

## Karens (Friends to Karen, Bratty Daughter TG AP/AR)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*While window shopping at a mall, a pair of friends get magical coupons that slowly turn them into part of the department stores loyal clientele of bratty teen girls and their Karen moms. Sure, they have an attitude, but as our changing characters find, they're increasingly willing to spend big . . . which only speeds up the transformations!*

### Karens

Eric chuckled as he pointed at the short-haired older woman arguing with the beleaguered teenager behind the counter.

“Check out this Karen!” he announced to Robert, who everyone just called Rob.

“Oh man, she’s got the haircut, the bleached blonde hair, the polo shirt and everything. And man is she giving it to that guys.”

“Are polo shirts part of that stereotype?” Eric said, before slurping from his soda.

“I thought it was. I don’t know. Hey, I get the last chip if she says, ‘I’d like to talk-”

“-to your manager!” the woman screeched, causing the teenager to scurry.

The two boys chuckled, and Eric magnanimously allowed Rob to eat the last chip.

The two young men were relaxing in the local megamall, choosing to skip their college classes to instead enjoy some food, relaxation, and to window shop both some stuff they wanted, as well as the ladies. Eric had brown hair and was a bit more athletic than his friend, and tended to wear shirts and shorts to show it off. He had some success in the girls department, but tended to overrate it. Rob, on the other hand, was slightly overweight and wore glasses. He liked to be on his phone, and tended to play video games in his spare time, something Eric also enjoyed even though he was a bit more of an outdoorsy type. Today, they were on the lookout for a drone for Eric, and a new game called *Sellsword* for Rob.

Right now though, their attention was on the comedic sight of a rather stereotypical woman - a rather attractive one in her early forties - arguing with an anxious manager. She was very much the ideal and infamous ‘Karen’: a woman who appeared to be middle or upper-middle class, suburban aesthetic, and clearly with an entitled and demanding personality that put others down who were ‘beneath’ her. Given how much the pair of young men liked to insult and giggle over such women, this was a real treat.

“She’s kinda hot, you know,” Eric said.

“Yeah, well check out her bratty daughter coming this way. She looked like a real catch.”

“Dude, she looked like sixteen.”

“No way, with tits like that and a face like that? Eighteen, maybe nineteen.”

Rob chuckled. Eric was a real hounddog, but he'd gotten in trouble flirting with a girl who turned out to be underage before, and he'd never let his friend live it down since.

“If you say so, Casanova.”

“Shut up, dude. I won't make that mistake again. Oh . . . definitely not. Phone bitch alert.”

Rob cringed. Yeah, regardless of her age - she definitely had to be eighteen at least, he decided - the girl instantly lost her attractiveness as she took up rank beside her mom and got out her phone . . . only to start filming the manager.

“My *Mom* says there should be a discount!” she declared in a shrill voice. “There was a coupon! I have evidence! What do you have to say for yourself? This is, like, going on all my socials! We're going to name and shame you if you don't let us have some percentage off on those dresses!”

Eric and Rob almost wished they had popcorn. Rob, being a bit of a phone addict himself, took out his own in order to record what was going on.

“Phone recordception,” he joked, looking forward to uploading this to Reddit later. The public freakouts subreddits were going to *love* this content, and he was a regular poster there.

“You and your drama farming, man,” Eric said, chuckling.

“Hey, content is content, right?”

They watched the display unfold, the mother unloading her entitled, squawky-voiced tirade upon the sweating manager, while her daughter egged her on and then demanded her mother get her even *more*, since she was obviously being such a good daughter. Both men got the impression that she was a total brat, and had probably already stolen some things from the store already, to judge how protectively she was carrying her purse.

“Should we inform the store?” Eric asked.

“Nah,” Rob replied, shutting off the video. “Never become part of the subject. Rule of filming one-oh-one.”

“Oh, sure thing, Mr Spielberg.”

“I'm more of a Villeneuve guy, but I'll take it. Shall we head off? Looks like the Karen and her brat got what they wanted, now it's our turn to window shop a little.”

