to act. He leapt forward to stop Rick, but at the last second the man turned to face him. Thinking quickly, he dove to Bianca instead, helping her pull off her skirt and panties.

“I’m sorry about this,” he expressed to the changing woman, whose blonde hair was already growing out to her knees, and cute little pink scales developed around her eyes. “But you might be injured if the clothing gets caught between your legs!”

He wasn’t wrong - someone passed him some scissors while the changing woman writhed, and they cut away her panties just in time: the flesh closed over, and was soon overrun with scales.

“How can he be doing this?” Bianca stammered, as her breasts became full E-cups enclosed by a revealing seashell bra, and adorable pink fins extended from the sides of her forearms. “This is impossible! *This is imposssssible!*”

She placed a hand over her mouth, looking to Rick as her tail became long, covered in pink scales, with a great fin at the end. Lance didn’t want to admit it, but he was getting turned on by the sight of her. She was like a beautiful fantasy come true, and her midriff was entirely revealed, looking very attractive indeed.

“Sorry,” Rick said, though he wasn’t at all. “I just figured that a gorgeous siren like you should *sing* as much as possible!”

*“But that isn’t fairrrrrr, I never asked to become a merrrrrmaiiiiid!”*

It was an incredibly sweet sound, though her expression was anything but sweet.

“Much better. Let this be a lesson to *everyone* here not to screw with me! Now you can all see what terrible people you were, and enjoy a temporary fate that you deserve.”

Lance winced as Nancy stomped forward. She was an older woman in her forties, and looked like a librarian, and not the nice kind. She was the gossip queen, preferring to talk behind people’s backs, but she’d clearly had enough.

“None of us deserve this, Rick! This is all because you’re a toxic asshole!” Nancy declared. “I knew we should have done something about you a long time ago. I’ve heard so many stories, and seen so many others, where you’ve acted like a -”

Rick sighed, cutting her off. “I wish Nancy was the total bitch everyone knows her to be.”

“Now wait just a moment, we can - WOOF!”

Nancy froze, only to woof again. She tried to speak, but continued to bark as she shrank inside her clothing. When she emerged, she was a terrified dog: a brown border collie. She ran straight to Bianca, who was her friend, and the mermaid woman hummed a sweet tune automatically as she petted the dog.

“There, now everyone can see the bitch you are. And since you were so full of hot air before . . . I wish that you are in heat at least three times a day in your new form!”

Another flash of the ring, though this time Lance noticed it was accompanied by a crackle. In a dreadful epiphany, he realised that the ring must be reaching near the end of the wishing limit. Nancy the new dog whined. She began rubbing her crotch upon the carpeted floor, clearly in estrus, and needing relief. Badly.

“*Umm, what do I dooooo with heerrrr?*” Bianca sang, but before anything could answer, Nancy ran off, circling the office floor, yapping madly.

“Ugh, that noise! I wish that Nancy had a companionable mate to satisfy her for the next hour or so.”

Nancy’s dog-eyes widened as a male German Shepherd suddenly poofed into existence right near her. Bianca closed her eyes at the sight, as did others such as the already transformed Gary and Cheryl. But Lance couldn’t look away at the chaos he’d caused with his accidental transfer of the ring: the dog sniffed Nancy’s ass before mounting her. She lifted her tail to receive him, huffed eagerly as he thrust into her. But she also whined, obviously humiliated.

It was then that something almost amusing occurred. The entire office paused as a loud humming carried across the floor, and it was not Bianca’s doing (though she automatically joined in, now helplessly musical in nature). Brent, the middle-aged HR manager with a terrible comb over, had somehow missed the entire affair from his office. He was just crossing the floor, passing between all the changed individuals, heading towards the exit, and so clearly intent on leaving that he had no idea what was occurring. He halted automatically, unable to leave, but was just confused.

“Hmm,” he muttered, trying to step forward.

Rick just laughed. “Like I said, Lance! As useful as a potted plant! Maybe he’ll notice what’s *really* going on in this office if he has to rely on everyone to water him in plain view. Of course, I would prefer if he were a sight to see, hmm . . . I wish that Brent were a sexy



plant-woman in a pot who needs to be watered twice daily. And hell, make her orgasm from it, just for fun!”

