

# The Transformation Story Archive

## Spells 'R' Us

### Perfect Pair

**by Anonymous**

"I mean like, the man's an animal." "I'm sorry, What kind of an animal did you say he was?" "I mean like, he drinks straight from the milk carton. It's so disgusting" "Oh, you don't mean a literal animal."

"What? No, I mean he should have been born an animal. I swear he was raised in a barn. He never puts anything away until I start to bitch about it. His table manners are atrocious.... I swear, I can't even stand to watch him eat any more."

"You did say that you were married."

"Not for much longer at this rate."

"I see. Well, what is it you think I can do for you? Are you looking for a love potion?"

"Or something. Your sign says 'Spell R Us', what would you suggest? Do you think you can fix our marriage? I swear, I don't even see anything for sale in here, what do you actually sell?"

"Everything you can imagine. Just hypothetically speaking, if your husband were an animal, what kind do YOU think he would be?"

"She's a world class bitch. If you ever met her you'd want to put a muzzle on her just to shut her up."

"(I swear...)"

"Huh? What was that?"

"Nothing, please continue, I'll be through mixing this up in just a minute"

"Oh, like I was saying, bitch, bitch, bitch. All day, all night. 'Put that away... Don't drink from the carton...' Hell, I bought that carton, I'll drink from it any damn way I please."

"Finished. Now, you have the instructions, be sure to follow them exactly."

"No sweat, 'Just mix in any water based drink like Ice Tea or Lemonade'."

"And all she has to do is drink a little of it. It's very powerful, but don't worry about drinking it yourself, it will only affect her."

"Yeah, by the way, what all will it do to her? You're sure it will make her love me? Will she get Horny?"

"Oh yeah. All that... and more. But don't worry, everything will be fine."

"Great. How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing right now. If you're satisfied, just send me whatever you think it was worth."

"Hell, If it'll fix our marriage, so her Lawyers don't clean me out, I'd give you our first born child."

"Something like that."

"Huh, What?"

"Nothing, Never mind."

John was just inside the kitchen, holding a small bag of white powder. "Man, if the cops saw this they would bust me for just having it". He opened the refrigerator and right in front was a large freshly made pitcher of Ice-Tea. "This is great," he thought, "I don't even have to whip anything up". Holding the pitcher in both hands, he quietly slurped down a half a dozen mouthfuls. Then he poured a glass, dumped the powder into the glass, and stirred it as it dissolved. John thought about trying some himself, he certainly wasn't against a cheap high now and then, but since the old man said it would only affect her, he decided not to waste it. He was about to carry the glass to his wife, but decided to pour another for himself so that she would not suspect a thing. It wasn't his style to just bring her out a drink. He set the drink casually in front of her on the dining room table.

"Honey, use a coaster."

Shit... "It's on the table cloth."

"I know, but it will condense, and ruin the table anyway." Joan said. "They're in the kitchen by the toaster."

John kept his drink in his hand. No telling what that bitch might do, all he needed was for her to drink the wrong glass and waste all of his efforts. Damn, the tea was sweet. As John returned with a coaster and his half-empty glass, Joan looked up from his hand and smiled, then she took a small drink of her tea and set the drink down on the coaster. John smiled at his wife and drank the rest of his tea. She had a funny look on her face. Slowly Joan looked back down at her tea. Damn it.... She's on to me, John thought, the old jerk said it was tasteless, a cold sweat starting to break out on him. Instead, she picked up her glass and took a larger gulp, licking her lips at the end. The queasy feeling in John's stomach relaxed but didn't go away. He finished his glass and smiled a sick smile as Joan finished hers. Joan had left the small store in the mall and headed home. Her husband would not be home for a few more hours. After a round of golf he would be thirsty and Ice-tea was the only thing he would drink that didn't come straight out of a can or carton. When John came in she had listened closely to him in the kitchen. She heard him drink from the pitcher and cringed. Then she heard him get out a glass and fill it. She smiled, it could not have worked that fast, she was sure, but it was a good sign. Even better, he had poured a glass for her. Joan had no intention of trying the stuff but his thoughtfulness was a great sign, Perhaps it was working already, after all the old man had claimed it was magic. John was looking at her... the stuff would only affect him, the old man had said, so she took a small sip. Its taste was cool and it left a funny feeling in her stomach that made her very... thirsty? She finished her glass of tea; no it made her feel sleepy. That was fine. John had a silly smile on his face and looked like he was getting sick. That was fine as well. John walked over to the middle of the room and sat on the floor. His face still had the little smile, but it rocked with other expressions. If he was going to be sick he should be at the sink Joan thought, but... the... living room... was... fine... everything was just fine... She was having waves of odd feelings washing over her. She didn't feel sick, but she didn't feel well either. She got out of the chair and lay on the floor. Her whole skin was tingling, her stomach had butterflies, and her head was reeling.

Neither Joan nor John felt any change, neither one even realized that any change had taken place. Neither one noticed the old man from the mall standing in their living room. They did notice him when he put collars on their necks. But this was fine, everything was fine. They were happy when he slipped leashes on their collars, they were going out for a walk.

They walked for several minutes both well behaved and happy to be out walking. They got to a place with other dogs and the man they were walking with handed the leashes to someone else along with some other things. And although they could not understand what was being said, they both heard the men talking.

"You weren't kidding, They sure are a perfect pair"

"They were made for each other, and remember, I get the first puppy."

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