Eric agreed, though he was quick to remind his friend of the real goal: “Remember, we're just here to find the cool shit we want. We can order it cheaper online later.”

“You are such a hater on the little guy.”

Eric shrugged. “What can I say? Money makes the world go round. And I want to spend the least amount possible on the best drone I can find.”

“Fuck yeah.”

They left their litter behind them on the mall table, despite the fact that a trash receptacle was just a couple of feet away, and got moving. Neither saw the irony in mocking the behaviour of the two women and then behaving like this themselves.

But perhaps soon they would.

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The department store looked newish. Neither Eric nor Rob had been to the mega mall for a month or so, so they were surprised to see an entirely new and rather impressive goods store that seemed to cater to just about everything, from clothes to beds to gadgets to women’s stuff to toys to gardening supplies and more. It was called *New Goods*, and while the name was generic, the enormous red lettering sticking out above the entrance was quite bold.

“Damn, this looks snazzy,” Eric said.

“Think you might even buy something here?”

“Only if they have a good deal. Otherwise, I’ll undercut them like hell. I just want to price match, man. Find that sweet drone so I can spy on Madeline Macey’s pool parties from above.”

“Ah, forever the pervert.”

“Says the guy with the camera. Come on!”

The two of them entered New Goods, eyes bright at the impressive displays around them. There really did seem to be an aisle for everything, and the place occupied three floors of the mega mall, making it quite the expansive location. Oddly, many of the customers seemed to cut from the same cloth, and it was a cloth that the pair found rather amusing: there was a large abundance of attractive, short-haired women in their late thirties and early forties, mostly in jeans and shirts or suburban-style soccer mom dresses, as well as an abundance of teenage girls, all of whom seemed to radiate the same brattiness as the girl Rob had filmed earlier.

“Jeez, are we sure this is a ‘store for everybody’, like the sign says?” Rob asked.

“Because this place seems to be attracting all the Karens and future-Karens.”

They overheard one of them already screeching, venting to their daughter about how ridiculous it was that *“my favourite conditioner doesn’t come in the large size”* while the daughter just yawned and headed off her own way to a gaggle of other girls who were taking dresses off some of the dolls.

“Yeah, you’re not wrong,” Eric said. “But at least some of these older ladies are hot, right?”

Rob smirked. "Not wrong. Check out the tits on that one."

They both took a moment to ogle before proceeding to the escalator. They were heading for the second floor which was where a lot of the gaming platforms and tech gear would be, but when they reached it, they were surprised to find a man dressed like a porter, complete with red and gold trim outfit, waiting for them.

"Welcome to New Goods!" he announced enthusiastically. "Would you like some coupons?"

"Coupons?" Eric asked. "What for?"

"Oh, we're well aware that some of our customers like to peruse and order online later, and that's entirely their right! But we will match and beat any price on a limited number of items! These coupons will allow you to do so: one coupon per one item!"

Eric and Rob exchanged a glance. It was like this business was reading their mind.

"Sure thing," Rob said. "We'll take the coupons."

"Wonderful! Just use your phone to find the better price online, and then input the code for our coupon on the nearest store screen. Works a treat! In fact, it has given us a most magical, most loyal customer base!"

The two thanked him and moved on. The man had seemed a bit *too* enthusiastic, but at least he'd given them the opportunity to get some awesome stuff right now.

"Dude, there's so many coupons here," Rob said. "We've got like, ten each! We should check out the men's fashion section before looking at games. I've been needing new shirts for months but can't get them cheap."

Eric shrugged. "Sure, why not. I feel a weird itch to try and update my wardrobe too."

Neither of them noticed, but those little red and gold coupons in their hands shone for a brief moment. Already infused with magic, they were starting to affect the boys. A department store is a dying thing in the modern world, after all, so this particular business had decided on using secret magic to get ahead. There were side effects, of course, and not all of them pleasant, but a clientele who could be loyal, big-paying customers were more than worth it.