Brent only just realised he was standing in a room with an anthro-cow woman being milked by several of her co-workers, a mermaid singing, and a pregnant pig-woman, among others, before he too suddenly changed. His skin turned green, his body slimmed and became naked, and his hands became useless but vibrant pink and red flowers, while petals framed his increasingly feminine face, pouring down his neck in garlands like female hair.

“What the - this is preposterous! What are you *doing to me!*”

His voice, like that of Gary’s, became softer, higher, and sweet to the ear. Soon she was a plant-woman with pert green breasts and a nymph-like face, her hands reduced to flowers in bloom. She could only move slowly, and she had no legs: instead she had roots that went down to the soil of a large potted plant.

“There! Every office needs some greenery,” Rick chuckled. “But I think we can make some more changes to the office still!”

The remaining workers were helpless to his whims as he continued to make his wishes. Lance hesitated each time, trying to find an opportunity to wrench the ring away, or convince Rick to take it off. But Rick himself was certain that this was a gift from his coworker, and repeatedly thanked him. Soon, Cheryl and Gary and Bianca and numerous others were eyeing him with equal anger, even as he tried to convince them it had all gone wrong. While Gary laboured with his litter, and Cheryl finally emptied herself into three full buckets - emptied for now, that was - Rick continued to alter the various members of staff.

Daisy, the worker he complained was always taking advantage of maternity leave, was made perpetually nine months pregnant with a baby that wouldn’t arrive until menopause. Gisele, the ambitious woman who had defeated his ambitions of promotion, developed feathers, and goose feet, and couldn’t help but squawk and honk. Her belly ballooned, and it was with horror that she began laying the proverbial ‘golden eggs’ - Rick’s property for his future retirement plan, of course. The IT boys were all turned into a gorgeous harem of women, their skin darkening so that some became Arabic, another African, another a sensual Indian woman. Their clothes changed to harem outfits, and they were endowed with a burning need to belly dance for the pleasure of others . . . and pleasure men in other ways too. The only one that got off slightly easily was Maggie the elderly sweeper woman, who Rick took a pity too given that she was in her eighties. As thanks, he turned her into a real life *She-Hulk*: a seven-foot tall Amazonian woman with rippling muscles and green skin.

By the time he was finished, the entire office was changed, and the ruby ring was flickering, its spark dying. Lance’s heart beat terribly fast. If Rick cast just one or two more wishes, they might all be stuck as they were for life. He’d tried telling his toxic coworker this information, but the man was too high on his new power.

“You know Lance,” he said after turning a female secretary into a sexy fox-girl, complete with big bushy orange and white tail, “this really is the best present anyone has ever gotten me. I always knew we were two peas in a pod here, the only two smart guys in the room. The ones the world always shits on who don’t deserve it. I just can’t thank you enough.” He chuckled. “You know, it’s a pity you’re a man, because otherwise I’d be completely in love with you.”

There was a menacing pause.

“But then again, I guess we *could* work things out.”

Lance sprinted forward, desperate to stop Rick before he could make his wish. But the distance was too great, and Rick clearly just thought he was in a rush to embrace this mad wish-maker.

“I wish Lance here was my sexy submissive wife, able to take on the form of any woman I desire!”

The ruby flashed, nearly cracking entirely. Just one wish left at most. Lance stopped just short of Rick, his body frozen.

“Oh G-God no,” he moaned, as the pressures began. He groaned as his hair became black and curly, and his white skin turned a rich caramel brown. His chest pushed forward to become a set of heavy G-cup breasts, each pert and incredibly round and full, easily the size of his face each. His hips stretched wide, and his thighs thickened. His clothing rearranged itself to become a hot black dress that was just barely appropriate work attire. Heels appeared beneath his daintified feet, and a silver necklace appeared around his neck while his face softened, lips plumpened. A cute pendant hung between his enticing tits.

“M-my dick! How could you!?”

“Don’t worry, Lance! Or should I say, *Lacey*? You’re going to love it!”

Lance just groaned as his dick pulled into his body, replaced by a vaginal passage and fully formed vulva. In mere moments he had become a sexy, curvy, thick-in-all-the-right-places black woman.

“God, you look fucking gorgeous,” Rick said. He leaned forward to kiss Lance/Lacey. She tried to shift back, but it was impossible to: his wish had ensured that she would feel incredibly submissive to his charms. So she kissed him passionately, rubbing her full chest against his. Her nipples stiffened, and her loins fired up, needing to be tended to. The thought of that - particularly from someone like Rick - terrified her.

