

Professional Witchcraft (Multi TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Planologer

Max is an ordinary young man struggling in college, while his parents Emma and Francis are dealing with an unexpected pregnancy. But everything changes when Aunt Lily drops by for a visit to his family. Aunt Lily is a witch, and thinks she can solve Emma and Francis' marital problems, just like her apprentice thinks she can help Max and his friend Corey with their gender studies course. Soon Francis will find himself a woman, carrying Emma's baby, and Corey will get to experience the other gender too!

Professional Witchcraft

Part 1: A Magical Reunion

'It's gonna be a sunny time in Midtown tomorrow thanks to our Arcane Meteorology Department. A big shoutout to our magical ladies for giving us a nice break from these Spring showers, though be warned, it's right back to rainy days until Wednesday. Can't be wrecking the natural order too much, after all! For now though, keep in doors everyone and look forward to tomorrow-'

Max switched off the television. Typical, he thought. One day of warmth among a ton of wet, depressing days, all when he was meant to be enjoying his summer break before getting ready for the next semester of college. And even then, it was only because of witchcraft.

It wasn't like Max had anything *against* witches, per se. Ever since witchcraft had become more accepted in the last couple of hundred years, the public had experienced a net gain. Major repairs after natural disasters were a lot breezier when you had a team of women who could knit together the deep fissures of an earthquake, for instance. And zoos worldwide had become a lot more up to standard and humane since the 'talking to animals' spell had been invented: it was hard to claim that the Bangkok City Zoo was conservationally friendly, for instance, when there were people who could get the lions to complain in a language everyone understood. Missing persons, particularly those that got lost on national park trails and the like, were now a walk in the proverbial park. So Max had to admit that witchcraft in the modern world was by and large a good thing.

He just resented the fact that he didn't have any magic power of his own to sort out a few life problems, most of which were compounding to make him increasingly uncertain

about the direction of his life. As far as keeping count, he had four problems that were making life difficult:

One: despite playing soccer enthusiastically all throughout high school, he had failed to make the cut to a college team *yet again*. Last year he had been turned away, and now he was training like a demon to get in *this* time. The possibility of another embarrassment was putting him one edge.

Two: in order to get full credits for his major in sports science (he wanted to work in fitness, health, or perhaps even become a P.E. teacher one day), he still had to pass his chosen minor. Unfortunately, his best friend Corey had convinced him to take *gender studies*, a course his buddy promised would be 'an easy cinch,' but instead now proved to have numerous in-depth essays and theoretical readings attached to it. It was also too late to back out of it.

Three: he was about to become an older brother in just five or six weeks. His mother Emma was eight months pregnant with a surprise baby. He knew she'd had him young, being only eighteen when she'd gotten pregnant, but that still put her at nearly thirty nine years old, given that he was turning twenty in just a month. In fact, the due date was placed exactly on his own birthday, just for insult's sake. His mother and father - Francis - hadn't stopped bickering ever since the news of their surprise baby had come along, and while Corey was increasingly by his side to listen to his woes, it irritated him to no end that his parents were having a *second* kid, one nearly twenty years his junior!

And of course, that led to Four: Aunt Lily. Max had never met his father Francis' sister, but apparently she was visiting for the weekend and to help his mother out. She was always travelling, at least according to Max's Dad, but he hadn't seen her in a long time. It was obvious that *something* was the reason she didn't visit until now, though, because his mother had been even more stressed than normal, and that was something, given that she was a cranky pregnant thirty eight year old woman. It didn't take a genius to realise, though, that if things were awkward between Francis and Aunt Lily, it was probably because Max's Mom Emma *really* didn't like her. She seemed to scowl everytime she came up in conversation.

"Just four things to deal with," Max said to himself, lying back on the couch. "A visit from a potentially hostile aunt, another essay due within a week of returning to college, a damn baby sister or brother to come along shortly, and the freakin' possibility that I'll fail yet another attempt to get on the soccer team. Ugh."

He puffed up, then exhaled in an exaggerated manner.

"It's not all bad, I guess," he said aloud. His phone buzzed and he checked the message. It was his best friend, Corey.

Hey dude, can I come hang tomorrow morning??? Parents are trying to kick me out again - not literally but u know what i mean.

Max smirked. He and Corey had been best buds since early high school days, but his friend could be a lot. He had the kind of excitable personality that could easily grate on newcomers, and he could only imagine that his parents wanted a break from him from time to time, especially if he was babbling on about a new movie or show he was obsessed with, or another hair-brained scheme to get a girlfriend, which often blew up in his face.

Sure thing, man. Sure my folks won't mind. Got a weird aunt visiting so it'll be good to have an excuse to dip out.

Sweet! I'll make sure to say hi to your mom 2. I bet she's struggling with being super duper preggo and all.