Rob and Eric began trying on shirts. They were fairly quality designs, though outside of their pay ranges, but using their phones they could easily find the same shirts at half-price on Amazon. Eric tried to the nearby console screen by the aisle, and sure enough, he was able to level the price to even below that online. He scanned his coupon, and a receptacle in the machine opened to receive it, spitting out a little tag to stick on the shirt.

"Holy shit! It says it's not only fifteen dollars! This is nuts!"

"Hell yeah," Rob said. "I need to try this!"

He did so for a black shirt compared to Eric's light red one. Sure enough, he was able to get an even better price than Eric.

“Damn, this store is amazing!” he announced.

But as he inserted the coupon, something seemed to flicker. Neither noticed, but both of their little red-and-gold slips had brightened, shining like little paper stars as they were inserted into the consol.

“Ughh,” Eric groaned, clutching his head.

“Wha-what?” Rob said, holding onto the console so as not to slip over.

Something strange happened to their bodies as they dealt with the brain fog. Eric’s hair lightened, the roots turning blonde. His Adam’s apple slimmed a little, and the same was true of Rob, whose hair also lightened, though it gained a slight red tinge to it. Both men grunted as their nipples distended a little, throbbing as mass began to form behind them, Eric’s especially. Their hips subtly widened, almost imperceptibly, but it led to them feeling a little uncomfortable in their jeans. Most prominently, however, was the change to their lips: Eric’s became full and womanly, while Rob’s were not quite as obvious, but certainly were much more feminine. Their eyebrows also shifted: Eric’s looked teased, almost too much so, while Rob’s were thicker and had a fine arch to them.

“Wow, I just felt weirdly faint,” Eric said.

“Yeah, me too,” Rob said, rubbing his throat. “My voice sounds a bit weird.”

“Mine too,” Eric said. “Do you feel a bit different too?”

Rob did, but couldn’t quite quantify how. He looked over himself; was his stomach slimmer? He was usually overweight, but didn’t look so now, except for the manboobs that were a bit bigger than he remembered.

“Um, maybe? I think I just need new jeans. These ones are too tight.”

“Mine too! Why don’t we search for new ones before we get our drone and game?”

They searched through a number of articles but couldn’t find anything that really fit well around their hips. It was as if they were all too tight in that department. That was, until Rob retrieved a pair that looked much better.

“I reckon these will be less snug!”

“Dude, those are women’s jeans?”

Rob frowned. “I - I don’t think they are. Besides, I feel like I should just try them, right? Might as well find out what fits.”

The argument seemed to have holes in it from Eric’s perspective, but he couldn’t exactly figure out what the holes were. He took the jeans from his friend, examined them, and sighed.

“Fine, so long as no one finds out that we’re doing this.”

They both retreated to their stalls and tried them on. Sure enough, they did fit much better, though this time the band for the waist and the amount of availability in the rear was

too loose. Better than being cramped, at least. Both men exited to see each other, and they both chuckled at the other.

“Dude, I can’t believe we’re doing this!” Rob announced.

“It was your idea. How much are these, anyway?”

He checked online, and found that he could get them for only twenty five dollars. “No way this works a second time,” he said.

“Dude, they don’t quite fit! Don’t waste a coupon!”

“Please, there’s like ten of them each. I just want to see if it actually works a second time. It’s not like I’m paying money until I get it to the counter, right, *honey?*”

Rob nodded. His friend made sense, though he didn’t pick up on how weird it was to be called ‘honey.’ Eric went through the same process with the coupon, and again it shone for a moment as it was inserted. Sure enough, he could lower the price to nineteen bucks.

“Damn, what are mine worth, then?” Rob asked. He could get his even lower: fifteen bucks. The act of inserting the coupon filled him with a thrill; when had shopping ever been so fun?