But it also turned her on something dreadful.

“Ah, I’m so glad it all worked out this way, Lacey,” Rick declared. “It almost makes me sad it won’t be around forever. Don’t worry, I’ll turn everyone back eventually, though maybe we can have some fun first. I just wish I can be the kind of man that satisfies you in the meantime, and anyone else here I like!”

Lacey shrieked, already womanly in her responses. She tried to cover Rick's mouth, but as with all her efforts, it was too late. He'd made another wish. The ruby flashed red and this time it shattered completely, flying apart and dissipating the ring's magic effects. As its blinding red glow faded, Lacey could see the effects of that final wish.

Rick was now a strong, tall, handsome Adonis of a man, the exact kind of figure that could easily satisfy her new womanly cravings. He had a square jaw, perfect teeth, and a tall stature. His hair was smart, no longer greasy, and his suit fit him perfectly. She found herself even more attracted to him than before. In the corner of her eye, she could see Bianca the mermaid humming in a kind of moaning attraction also.

"Wow, I guess that was the last wish, huh?" Rick said. "Well, I hope you all enjoy your fates, because as far as I'm concerned, you all deserve them. Right, Lacey?"

Lacey screamed. As did everyone else.

They were now stuck in their new, strange, and somewhat monstrous forms for life.

## **Wishing Chaos, Epilogue**

It was three years later, and to say the office had changed considerably would be perhaps the world's biggest understatement. The ring was gone, and no amount of searching ever managed to track down the witch who had sold it to Lance. Instead, they were left in their monstrous, sexy, or otherwise just plain *strange* forms for the rest of their lives, with Rick seemingly the only major beneficiary. What's more, the office was the only place many of them could still work: news about a massive outbreak of chaos magic tends to catch the evening news and even dominate it for over a week, and that leaves a strong impression. Of course, most of the population only believed in the religious kind of supernatural, so 'magic' in the media was generally framed more in the 'outbreak' or 'pandemic' sense of the word. It was something the corporation was very adamant in wanting to avoid, so instead of letting the insane revelations of what had gone down out into the world, they simply paid to have everyone relocated where possible to a new rural property where they could live and work together as a strange, changed community, each earning their keep by working for Syne-Tech.

But who was to be the beneficiary of this new rural farmstead, with its wonderful facilities to accommodate them all? Well, the answer was sadly obvious. With his last wish, Rick had forged himself into a handsome Hercules of a man, complete with a winning smile and shining charisma. More than that, he had inadvertently formed a magical binding upon

all of them, particularly Lance, so that they were inextricably tied to him. After all, he had wished to be the kind of man that 'satisfied them', and that meant they had to be around him to *be* satisfied.

Lacey, formerly Lance, was deeply familiar with this concept, especially given she was at that very moment mounting her incredibly virile husband on their plush mega bed. She straddled him with her hips, lying atop him so that her sensitive breasts brushed against his manly, hairy chest. She was squeezing her ass, and it sent her into fits of pleasure, especially as he rubbed her up and down on his massive cock. Her pussy was always tight and wet and hungry for him - his wish had made it so, after all - and despite the fact she was forever angry at this man who had taken all her wishes and caused this strange nightmare of a future, she couldn't help but be deeply, *incredibly* horny in his presence.

"Oohhhhhh," she moaned. "You've g-got the spot, my love. You've f-found it."

"Like always!" he exclaimed, chuckling before thrusting up a little. She was doing most of the work this time, clutching onto his massive, firm shoulders and occasionally kissing him dutifully, but she knew from three whole years of experience that he had more than enough energy: the other women in their expansive bedroom spoke to just that. Several others were already present: the gorgeous harem women who belonged to Rick continued to fan them, or wait in preparation to entertain him. The former pasty IT officemen were now Sabine the Persian, Nula the North African, and Shakantula the Indian. They were all utterly gorgeous, wearing a harem outfit, a tribal dancing outfit, and a revealing sari respectively. They used large leaves to fan the couple as they fucked, except for Sabine who danced in the corner, providing another arousing scene for Rick. They had come to inhabit their roles more comfortably than Lance, at least: when they weren't pleasuring Rick in all manner of ways taken right from the Kama Sutra, they were able to game on their PCs and insult online adversaries to their heart's content. Nula was pregnant, of course, but Lacey doubted motherhood would stop her nerdery.