A laughing emoji was sent back, and that was that. The nineteen-going-on-twenty year old lay back on the couch, kicking up his feet. Despite his relaxation, he looked every part the fit athlete: his body was tan from the sun, and his dark hair swept back in natural waves as if he were running in a sneakers commercial. He wasn't chisel-jawed or anything, but he knew he was pretty good looking, and had experienced success with girlfriends in the past. Unfortunately, he'd lost a lot of his mojo since life's problems piled up and his confidence evaporated. He was really hoping to find a lasting relationship with a girl he liked, somehow.

"Get through this aunt visit," he said, tossing a hacky sack up into the air and catching it. "Then I can tackle the rest." He threw the sack and caught it again. "Hmm, wonder what Mom's beef with her is?"

"Damn it, she'll be here any second. I can't believe you convinced me into this, especially with me about to burst any second!"

Francis adjusted his glasses and scratched at his dark brown hair in a frustrated manner. "Honey, you're not about to burst. You're not even eight months pregnant. It's not that big of a deal. You're not going to give birth."

"Oh, and no woman has ever gone into premature labour, right? Especially over stress? Is that what you're saying?"

"Umm . . . no? But it's not likely. You just need to relax."

Emma flung her arms up in the air. "Exactly! This is a terrible idea. We should cancel. Tell her she can't come. Especially not with her . . . talent."

Francis placed a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder. "Honey, you know we can't cancel. She's come all this way. It'll be good for Max to connect to other family before the

baby arrives. Besides, she's my sister. I find things with her a little awkward but it will be good to see her."

He lowered her hand to caress her swollen belly, and this seemed to calm Emma somewhat. He was older than his wife by only a couple of years, but one would have thought the gap was bigger at that moment, and not in her favour either. Whereas Francis Donaldson appeared to be a slightly lankier man of around forty, with smart glasses and neatly combed brown hair, Emma appeared to be completely frazzled, as if she were a pregnant woman approaching her fiftieth year rather than her fortieth. She normally looked quite beautiful, and pregnancy theoretically should have had her glowing. But instead she was tired from the baby constantly moving about, stressed over dealing with her son's frustrations with . . . everything, she supposed, and her hair was a tangled mess that hadn't been washed properly. The bags under her eyes also aged her, the bloodshot look in her gaze adding a manic quality too.

"Mhmmm, just cup the belly a little longer," she said, letting her husband take the weight of it and relaxing her shoulders a little. "I swear, it's just the worst. I'd love to just do away with this whole pregnancy experience."

Francis paused his ministrations. "Honey, we've been down this road. I know you're concerned because this baby came along accidentally, but I thought we had both had enough time to be excited to meet them."

Emma rubbed her temples. "Of course I'm excited. I love this child, I really do, even if I wish I'd had them years ago instead of when I'm about to hit forty. But I just want the baby, dear. I'd love to just have the baby and not have to worry about going through all the pregnancy. It's affecting me medically, don't forget."

"Well, that's sad to hear," Francis replied. He raised his hands up, slowly moving towards her breasts in her white maternity singlet. "I think it's just a beautiful thing seeing you swell up with our child again. And I don't mind about *these*."

He cupped her large breasts, which had gone up two whole cup sizes, from respectable B's to full Double-D's, a ripe pair of cantaloupes which had necessitated new bras to support them.

"Hey!" she groaned, pushing his hands away and stepping out of his reach. "Those are sensitive! I've told you this so many times."

"Sorry, I just thought . . . maybe if you were in the mood, or I could calm you down by getting you in the mood-"

"Don't lie, you just enjoy feeling my tits instead of listening to how hyper emotional I am. I swear, I just want this over with. I want a baby in my arms and a flat stomach and I want to be selling houses again, not languishing in maternity leave. And I'm really sorry, honey, I truly am, but sex is just so exhausting right now."

Francis huffed. "We could true. Sometimes you've got to go the extra mile to make your partner-"

"Don't even finish that sentence, mister! I *am* going the extra mile. You can be patient and stop badgering me for sex!"

Emma gently pushed her husband out of the bedroom and slammed the door shut, catching her breath (a hard thing to do while pregnant) before moving to the bathroom.

"What a horndog of a man I married, I swear," she muttered. She looked at herself in the mirror and was utterly despondent. Her belly was massive, dominating her form. Her obstetrician had told her that she was carrying more fluid than most. She thought it looked like she was carrying twins, almost. Her baby was sleeping inside her now, at least, but that didn't stop the little tyke from stirring, almost like it could sense her stress.

"God, I'm a mess," she said. "And huge. This big heavy balloon, not to mention these huge boobs. It's too much. It's all too much."

But then she sighed, and began to strip down, ready for a shower. Lily would be here in an hour or so, and while Max was downstairs in his own room, shut off from the world as he studied or played games, she had a good amount of time to make herself ready.