Again, that ripple in reality came over them, and the two men moaned and groaned, swaying a little. This time, the changes were more dramatic and distinguishing. For Rob, his midsection slimmed down further, leaving his stomach quite petite and his shirt overly-large. The real changes were even further down than that, however, because his rear suddenly reshaped itself. It lost its flabby excess, reducing in size and certainly losing all those hairs. It became firmer, a little more athletic. It wasn’t flat, but neither was it large in size, though it did retain a slight peachiness to its shape. His hips creaked wider almost audibly, until finally not only did the jeans fit, but fit *perfectly*.

Eric was also changing there. His stomach muscles, the hard-earned abs he’d worked for, melted away even as his waist actually thickened a little. It was softer now, not fat but having a slightly maternal look to it, the kind of tummy an older woman might expect after birthing a child or two when she was younger. Such an appearance was only increased with the changes to his hips and rear. Unlike Rob’s, they actually *ballooned* in size, growing and filling in and rounding out until the athletic young man now had a ‘dump truck’ that all the boys would like to see, and a pair of wide hips that definitely had a ‘mommy’ look to them. He gasped a little as the changes finalised, and again when it ended, there was a feeling of confusion.

“Okay, why do I keep feeling all faint and stuff?” Rob asked. “I swear, this place is just, *like*, way too weird! I seriously think we should shoplift some bras just to teach them a lesson.”

“I agree, *honey*,” Eric said, voice again a bit higher, just like his friend’s. Something about him looked older now, slight wrinkles now visible on his face, a maturity to his features

as his baby fat had melted away. "I'm not sure what's going on here, but it really makes me want to *speak to the manager!*"

There was a brief pause between the two of them.

"Dude, did you just, *like*, call me 'honey'?" Rob asked.

"I - no! Why would I do that?"

"And you were asking to speak to the manager! Like a total Karen!"

"Well, I'm not the one who just suggested stealing bras! What do you need with bras anyway?"

"I'm not on my trainers anymore, *Mom! God!*"

Again, that awkward pause.

"Did - did you just call me your 'Mom'?"

Rob turned bright red. He put a hand through his reddened hair, which had gotten longer. "N-no! Look, let's just go get my game and your drone and get out of here. This place is giving me the heebie jeebies."

They left the clothing section, though both changing men couldn't help but turn their heads at the selection of bras. Without thinking, Rob grabbed one, hoping Eric wouldn't notice. It was just a B-cup, though how he knew that was beyond him. Of course, Eric was doing the exact same thing, secretly grabbing a much larger E-cup grab and quickly stashing it in the middle of a shirt he also grabbed.

"What was that?" Rob asked.

"Just grabbing another shirt, same as you."

"From the women's section?"

"It's for my sister. Why did you grab yours, *honey?*"

"None of your business!" Rob snapped, voice going high and reedy, like that of a bratty teenage daughter. "God, I swear, you ask so many questions!"

"You started this!"

"Let me just use up my coupon and get sorted and then we can get our stuff."

It was a march of a million steps, it seemed, because once more the pair had to stop at the changing stations. This was the biggest leap yet. Both now had feminine shirts - a cute pink blouse for Eric and a long sleeve black crop top for Rob - not to mention *bras*. And yet, for all that they were both detecting something wrong with what was happening, both felt compelled to try the clothing on. Eric took off his shirt and noticed, to his surprise, that his nipples were indeed swollen, and the flesh below them puffy. He poked it a few times and winced at the sensitivity. He really did need support.

"I'm just being a bit silly," he said to himself. "Trying on a bra. It's a . . . a prank! Just a prank. Acting like a total Karen for kicks, right?"

His expression in the changing stall mirror wasn't too convincing. Worse, he noticed a feature he hadn't before: a little console to his right where he could use a coupon. Wait, was that a card scanner? Had he been *paying* for this stuff all along? He blinked, unsure of what to make of this.

"*Honey*," he said over the stall to Rob. "Have we been buying this stuff?"

"Like, I think so," came the reply. "I didn't realise I was doing it, but my bank account has changed."

"Mine too!"

"Well, we're not buying bras, right?"

"*Like*, why would you say that? We're just trying on shirts, haha!"