She ignored the sight of their servitude, and continued to hump Rick, letting his impressive girth part her sensitive walls, bringing her ever closer to orgasm. As she did so, she felt her skin change. She cooed sensually. She had been, up until this point, a lusty Japanese woman with silky hair and slim features. Now, as his interests changed, she altered. Her hair turned fiery red, and became a wild tangle of knots and curls. Her skin turned pale white, with freckles upon her chest, cheeks, and bridge of her nose. Her hips widened, becoming womanly and fertile, and her boobs grew in size until they were ample double-Ds.

"You've ch-changed me again, h-husband!" she cried, her voice now a gorgeous Scottish accent. "Wh-why?"

“Felt like fucking a ginger,” he said. “Besides, weren’t you a ginger when you got knocked up. Seems - ahhh - appropriate! Not that you’ll be a ginger when you give birth, my sexy submissive wife!”

She groaned, partly from pleasure but also from annoyance. Her stomach was only subtly expanded, but she was most certainly pregnant. It was not even her first pregnancy: she’d already born Rick a healthy daughter with rich caramel brown skin and frizzy hair: little Anita, who was due for a feed soon. Of course, she’d been a pale buxom blonde when that particular child had been squeezed from her nethers, but that was her life now. She imagined the baby would be ginger, but when it was conceived it could just as likely have an Iberian cast, given she’d been made a sexy *senorita* at that particular time as well. Still, her annoyance at baring this annoying man more babies intermingled with a deep instinctive satisfaction at playing the part of his wife. She moaned even louder, sliding up and down his pole in the hopes of achieving multiple orgasms soon.

It didn’t take long to achieve them. Lacey roared in orgasm, her voice now high and mighty. Rick spent himself inside her again and again: God, he produced so much semen in his new, magically enhanced body. She climbed off of him after what felt like minutes, and he gestured for her to lie against him.

“I have to go to work soon,” she reminded him.

“I know, I know,” he said. “Work never stops, right? Still, at least we’re together, and have much better coworkers, right? Still the same group, but much more humbled. I was right two years ago, wasn’t I? They all deserved it. And now we’re all much better off!”

“Yes, we are,” she said, lowering a hand down to rub her naked belly. It had just begun to swell, and the thought of being pregnant with her hated coworker’s child yet again made her sigh. But the magic ensured she would also feel excitement, and nurture and love the child, just like a good wife and mother, which the magic kept her railroaded on the path of being. “I better get up. Poor Cheryl is probably exploding now.”

“She’s always exploding since she had her calves,” Rick said, amused. “What a sight that was, out in the paddock! Ah well, I love you, my gorgeous wife. If you don’t mind, I might be a leisurely manager today. I figure my harem might pleasure me a few more times. Can you do that thing with your mouth again, Sabine?”

The Persian dancer nodded eagerly. Lacey rolled her eyes. She had it on good authority that the dancers were literally addicted to dancing for their master and sucking him on. Still, at least they were happy. She got up, took a shower, and tried to ignore the sounds of her husband - God, why did she even have to *think* of him like that? - being attended to by three women at once. The magic had made him so damn virile.

“Better see how the others are faring,” she said. “The company still wants its work done.”

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Maggie was in the yard, hauling the plough. The enormous green-skinned woman waved at Lacey she passed.

“Hiya Lace! See that you’re a ginger today!”

“Just for the day I reckon, Maggie,” she called back. “Rick’s got a hankering for Asian woman at the moment. I reckon I’ll be ‘taking a flight’ to Mongolia soon, since he’s watching that new Ghengis Khan movie tonight. Still doing the plough by hand?”

The seven foot tall woman grinned, dropping it briefly to place her hands on her hips. She was massive, absolutely ripped, and her bust was more than impressive. Lacey sometimes wished that she’d been made a literal superheroine, but Maggie at least deserved it: she’d been old and geriatric and kind, and now she could work easily on a farm again as she had when she was a girl. In fact, Rick didn’t even have sex with her all that often. From what Lacey had been able to gather, when it did occur, it was all from Maggie: she liked to throw him a tough, buff, rough-love ‘thanks’ every so often.