One thing was for sure: there was no way she was going to have a hair out of place when her husband's sister visited, no matter how she felt deep inside. Emma and her had never gotten along, and it was all because of Lily's profession. No, the pregnant woman would prove how unnecessary magic was, even if she had to lie to do so.

The doorbell rang as Emma descended down the stairs. Francis found it hard not to look at his wife as she did so. Despite still looking a little tired and certainly more than a little irritated, she was undeniably gorgeous to the man. His wife wore a blue maternity dress that hugged her swollen belly just so, and she'd fixed up her hair, blow-dried it, and even put on the nice emerald-studded earrings that looked spectacular on her.

"You look unbelievably beautiful, my darling," he exclaimed.

"Thanks, dear, but I feel like a beachball," she said, clutching her belly as she made it to the ground floor. "Was that the doorbell?"

"I believe it was. I'll get it. You fetch Max."

"No! No, you fetch Max. We should all be there, and he listens to you more. Besides, I want to make a clear impression."

"Please don't scare my sister off."

"I'm just showing her that I'm being tolerant."

She waddled over to the front door while Francis moved to Max's room. He knocked quickly, then barged in, only for Max to groan.

"I told you, wait till I answer! I could be doing anything in here!"

"Well, if you feel that way, maybe you should move out?"

"I'm working on it! Who is it?"

Francis smirked. "Your Aunt Lily. She's arrived. You can come meet her now."

The pair moved back to the entrance hall, Francis with his teeth set. He really wanted things to go well. Emma was so on edge lately, and clearly not enjoying her pregnancy despite all of his efforts to make it so. With her hormones sky high, it had made it difficult for him to say even the most innocuous sentence around her, for fear of setting her off, though even he had to acknowledge that perhaps pushing her to accept his sister's offer of visitation was too much, especially since the woman was already insistent on staying the weekend. He could only hope that things went well.

That hope quickly died as soon as he rounded the corner and saw not one, but *two* women standing at the door, and his wife smiling pleasantly in an expression that could only be described as like that of a cat ready to pounce on a foe. The kind that said 'I told you so, didn't I?'

"Honey," she said, her voice laced with acid, "your sister Lily is here, and she's invited a *surprise guest*. Isn't that *exciting*?"

She indicated to the two women, and Francis was crestfallen. Antics like this were why he didn't see his sister often. The older woman was obviously his sister. He hadn't seen her in years, but somehow she was even lovelier than he remembered; she always got more compliments than him when they were young. She had long, luscious black hair and pale skin, and was a good deal more beautiful than her pregnant sister-in-law, but her facial structure had the same slightly thin lips and sharp cheeks as he did, and eyes that seemed to know more than they let on.

"*This* is your sister?" Max said, astonished.

Francis nodded, stepping forward. "Yes, Max. Meet your Aunt Lily."

Emma fumed, feeling very much not up to her sister-in-law's standard. Lily just laughed - it was almost a cackle. She stepped into the doorway, her sharp purple dress flowing around her ankles.

"Oh, don't stare too much! This is just a look I sort of . . . put on! You know how it is with magic. The customer expects a certain attractive and mesmerising quality and I've just gotten used to it! Now, my brother, come here! It's so good to see you!"

She embraced Francis, kissing him dramatically on each cheek. Even her voice sounded free and delightful. She gestured at the younger woman, who was a tomboyish looking Latina woman in her early twenties, abouts. She had her hair in a pixie cut and

several studs on her right eyebrow, and with her biker jacket and jeans she looked simultaneously very cool - at least to Max's eyes - and out of place.

"This is my apprentice and current assistant," Lily declared, pushing the smaller woman forward, "Valentina. She's truly gifted in the transformative arts, just like yours truly."

"Transformative arts?" Max said, not knowing what was going on.

Lily's eyes almost glowed with excitement. "Oh, but I forget my manners! You must be Max! My darling nephew. The last time I saw you, well, you had just learned to walk. How are you, dear?"

Max looked about, feeling put on the spot. "Um, pretty good. I'm preparing to try out for the college soccer team."

Valentina scoffed, which took the wind out of his sails, somewhat. Emma looked furious at the intrusion, but Francis was already at her side, pestering her to calm.

"Wonderful! And Emma, lovely to see you as well! You're so big! It's incredible! You look like you're carrying a house, but the most beautiful house there is."

Emma ground her teeth.

"By the moon, it's good to see you again. I hope . . . I hope it's good for you to see me as well."

Emma sighed, trying not to view Lily in the worst light, though she wasn't helping. Max was getting the distinct impression that Lily was quite the haughty one.

"It's . . . good to see you too, Lily, she managed. As for the bump, well, I can't say we expected a baby this late along in life, but a blessing is a blessing."

"It truly is a blessing," Francis said, placing a hand over his wife's shoulder.

Lily nudged her brother in the ribs. "Of course you'd say that, brother, you don't have to carry it. Or deal with swollen ankles. Or kicking in the night. Or exhaustion."