It was a forced laugh, because without thinking, Rob had already put on a bra. He was cupping his meagre chest, almost willing it to grow, and admiring the way the black straps merged with the black of his crop top.

"Since when could I totally show off my sexy midriff?" he asked aloud.

"What was that, *honey*?"

"Nothing, *Mom!*"

Eric collected himself. He put on the bra, easily getting the latch at the back without even needing to focus on it. It came to him like a second nature. The prominent E-cups made his form look ridiculous.

"This is too much," he whispered to himself, a chill going down his spine. "Something wrong is happening here. I don't know what it is but it is *unacceptable*. I deserve *better* than this. I'll have a word with the owner of this place and get it *ironed out* because-

He gasped. Without even thinking he had inserted the coupon into the machine. He hadn't even looked for a bargain. Hell, he hadn't even checked the price of the large bra, though he could imagine it would be quite expensive. The little paper flickered strangely, and this time he caught it.

"*Riley!*" he called, "there's something weird about the coupons!"

"I know *Mom*, ugh! I already figured that out, *God!* Mine just went all bright and weird and now - now - oohhhh!"

"What's going - ahhhh! Mhmmm!"

This time the changes weren't just dizzying, they were unnaturally and reluctantly *pleasurable*. Rob bent over and his shoulders slimmed down, his limbs becoming more delicate. He was reverting in age back to that of an eighteen year old, but no longer a male eighteen year old. His manhood stiffened between his thighs, but then began to shrink down a little. The much larger changes were, of course, upon his chest. He thrust said chest out, feeling a terrific pleasure there, and suddenly a pair of breasts began to *bloom*, expanding outwards even as his nipples grew just a little larger. They filled the cups perfectly, lifting up



to produce noticeable cleavage in the low v-neck of the long sleeved crop top. He grabbed them, massaging the flesh and moaning in unwanted delight.

“What the f-uuuuuhhhh . . .”

He knew it was wrong, but wasn't it also right? Shouldn't he have breasts? God, why did he have such small ones? Sure, they were bigger than Hayley Altman's but nowhere near Stacey Ackermann's, she had the best tits on campus! It wasn't fair that she had small B's when her own mother had-

“Eeeeeeee-cuuuuuups!” Eric cried, trying to keep his voice hushed even as his chest expanded mightily. Unlike Rob/Riley, whose breasts were a big change but not a *big* change, Eric's boobs surged forth, gaining weight and roundness, becoming a pair of perfect oversized cantaloupe that wobbled and bounced even in the confines of the bra. It was a snug fit, and the fact that his body had changed to accommodate them: slimmer upper body, less muscular shoulders, etcetera, only made them more prominent. His thighs had a jiggle to them too, legs and arms thicker than that of his . . . her *daughter's*, but that was merely because she was now forty years old, of course!

Wait, *what?*

Erica cupped her enormous breasts. They were so huge, so lovely. A shame that her own daughter didn't inherit her 'gifts.' Of course, they had doubled in size after breastfeeding, but still, there was no denying their allure. She just wished she wasn't so thick-waisted or have so much junk in the trunk. Though apparently that was popular among men these days? Perhaps she didn't have much to complain about. With that in mind, she placed her new blouse on, checking the coupon on that just as Rob was also doing at the very moment, and the pleasure only increased.

“Mhmmm, ahhhhh, yessss. This will I-look g-good! Ahhh . . .”

“I will look, like, soooooo cute in this,” Riley said in her own stall. “I bet all the boys will look at me. I'll totally steal Abby's boyfriend and make him my b-boytoy! Mhmm . . .”

Now that their chests were grown in, the rest of their forms altered even further. Riley gained a much more petite figure, all slim and cute, her feet dainty and hands cute with perfect nails. Erica was a bit more maternal, of course, but she too gained a very womanly figure, to the point where she would easily catch gazes from men walking past . . . as she always had, right? Their faces altered subtly further: Riley's eyes enlarged and her nose became button cute, but there was also a mischievous meanness to her expression as well. Erica gained a similar expression, though perhaps it was more haughty and entitled, with high cheekbones and a dignified jawline. Her hair grew further, but not much: she had the shorer 'Karen cut.' Riley's hair, on the other hand, was now fully ginger, and flowed down her shoulders, looking like something out of a shampoo commercial.