But it wasn’t Maggie that she was moving to see. Lacey didn’t work in the cubicle much anymore. She was technically Rick’s assistant, which meant overseeing everyone doing their work for Syne-Tech, and also the production of the farm. Which meant, of course, seeing to poor Cheryl.

The cow-woman was mooing loudly, incapable of speaking until she was properly pumped. But thanks to her hoof-hands, she basically couldn’t work the pumps herself.

“M-M-MOOOOO!!!” she cried, waddling towards Lacey. She was gesturing with her hooves at her enormously full udder and her four sloshing breasts. They were so full they looked like filled-up balloons on her chest. “MOOOOO!!!”

Gabby the pig-girl - formerly Gary - and Gisele the golden goose egg-layer were beside her, trying to calm her down.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Lacey called, running over as fast as her early pregnancy would allow. “I came as fast as I could. Rick wanted me twice this morning.”

Gisele honked in annoyance. “He’s always - HONK - wanting *someone*. Except - HONK - me!”

“Don’t be jealous,” Gabby warned. She was naked as always, a bit of warm mud on her form. Her six bloated breasts leaked milk, though not nearly so much as Cheryl’s. “One litter was terrible enough. B-b-but he got me pregnant with a s-second! And a th-third!”

It was true. Evidently, Rick rather liked Gabby’s body after she had her first litter, because once she had weaned her piglets off her six teats, he’d visited her again for a ‘roll in the mud’ as he’d put it. He’d also said, “it just doesn’t feel right for you *not* to be fat, Gary. Or

Gabby, whatever we call you. Maybe we should fatten you up with another litter. Keeps the farm productive, too!”

Gisele looked to her friend, honked loudly, and held her swollen, feathered belly. She strained to push another golden egg from her nethers. It was huge, and she honked loudly as it passed.

“Ugghhh, g-good point. This one is for the company, I think. He gets to k-keep ten percent.”

She handed it to Lacey, who put in the shoulder bag she covered just for this purpose. “Okay, let’s get down to it then, Cheryl. You’ll be speaking and only mooing a little in no time.”

The cow-woman nodded eagerly, and her movements didn’t even cause her huge breasts or swollen beachball of an udder to wobble one iota, they were so full. Lacey sympathised: after giving birth the first time, her own chest had been sorely full up until she nursed, or Rick drank from her. She helped Cheryl get the pumps attached, and then worked the machine. Poor Gabby’s fingers were similarly hoofed, and could not help.

The machine started, and Cheryl instantly moaned in exquisite release and milk was extracted from her udder and breasts in incredibly copious qualities.

“MOOOOO!!! YESSS! Oh G-God, thank you! Thank you, Lacey! Ever since I g-gave birth to my g-gorgeous little calves, my milk production has b-been out of control.”

“Where are your calves anyway?” Lacey asked. “I thought they’d be here helping, uh, relieve you?”

The cow woman sighed. There was so much milk flowing from her, and it made her tail sway in relief as it did. “I p-put them in d-daycare. Daisy and S-Sarah have them.”

It made sense. Daisy was permanently pregnant now, and because of the nature of Rick’s wish, she too had moved to the farm, though at least she got to keep her loyal husband. Apparently, he actually *enjoyed* her form, not that she liked the constant lethargy. It was easier for her to run the daycare with some of her kids in it. Sarah, on the other hand, had become a worker there by necessity: she’d literally given birth to Jasper, the man who’d been unbirthed into her as a new baby, though he was now called *Jessica*. Given the number of babies Rick was giving them all, it only made sense that some of the women ran such a service.

“I told you that you weren’t ready.”

“I - moo! - know! I sh-should enrol them in a later c-class. I d-didn’t realise things were this b-bad!”

Sarah sighed. “I’ll go check on them. Hey, where’s Nancy?”

“Off fucking that Alsatian the next paddock over, I bet,” Gisele said. “She’s given him one litter already, right?”

"I thought that was a Sheffield?" Gabby said.

Sarah shook her head. "It was both. Dogs can do that. Poor woman."

"Hey, at least she doesn't have - moooo! - sex with Rick!" Cheryl chuckled.

Lacey sighed loudly. "Don't remind me. When it happens, I can't help but love it so much."

"Well, you're responsible. That damn ring came from you."

"Don't ever let me forget that, Gisele. I deserve to remember every day. If you guys are right out here, I'll head over to the daycare. Do you need any more feed? Are your outdoor stations working?"