Emma actually felt oddly comforted by her sister-in-law's words . . . until the uninvited visitor spoke.

Valentina looked about. "Well, it's cool to meet you all. Um, I'll go and unpack. Where can I stay?"

Emma huffed. "I'm sorry, I didn't realise we'd get *another* person. Lily, you should have told me you had a plus one."

"Oh, honey, I didn't think you'd mind. Besides, she really is wonderful. She'll stay in my room, I swear. I need my apprentice. I really thought I'd told you."

Francis played peacekeeper with his sister. He took some of the luggage that Valentina was fiddling with and hefted it up. "Follow me," he said. "I'll show you to your room."

He left, and so did Valentina, though she did wave casually to Max. He was annoyed to realise the girl who had been dismissive of him a moment ago was actually quite

attractive, and her brief smirk made his heart flutter. To distract himself, he turned back to the crippling tension between his mother and Lily.

“Um, I’ve really got to ask something,” he said as the two passive-aggressively argued back and forth about Valentina’s status.

“What!?” Emma spat.

“What is it, dearie?” Aunt Lily said, far more casually.

“Well, uh, when you said ‘illusory’ before, and talked about ‘transformative’ stuff as well. Uh, what did you mean by that? Like, is that a metaphor, or do you do stage work or something?”

There was a protracted silence, during which Emma became crestfallen. The truth had to come out somehow, but she never expected it so soon. Aunt Lily, on the other hand, was finally without her cool, her mouth agape as she flicked her gaze back and forth between mother and son.

“Do you mean to tell me that you never told him what I do?” she said. “I know you don’t approve, Emma-”

“It’s far more than I don’t approve! It’s unnatural, and it’s chaotic! And all those difficulties you caused when Francis and I were dating, and then you upstaging our engagement party, not to mention the leadup to the wedding!”

“I know, I was a self-obsessed fool, vain and ridiculous! I’ve changed since then, and Francis has forgiven me. And I said sorry to you more times than I can count!”

“Not enough! I learned my lesson. What you do is grotesque!”

Max gestured wildly, trying to get their attention back. “What is? What’s grotesque!?”

Lily raised an eyebrow, but Emma just huffed and stormed off, muttering about needing to plan dinner for “this lovely family reunion.”

“What did she mean, Aunt Lily?” Max asked.

“Isn’t it obvious, dear?” the beautiful woman said, flicking her hair back dramatically. She touched a potted plant nearby and whispered some words, and it suddenly twisted and changed from its near-dead form, becoming a gorgeous set of vibrant purple roses to match her dress.

“I’m a witch,” she said, grinning.

“And she’s teaching me magic!” Valentina called from upstairs.

Part 2: Spells and Contracts

Max had a thousand questions. Francis did too, but he was aware of the moods of his wife and trying to keep them largely to himself. Emma had no questions at all, only judgement. And yet, as they all sat down for dinner, Lily showed no signs of the obvious tension in the air at all, instead being happy to discuss her magical powers as if it were just as ordinary as a plain old office job. Valentina beamed with pride whenever her mistress spoke, and it was clear that she was a dutiful apprentice.

“So you’ve always had magic?” Max asked. “Does that mean I can have magic too?”

It was easy to dislike magic when you didn’t have it, but Max was already considering the possibility of how better his life and its problems would be if he had a little arcane power.

“Of course, dear, didn’t your father or mother ever tell you about magical potential?”

Emma hadn’t, and it was possible that Lily knew this. Francis had drip fed bits to Max, but otherwise preferred not to wade into waters his wife found discomforting.

“We didn’t think it important,” the pregnant woman said as she took another piece of roast chicken and dipped it into the homemade gravy.

“Well, would you mind if I told him?”

Emma shrugged, but otherwise verbalised no response. Francis placed his hand on her lap under the table, trying to get her to smooth her emotions. Lily turned to her apprentice. “Actually, Valentina, you tell him. You know my story, and I want to hear you explain it. Think of it as a challenge.”

The tomboyish latina sat up straight, coughed, and seemed to recite her answer, her voice warbling only a little with nervousness.

“Magic potential is almost entirely limited to women. Though there are cases of male witches - known as warlocks - they are exceedingly rare, numbering less than one in ten thousand. This is with witches themselves already being very rare.”

Max slumped a little in his seat as Valentina continued.

“Potential is there from the beginning, as far as observation has been able to tell, but can only really be detected in the mid-toddler years - around three years old - when breaches of gravity and transformative magic and all that may accidentally take place. From there, the child can be raised by a chosen mentor in the ways of magic, as well as its regulations and restrictions, so that no illegal and unsanctioned use of magic is used.”

Francis scoffed. “I wish I’d known that when I was seven, and you turned my hair green.”

Lily gave a sympathetic grin. “I truly am sorry looking back on that, Francis. But . . .”