Both women regarded themselves in the mirror when the dizziness and pleasure passed. Both were very impressed with what they say . . . for just a few moments. And then the remnants of their male egos *screamed*. Erica and Riley *burst* out of their stalls, coming face to face with one another.

“Riley!”

“Erica!”

“You’re an older woman! Like a total MILF!”

“And you look like a teen alpha bitch or something!”

“I’m - no! I still have my dick!”

“Same! But I’ve got these huge tits!”

“Ugh, why didn’t I inherit those! It sucks that I didn’t get your big tits!”

Erica gaped. “What the hell are you saying, *honey*?”

“I’m saying - I don’t know what I’m saying! What the hell is happening to us!”

“It’s the coupons,” Erica realised. “Something about them is magical. God, I hate this kind of marketing. I swear, I will *sue this place into the ground for this!*”

“Moooooom! Don’t embarrass me with your outbursts!”

“I don’t make outbursts, I . . . I’m your Mom? You’re my daughter? Holy shit, I can’t stop thinking of you as my daughter Riley!”

Riley was panicking by this point, breathing heavily and causing her B-cup breasts to rise and fall on her chest. “And I can’t stop thinking of you as my bitchy Mom named Erica!”

“Hey, *mind your language!*”

Riley put up her hands. “We need to get out of here. It’s like we’re turning into that Karen and her daughter from earlier. Just like . . .”

The pair looked down the aisle to see two other pairs of women who matched their own descriptions. One pair was a dark-skinned mother and her daughter, both complaining about service, and the latter were dark-haired and had piercings and tattoos for aesthetics, but the gist was the same. A whole consumer base of entitled early-middle aged women and their bratty daughters.

“We’re becoming like them,” Erica said. “Okay, honey, we’re getting out of here!”

“But m-my game!”

“Are you serious?”

“Just - let’s get it on the way! It’s soooo not fair if I don’t get it, Mom. It’s all I want!”

“Fine, but on the way out! No more coupons!”

Alas, the magic was stronger by this point. Erica and Riley darted through the game section to find *Sellsword*, but strangely it always seemed another aisle away, through yet another women’s section. Despite their intense fear and need to get out, the temptations were simply too great, almost as if every exit was tailored to cause further change. Without

even meaning to, the pair purchased some lipstick and foundation to update their looks, even using some at the sample desks.

"I shouldn't have to wait for other people to get my turn!" Erica snapped at the weary worker.

"Ugh, Mom! Stop being such a bitch! It's not like this place is all that nice anyway. Their products are so shit. I'll take the ruby one, thanks."

"Honey, that's way too slutty!"

"Moom, that's a good thing!"

They both caught themselves on their bizarre comments, but only *after* they'd used their products and used their coupons. A direct result was that their faces 'finished' developing: both now had heart-shaped faces and womanly features. Erica looked like a very attractive MILF and Rob like a very pretty young adult with a resting bitch face. She even had darker eyeshadow, hinting at her fashionista and devilish new persona.

"Wait, what the fuck are we doing?" she suddenly cried.

"Making ourselves fashionable, *darling*," Erica said. "We need these servicepeople around us to recognise some actual class, don't you th - wait. No. You're right. Gah!"

She flung the lipstick she was using away . . . right into her handbag. She had already paid for it, after all, and with a shining magical coupon as well.

They proceeded forwards, trying to escape the compulsions that were now sweeping over them. Erica's heart raced as she tried to stay ahead of those compulsions and keep her own mind, but a strong haughtiness was creeping in, a desire to be in charge and get what *she* wanted, regardless of who else was waiting. She barged through a young couple, snapping at them to respect a woman of achievement, while her daughter quickly uploaded her embarrassment on social media to all the followers she hadn't possessed just twenty minutes ago. Without even meaning to, the pair emerged from the shoe section. Riley now had click-clacking heels that looked far too mature for her new self, while Erica had feminine sandals that only emphasised her suburban soccer mom look.