Gabby nodded. "I'll start my archival notekeeping in half an hour."

Gisele gritted her teeth. "One or t-two more eggs to squeeze out and then I'll - HONK - get going on the s-spreadsheets."

Sarah nodded, thanked them, and headed to the daycare.

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"Redhead today, huh?" Sarah asked as she helped get out some toys for the chubby little cowgirls belonging to Cheryl. They were chubby, and half-cow, and utterly adorable. Well, *udderly* adorable, given they were both female.

"Yeah, Rick likes his Scots," Lacey said in her new, broad accent. She pointed at Sarah's well-developed E-cup chest. "How's David going?"

The daycare worker who once took far too many holidays for Rick's liking appeared to be in mental communication with her own chest. She always wore tight tops or dresses with a plunging neckline these days - Rick liked to be reminded of his former boss's new position in life, after all. Sarah had once been a flat-chested woman, but now she had a sizeable set of E-cup knockers that were courtesy of the life essence of David, their former floor manager. He was literally a living pair of boobs, helpless but to jiggle and wobble and experience life passively. The fact that Rick loved to enjoy sucking on David's sensitive nipples only made the experience more humiliating for the former man, and for Sarah. But like the rest, she found herself drawn to their master.

"He says he's going okay," Sarah said. "He asks if the Mongol movie is on tonight. He wants to see it, you know, through my eyes."

"It'll be a dumb action film, I'm afraid."

"God, I know. But the one thing about having a living pair of boobs is that they complain a lot. And given that I'm still breastfeeding little Jessica, who has taken to being a baby girl surprisingly well, I figure I'll cut him a break. Being full of milk all the time is bad enough as the woman, imagine that being your *entire existence*."



Lacey winced. "Yeah, David was an ass, but being a pair of tits is probably too much."

Sarah chuckled. "Well, at least I got to give birth. Check out Daisy over there."

Daisy was trying to bend down to pick up some toys, and struggling. After all, she was stuck as nine months pregnant.

"Oh, stop that Daisy!" Sarah announced. "I'll get it!"

She strode over. There were many kids, and she knew that one day her little daughter would be here, and the baby that was only just getting started in her belly. Rick was a total whiner in life, and she always thought he'd hate kids, but they shockingly seemed to be the one thing (other than sex and revenge and comfortable living) that really made him light up. Weirdly enough, he was probably going to be a not half-bad father.

"Can you do me a favour? If Cheryl brings the calves over again, make sure she's pumped herself. She's trying to be far too independent."

The other two nodded.

"I'll go see how the main office is going. Call me if you need anything. If I don't answer-"

"It'll be because you're getting boned by Rick," Sarah said flatly. "Don't worry, we're very aware. Most of us have been there. God, I'd love a holiday again. Where did Jessica go? It's time for her feed. Yes David, we're still feeding. You know that. Get over it. You're literally full of milk! You'll be begging for it soon!"

Lacey left the two-for-one person to sort it out with her sentient boobs.

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Lacey walked through the office, checking on each of the workers. All of them were transformed, of course, including many she had not really known at all during their previous lives, but now knew very well. Rick had a long complaints list about all the 'worthless, lazy, stuck up people' that worked at their office, so no one really came out unscathed. There was a monkey woman eating a banana while she typed with her feet. There was a centaress with an athlete's torso doing input as she ran along a specially made treadmill to deal with her energy levels. There were even several women - formerly men - wearing sentient dresses of all sorts of sexy make. The dresses had once been other workers, and now they were constantly pleased by the act of being worn. Lacey had worn more than a few such articles to bed, since Rick liked it. Sarah and the harem girls too.

She checked on each and every one of them, keeping morale up and ensuring projects were being dealt with on time and that customer service was at a premium. Brent sat in the corner, luxuriating in the sun as he watched over the office. As a human HR head,

he'd been 'useless as a potted plant', as Rick had said. But now that the wishing ring had turned him *into* a dryad-like female potted plant, *she* had become a remarkable overseer of the workforce, always inventing initiatives to keep them cheery, involved, and on the same page. As *Bree*, she'd had to develop a lot of patience, given that she was literally rooted to one spot at all times, and that helped when negotiating disputes between workers. Of course, she still had her embarrassments: Sarah carried over a pail to water her with.