Valentina took the hint. “Technically, magic deemed ‘harmless’ and administered upon family members is usually considered lawful, particularly when one is juvenile.

Otherwise a witch's magical development would be hampered - it sort of usually just happens."

Emma rolled her eyes. "Just happens, sure. But not into adulthood." She reached forward to spear another potato, only for a sharp kick to the spine from her baby to cause her to drop the fork with a clatter. "Oh damn it!"

"Are you okay?" Francis asked.

"It's just the baby. Your baby. He's kicking me in the spine."

Valentina perked up. "I've got a spell that could-"

"NO!"

Emma and Lily both blinked. They had both said the same thing at the same time, and for a brief moment, seemed to be on the same page. Lily immediately calmed the situation.

"Sorry, my apprentice. Your magic is not there yet, and it would be inappropriate. This is my family, after all."

"Sorry, mistress."

The moment passed, and they ate in relative silence. Max burned to ask more questions, but it was Francis that shifted the conversation when Lily asked about his work.

"Oh, I'm sure it's much more boring than your line of work. I get to work from home most of the time, unless I'm meeting clients. I design websites for businesses that want online stores and other online services."

"Fascinating!"

"What about yourself, Lily? Emma never told me you were a witch. Are there different kinds of witches? Do you do the major repairs or the weather?"

She laughed again. "Oh, nothing so big and attention-seeking as that!"

Emma raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

"Basically," the witch continued, "and I'm trying not to be too flashy about this, but . . . I work in Hollywood."

Max nearly coughed up his soda. "*The Hollywood?* Like, in movies?"

She grinned. "The very same! It's how I met Valentina, actually. She was a young makeup specialist and I sensed potential in her. Basically, I cast spells for money for Hollywood productions. Sometimes it's just little illusions and fog effects if a machine doesn't work and they really need the shoot today, but my real specialty is in physical transformations. Remember *Starlight Guardian*?"

Max's jaw dropped. He liked the movie, but his best friend Corey was *obsessed* with it, and the tie-in game. "You worked on *that*!?"

"She made the aliens," Valentina said.

"Well, I made the transformations that made ordinary actors and extras *look* like aliens. That was quite a big magical effort for me! But that's a really out there job, and it took a lot of energy and a lot of contracts - magic works chiefly by consent and contract, you see. The more party to it, the more complicated it gets, especially if you're not magically trained up yet. What I mostly do is make actors a little more buff for a particular role, or taller - Tom Cruise, believe it or not, is a regular contractor for that one - and even for them to change sex."

This spurred a thought in Max. "Wait, there was a spate of movies a few years ago. Lots of female-led action flicks like *Blonde Kill* and *The Interrogator*. Lots of people praised the female leads, but they were nobodies, and I haven't-

Lily cackled. "I worked on *Blonde Kill*! Certainly, Vanessa Starling was my work. Or, as you might know her from a few small television roles, *Victor* Starling. *The Interrogator* was an actual woman though. Another witch in my work did help her muscle development, though."

Max's mind was already whirring. So she *could* make someone more muscular. Fitter. Perhaps even more likely to get onto the soccer team . . .

And judging from hot smoking hot the leads were in those two movies and many others he suspected had her or other witches working on them, she could also make people more attractive. Max was usually good with girls, but lately he'd been off his game and lacking confidence. And he'd never dated a girl outside his league before. Perhaps . . .

"So Aunt Lily," he ventured. "Does that mean you could use magic to make me-"

"Absolutely not, and don't even think of it," Emma said. "We have enough stress in this household, and magic isn't to be trusted."

"Emma, I would never use magic on your son," Lily said. "But you know magic isn't inherently bad, don't you? I *could* use it to help you, if you wish."

"Not in this house," the woman said. "Isn't that right, Francis?"

Francis sighed, clearly not wanting to rock the boat. "I'm sure a small demonstration would be okay, honey. She's my sister, and while I know there was the engagement party fiasco with the magical fireworks, I trust her."

"No."

"We'll see, Lily, maybe later," he tried, testing the waters. "Emma is very hormonal right now, so-"

Everyone winced. Valentina's eyes went wide. Emma calmly put her utensils down, raised herself from her chair carefully, and waddled away.

"Please, Emma, just wait!" Francis said. He got up out of his chair, as did Lily a few moments later. That left just Max and Valentina in the same room.

"Um, so what magic do you do?" he asked.

Valentina looked positively chuffed to answer the question. "Oh, so much, and not nearly enough! I'm seriously bursting to prove to my mistress that I can do more, especially transformative magics. Basically, it goes like this . . .

While that discussion went down, Emma had retreated to her bedroom upstairs, which was far from the dining room, and thus divided enough that her words would not be heard by Max.

"Hormones? Are you serious!? Hormones!"

Francis cringed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that. But you have been very irritable while pregnant. It's meant to be a beautiful thing, my love. A truly joyous thing. I just can't help but feel that if you really tried to enjoy our little miracle, you actually would."