"Damn it!" she snapped. "We're only changing more and more, *honey*. I swear, it's like my - my *member* is getting smaller!"

"Ugh, don't mention that, *Mom!* I don't want to think about the fact that I'm going full girl! I swear I'll have a total bitchfest when it goes, if I'm even myself anymore! Ugh!"

She swept aside several tupperware products onto the floor, lashing out at New Goods.

"It's this stupid store and these dumb freakin' coupons! We need to throw them away!"

But neither of them could. They remained in their hands and purses, there for the using regardless of what their flailing male selves wanted. Even their movements were

starting to change: Erica was letting her hips sway and habitually placing her hands on them, thrusting out her chest expectantly when she *demanded* one of the local workers tell her how to get out of here.

“I - I’m sorry, the exit is this way.”

“I just came here to buy a drone, *young man*, and the incompetence of this store has put me through - through such changes that a respectable woman like myself just does *not deserve!* And frankly, I deserve *more coupons as a result!*”

Her eyes went to Riley, who looked just as aghast. Their sentences were going beyond their control at this point. The young daughter, who was now habitually flicking through her socials and taking selfies seemingly three times a minute, rolled her eyes - another new habit.

“Ugh. Mom, stop being a pest! Let’s just hurry up and buy the shit I came here for. You promised you’d get me a treat.”

“Of course dear, as soon as this *young man* helps us as he *should.*”

“Right down this aisle and then to the left, ma’am,” the poor young man said.

“Good! Took you long enough! C’mon honey, chop-chop!”

Riley rolled her eyes but followed along.

“Sorry, my Mom can be such a total Karen bitch,” she muttered to him, eliciting a smile. She could tell he thought she was cute. He wasn’t, but maybe she could get some freebies by stringing him along, who knew?

“Need to get out of here,” Erica said. “Need to get out - hang on, are we missing something? Where’s the gaming aisle? Where’s the drones?”

The sign had said they were close to the technology section, but instead they had come upon yet another series of female products, and these ones were the most threatening of all. Riley peered past her mother and gasped. It was the lingerie aisle, and there was some rather comfortable looking female underwaer on special.

“No! No way! No fucking way! No!”

“Perhaps we try . . . just one?”

“No! Get ahold of yourself, *Mom!* If we put those on we’ll change complete and never go back! I don’t want a pussy, damn it!”

Erica didn’t either. But she also did. But she didn’t. But *she did*. She swallowed, trying to steady herself, but looking down only reminded herself of just how female she was; her top button was undone to reveal just a hint of her impressive cleavage, and the rest of her was so damn female. The same could be said of her petite daughter.

“N-no,” she grunted. “This isn’t . . . me. I’m Eric. I’m a damn w-womaniser, not a woman. And certainly n-not a damn K-Karen!”

“Exactly!” Riley exclaimed, cheering her Mom on. “And I’m Rob! I’m a gamer, not some social media addicted alpha bitch! I certainly don’t want to be captain of the cheerleading team!”

“And I don’t want to find a nice man who gives me nice things and knows how to treat a queen.”

“And I don’t want to just ditch class and makeout with Stephen Evans under the bleachers!”

“And I don’t want to get the best treatment at stores because I deserve it! These workers should know their places!”

“And I don’t want to . . . feel comfortable . . . wearing . . . what were we saying?”

Erica frowned. “I’m not sure, honey. Something about not wanting to pay those prices?”

“Uh, *duh*. Use the coupons, Mom. No way am I spending that much money, this place is a joke.”

“A very addictive joke. Hmm, I see your point. Just a few new articles, and then we’ll leave.”