"Everything good Bree?"

"Just flowery," Bree replied, the petals around her face in full bloom. "Time for watering?"

"Yep."

"Okay, I'll try not to be *too* loud."

She was anyway. Being watered always made her orgasm, which was why Sarah liked to do it before Rick could get away with it. After all, just like the rest of the women, Bree couldn't help but pleasure their new master when he came by, but to be spared the humiliation of orgasming in front of him was always appreciated.

"Th-thanks," she managed. "I th-think Bianca wanted to see you about something."

Sarah nodded, checked that the remaining workers were all on target, and headed to the reception area to the farm, where corporate visitors, family members, and others who were granted entry would pass through. Where before Bianca had sat at a desk, now the buxom and beautiful mermaid had a massive aquarium tank right inside the entrance. She swam back and forth, always wearing her shell bra, her free hair waving in the water. She was serene and beautiful, and brought herself up to the high surface to look down on Sarah as she came in.

*"Hellooooo Sarahhhh, how are you going todaaaaaay?"*

Her beautiful siren song was sweet music to the ears. She literally couldn't *not* sing, after all. Rick was a big fan of Bianca, but she'd managed to keep him off her: her boyfriend was now her husband, and helplessly devoted to her. Rick grumbled, but respected the arrangement. Sarah suspected it was more to do with him needing to portray himself as the hero, the one better than everyone else. Besides, he had his fill of the rest of the women, especially Lacey who was his submissive wife, and total favourite.

"Okay, Bianca. Just a little different. Again."

*"I lllllike the hairrrrrr."*

"Thanks. Bree said you had something for me?"

The mermaid nodded eagerly. She darted back down into the tank, swimming with impressive elegance. Sarah checked her time as she did. Rick would be coming in any minute, most likely. He still did shit all work, but as the new 'manager' he liked to 'inspect the workers' from time to time. What that usually meant was taking Lacey to a private office and

fucking her for the third time that day while she moaned in reluctant ecstasy. And then probably having a nice hot coffee while Bianca massaged him: she couldn't totally avoid some level of subservience, after all.

When Bianca came back up, she looked nervous. She peered left to right, up and even down, and positioned herself where the security camera wouldn't show her. Then, she withdrew a waterproof package and tossed it down to Sarah.

"What is it?"

*"Have a loooooook. My Daniel found it for meeeeeee, but I don't dare use iiiiiiit! It took a lot of seearching. Lot of pawwwwwn shooooops. But it's back together. you could use it Laaaacey, it's yours after all!!!"*

Lacey opened the package. Her eyes went wide as she beheld the contents. Inside was every fragment of the magical ring that had caused this chaos in the first place. Somehow, it had been fitted all back together, glued back so that most of it was present and it held together. Carefully, she withdrew it, inspecting it closely. The red ruby was there, and to her astonishment, it was glowing incredibly faintly.

"One final wish," she said to herself. "It might not even go right . . . but I'd have one last wish."

Bianca grinned, the mermaid looking utterly mischievous in her tank.

"Thank you, Bianca," Sarah said. "I'll - I'll do what I can."

"Do what?" came a voice. Sarah turned. Rick was coming. His tall, Adonis-like figure loomed towards her, his smile confident. Evidently, he'd decided to get up a little early. "What have you got there, my gorgeous wife?"

Sarah panicked. Her submissive nature was rising. If he asked again she'd be forced to give it to him, and then everything might change. But she had no time to think of a foolproof wish, one to make them all normal again. To take away Cheryl's udder, Nancy's doghood and permanent heat, David's existence as a pair of breasts, and so on.

"Sarah?" Rick said. "I don't like secrets, remember? This office used to have all these gossiping secrets from people who thought they were better than me."

*Better than me.* Those were the words that made her realise. There wasn't time to fix everything. She couldn't even throw the ring back to Bianca - the mermaid had retreated. But if she could make things better . . .

She slipped the faulty ring on, praying it would work. Then she held it out. Rick looked momentarily confused.

"Hey, what the fuck, is that -"

They weren't all turning back. These were their new lives, and Rick was going to stay their collective lover, and her husband. She couldn't think of a way to fix it all in time. But she could *fix Rick*.

“Rick,” she said. “I wish you were a good man, good enough that we actually *want* you in the office.”

The ring flashed.

**The End**