"Enjoy it? That's easy for you to say, mister! You don't have to put up with swollen feet and sore boobs! You don't get woken up by little feet slamming against your freaking ribcage! And you don't have to deal with all the hormonal surges, the difficulty moving, feeling out of breath all the time, along with a million, million other things! And don't act like you don't want me to enjoy it just so you can have a little more sex! I've seen how you look at my boobs. They're not *for* you, pretty soon!"

Francis withered beneath his wife's angry monologue, to the point where he - and she too - did not notice Aunt Lily arriving on scene.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" she asked, and for once her tone lacked any dramatic flair. In fact, she seemed to be entirely sincere.

"Not unless you can use your chaotic magic to *remove* a bit of chaos from my life and give me a break," Emma declared. "Especially so this one can understand how different life is for me."

"I'd love to help you," Francis replied. "Truly, my love, I would do everything to take the burden of this pregnancy from you, if I could. I do mean that."

"But you can't, so it's a moot point!"

"I know, but I just thought, you know, if I could, then you know I would."

Emma snorted, folding her arms over her belly and beneath her pendulous breasts.

"Oh, I *wish* you could, so it seems we're in agreement over *that*."

At this point, Lily perked up again. "Fantastic!" she declared.

The two looked in her direction.

"Fantastic what?" they said in unison.

But Lily was already clasping her hands together, her hair starting to shift due to some ethereal wind. "Fantastic that I've arrived at the exact moment I can help the pair of you! Ah, I knew there was a reason you invited me, Emma, even if you didn't realise why."

"I did so because Francis insisted-"

“Because I’m going to give you exactly what each of you want. I’m going to give you some much-needed relief from your pregnancy burden, and I’m going to let my brother understand exactly what it’s like for you, all while letting him help you.”

“Oh no! No magic!”

But Francis didn’t have his wife’s bias against magic. He was intrigued. “You can do this?”

“Absolutely! I’ll do it right now, and the pair of you will finally understand one another - it’s the least an estranged witch-sister can do.”

Emma furrowed her brow. “I don’t like this. You know I hate magic. And I didn’t give you permission to do anything.”

“Well, there is the family clause that gives me greater leeway, and besides, you *did* give enough permission. You both agreed that you wished to help each other in this way, right in the presence of a wish. And so, with that in mind, and knowing it’s much easier to beg for forgiveness than ask for *true* permission, let me give you a crash course in understanding one another and fixing up your marital issues!”

Emma opened her mouth to reply, to shout at her sister-in-law to not interfere. But it was too late. The witch was speaking some strange, eldritch words, her eyes lighting up with the same vibrant violet purple as her dress, which itself was swirling around her feet from a sourceless gale. She extended her hands, speaking her strange tongue, and it drowned out any potential sounds from the married couple as beamed of violet light extended from Lily and spread around their forms, connecting them. These tethers only strengthened as they burrowed into the pair like tendrils, rooting them to the spot and then drawing out their own essence. Emma gasped; she could feel the very core of her being changing. Francis was the same, it was like someone had reached into his very soul and begun to transform it. The two shared a wordless look and then, suddenly-

“OHHH!!!”

“Sorry, the transformation can get quite . . . vivid,” Lily exclaimed.

The two groaned and grunted, moaned and whimpered as the changes began. Emma, who had bemoaned how weak and useless she had felt lately, was shocked to find that her form was suddenly lightened. She sighed in relief as the burden of her belly was relieved, as her breasts reduced down to their former B-cup size, as various aches and pains dissipated entirely.

“Oh, God, that’s so much better,” she managed to say, lowering her hands to her belly. It was only then that her eyes went wide. She wasn’t just feeling like she was losing her pregnancy mound, she was losing it!

“What the hell?”

The words hadn't come from her. Still surrounded in the violet light and tethered to Emma, Francis was changing far more than she could have imagined. While her pregnancy was seemingly reversing in time, Francis' entire form was softening and altering. His spine contracted, as did his limbs, and they did so in a liquid-like manner, like the man was made of children's playdough. His breath quickened as his pelvic structure changed shape, widening quite dramatically even as his shoulders contracted. His hair, which had been dark brown, took on a mousey quality as it spooled out from his scalp, settling over his shoulders.

"Wh-what's happening to m-meee!?" he cried. His normally fairly deep voice rose in octave as he shouted, becoming first androgynous and then outright feminine.

"Honey, something's happening to the baby! She's taking our baby!"

"Don't worry!" Lily called, still concentrating on the magic. "I'm doing nothing of the sort. I'm simply *relocating* it!"

Emma gasped as her body became almost entirely unburdened by pregnancy. She appeared to be little more than ten weeks or so pregnant, and her breasts were now too small for her bra's cups. Francis, meanwhile, was pawing at his chest, panting as the pressure there gave way.

"Am I growing *breasts!*?" he exclaimed, voice now entirely female. His face was rearranging, Adam's apple melting away and his somewhat scruffy face turning soft and hairless.

"Of course, brother!" Lily shouted, concentrating her spell further upon him, blooming his new bustline. "How else can I let you carry Emma's burden for a time, hmm?"

Francis' chest grew until they were undeniably breasts. His hips were shifting wider, wider, wider, even beyond Emma's dimensions, and his waist was contracting (for now). But even as his thighs became fuller and his arms thinner, it was his new set of boobs that concerned him the most. He tried to push them back in, only to nearly drool at their unexpected sensitivity. They surged forth, stretching his shirt as they grew, grew, then grew some more. They had to be at least D-cups by that point, prominent boobs that would certainly fill the hands of even a very large man. Francis was shocked by the clear weight and heft of them, and just as much by how his newly swollen nipples pressed against the outline of the shirt. This was matched by a discomfort between his thickened thighs, where his member was beginning to go numb.

"What do you m-mean carry her b-burden!?" he asked, desperately, hoping against hope that his suspicions weren't true.

"I would have thought that obvious, dear brother! I'm changing you to be the female version of yourself, capable of carrying the child you made together yourself, and giving my dear sister a break!"

"What, you can't just do - NGHH!!"

Any further retort was prevented by the next set of changes. The light faded from Emma as her body became completely her own again, pre-pregnancy, but it was only expanded over Francis as *he* expanded. He doubled over, clutching his stomach as the surface became taut. Something wrenched within him, a new organ forming even as his penis and testicles began to pull up inside him. It was, by far, the strangest, most alien sensation he'd ever experienced. It wasn't painful, unless one counted the painful wound it was inflicting upon his male ego, but there was a deep sense of discomfort as his stomach began to round out, rising and stretching and expanding like a souffle in the oven.

"Ohhhhhh, it's s-so weird! S-stop this, Lily! It's like - ahhh - I'm being f-filled up! Oh God, they were too big already! Mhmm!!"

In this case he was referring to his new breasts. Now that pregnancy was happening in fast forward upon his form, they too were expanding as a woman's did in the first and second trimesters, and then again in the third as he began to reach that. Even as his belly swelled and swelled, becoming shockingly heavy with the life that regrew within it, his D-cups jutting even further forward. They stretched the very fabric of his buttoned shirt until it could take no more, and then suddenly, one by one . . .

Ping!

Ping!

PING!

They shot off, and one even landed directly on Emma's forehead before sliding off. She barely even noticed as she witnessed her husband's transformation. The feminising man's face gained a slight chubbiness from pregnancy, but otherwise looked like a cute female version of him, glasses and all, but his body was shockingly curvy, especially given his new shortness. His ass was swelling, getting more *rondure* by the minute and making his trousers look snug in some places but very much not so in others. But all of that was eclipsed by the developments taking place at his front. Francis' chest now showed a deep line of cleavage well beyond even Emma's pregnancy boobs. To her estimation they had to be full F-cups, the kind that would overflow anyone's palms and sat like overripe cantaloupes - or bigger! - upon his chest. But even they were being dwarfed in size by his belly. The hem of his shirt rose, leaving it to hang out. The man gave a light and embarrassing squeak as his belly button popped out, and still it grew forth, making his midsection thicker. This was accompanied by a further widening of his hips.

"Oh God, I can f-feel it! I can f-feel a baby inside me! This is f-fucking insane! Oh God, and my di-ahhghhhh!!"

It pulled up inside him, forming a new tunnel that led all the way to his overstuffed womb. The final stages of his transformation finished, leaving him a mousey yet shockingly

curvy forty one year old pregnant woman, with a set of tits that looked like she was smuggling melons in her shirt, and a belly that looked ready to pop at any moment.

“Ah, better get you properly attired, of course!” Lily said before the magic could fade. She whispered a few new words in that strange language of hers, and Emma found her blue maternity dress pulling tight against her now-ordinary body, leaving it as simply . . . a dress.

Francis, on the other hand, was shocked to find that his trousers and shirt were joining together, remaking themselves into a single fabric. They changed to a pleasant green, his trouser legs fusing to become the end of a dress, and then loosening so that it was a flowing and refined maternity dress. A bra appeared beneath it, cupping his massive bosom and leaving a surprising amount of tantalising cleavage visible through the slight dip in its top. His arms were left entirely bare, exposing his - or rather, *her* - feminine shoulders, while the dress conformed to the shape of her new bump at the top before flowing straight down afterwards. It only seemed to emphasise further just how far along the new woman was in her new pregnancy.

“Done!” Lily declared, and this time the light did truly fade.

There was a moment of silence, and then . . .

“WHAT THE FUCK!?”

Emma almost had to block her ears from her husband’s - or was it wife’s now - exclamation. Her hands were on her flat stomach, marvelling at the freedom she felt, and that sense of relief warred with the anger in her heart.

“Change him back, now!”

“Don’t worry, it’s not permanent. I just thought you might like some time without all the pains of pregnancy, but the baby had to go somewhere, so why not the man who said he would like to help take on that very burden?”

At that moment, Max and Valentina rushed into the room, having overheard at last the loud shouts of his mother and some other woman upstairs. He skidded to a dramatic stop as he took in the scene before him though. From his perspective, his Mom was suddenly no longer pregnant, and there was a new woman who looked like a female version of his Dad who was not only *very* pregnant but almost distractingly voluptuous as well.

“What the hell?”

“Magic,” Valentina said, sniffing the air and seeming to sense it. “And I missed it! Drat, that’s not fair! I want to learn, Mistress Lily!”

“Sorry honey, this one was meant to be more private.”

“Change me back!” Francis declared, not used to his high and mousey voice - a voice that suited the rest of his voice. “And get this belly off of me! It’s heavy as hell!”

Even as frustrated as she was, Emma had to scoff at that. “Oh, you’ve had it just a few seconds, and suddenly it’s too heavy, huh?”

"I - I didn't mean that, honey. I just meant-"

"Dad!?" Max exclaimed. "That's *Dad!*? Why is he a woman? Why is he pregnant?"

"And why did I miss it!?" Valentina added.

"And why couldn't you warn us!?" Francis added, trying not to cup his new boobs. He grunted as something shifted inside him, and everyone's eyes went to his belly, which had the outline of squirming within it against the fabric of the dress. "Ohhhh, that f-feels so weird. Stop it! Stop it!"

The room descended into arguing. Max couldn't stop staring at his Dad, only to blush red and ask what was going on. Valentina was quizzing Lily over what spell was used, how she could use it, and if she could replicate it, pretty please please please. Lily was fending off both of them, all while dealing with an agitated Francis, who was trying to calm the baby he was never meant to carry. And Francis was finding himself very emotional all of a sudden, tears nearly leaking from his eyes as his sentences all blurred together in an emotional plea to undo this.

Everyone was talking over one another, except for Emma. She had intended to launch into a tirade against her sister-in-law, particularly her inappropriate use of magic that had proven once more that she had never changed. But now Francis' curvy form was catching her eye.

"I've seen you before," she said to her feminised husband, her voice lost in the chaos. "I know you."

She moved closer to her husband, who was biting his lip as he rubbed his massive mound, trying to calm his baby.

"I've seen you!" she repeated, voice rising. "I know you! WHY DO I KNOW YOU!?"

The room fell silent. Francis and Lily suddenly both looked very guilty.

"You're Rose," Emma said. "Aren't you? Or has it been you all along?"

Lily coughed. "Look, I can explain about Rose-"

Emma whirled to face the witch. "*You* knew my husband was Rose, too? You knew!?"

"Who the hell is Rose?" Valentina said. "I seriously feel like I'm lacking context here."

Max almost smirked beside her. "Join the club."

"Rose is the woman who was . . . very close to me back in college," Emma said, staring wide-eyed at Francis. "We got along like no one I've ever met . . . at least until Francis. I knew her for about six months, and then suddenly she went low contact, then *no* contact. I was distraught. I had lost someone deeply close to me. And then, out of nowhere, I met the man who would become my husband."

The epiphany hit everyone in the room, except for Lily and Francis, who already knew this particular play's ending.

“Except I’d already met him, hadn’t I?” Emma spat, now *glaring* at the feminised Francis. “She was *you*. Or you were *her*. Or whatever it was. It’s true, isn’t it? Don’t lie to me.”

Francis was hardly able to look her in the eyes. Instead, he stared down at his female form . . . an older, more pregnant form of a woman he had been before.

“It’s true,” he admitted.

Emma screamed. Max and Valentina both had to put their fingers in their ears.

“Magic everywhere!” she exclaimed. “Magic ruining fucking everything!”

She started to storm off.

“Where are you going?” Francis asked.

“I’m going to bed.”

“But this is our-”

“The couch bed! We’ll talk about this tomorrow. For now, Lily was right about one thing: *you* can carry my burden for a bit, until you’ve atoned for deceiving me. But I’m not going to force a pregnant woman to sleep on the couch, so I’ll take it. Even when I’m finally comfortable again I can’t be comfortable again.”

This time she stormed off for real, leaving Francis, and the rest of them, very confused.

Lily turned to look at Francis. “*I told you this would blow up one day*. You need to tell your wife that the whole Rose thing was your idea.”

Francis grimaced. “I thought I’d keep it a secret from everyone. I have to deal with this. Are you sure I can’t change you back?”

“Not without the permission of both parties.”

Max and Valentina exchanged a look.

“I, uh, think we should probably retreat,” he said.

Magic, it seemed, was just as unpredictable and unable to help him as he’d thought.

To Be Continued . . .