It was a complete reversal of their previous situation. Before, their male selves had struggled to recognise and remember their female changes. Now, their female selves were increasingly losing sight of their male egos. The two looked over the lingerie section, finding new bras and especially underwear to suit their changed forms. Both found articles that matched their bras, and soon both were in the nearby changing stalls, furiously looking for deals online to match to their coupons. Nervousness ran through them, a chill down their respective spines that something was very, very wrong.

“Does something seem off to you?” Riley asked.

“Yes . . . these prices!” Erica announced. “Criminal! I’ll have a chat to someone downstairs, I swear!”

“Go Mom! Show them who’s boss . . . and I’ll record it for my friends, lol.”

She whispered that last part, and both quickly stripped down to put on their underwear after paying for it. There was a slight awareness from the new mother-daughter pair that one didn’t *normally* wear newly purchased items out of the store, but this was a *special* purpose that needed to be put on straight away. There was no other way to think about it.

And sure enough, the ripples and dizziness followed as the coupons shone brighter than ever before. For a mere moment, mother and daughter’s eyes widened in their respective stalls. They ran out of them, almost screaming and nearly colliding in their mania. For just a few, fluttering seconds, the pair had their male brains again.

“Rob!”

“Eric!”

“I think we’re about to -”

“Yep! Shit, we’re gonna be stuck as-”

“Total Karens!”

And then the pleasure was upon them, reluctant and unwanted and so damn deeply *blissful*. The vestigial remnants of both of their penises slid back inside them, helping carve out vaginal passages that would now be theirs for life. Erica breathed deep, trying not to let out a near orgasmic-squeal as her labial lips formed, as well as her clitoris. The same was true of Riley, who was blushing red with humiliation at becoming a woman. They were quite the sight, the mother-daughter pair, as the final remnants of their male pride collapsed beneath the weight of this change. They shuddered, exhaled, and then the changes were complete.

They were women.

They were mother and daughter.

They were, without a doubt, a Karen and Karen-in-training.

“Mom, why aren’t we wearing pants?” Riley asked.

“I have no idea, honey,” Erica replied, touching her forehead. “But I imagine it’s because we both came out quickly to buy a *lot more product!*”

“Weren’t we looking for something, like a game or a drone or whatever?”

“My dear, why on earth would we get something like that?”

“I - yeah, you’re right. No idea. Ugh, I just realise we didn’t get the eyeshadow I like. It’s way too expensive here, though.”

At this, Erica just smirked and took her daughter’s hand.

“Riley, don’t be ridiculous, honey. If you want something, you just have to know how to make demands of the *manager*.”

The younger woman grinned, grateful for once to have her Mom’s haughtiness on her side. The two set off, back into the store even with the exit in sight.

They had plenty more shopping to do.

As they went, the very top manager of the store watched them go. He wore a red department store uniform with a gold trim, and smirked at another success. He had been the one to hand them the coupons, and was always happy to see the final product. Magic wasn’t perfect, of course, and sadly the arcanery of the coupons had failed to make *polite* loyal customers. Still, he’d take an army of entitled suburban women and their bratty daughters so long as they kept buying products. And that they would, always arguing for reductions and sales certainly, but making purchases nonetheless.

And this pair seemed to be some of the happiest spenders yet.

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Tyrone and David watched the mother and daughter argue with the store clerk at the entrance to the New Goods store. Neither young man had been to the store before, but both got a lot of amusement from the older woman making a screaming match for better prices while the daughter filmed it all.

“My Riley deserves better! Do you even know who I am!?” she screeched.

“Jesus, what a total Karen,” Tyrone said.

“Yeah,” David replied. “Too bad she sucks, because she looked pretty damn hot.”

“Her daughter too.”

“Mom has better knockers.”

“What a waste on a pair of Karens, am I right?”

David chuckled, and the two finished up their meal in the mall eatery. The young man considered the store.

“Hey man, didn’t you say you needed a new pair of sneakers?”

“You’re right. And you wanted a new phone, right?”

“And it *does* say they have a coupon system: beats any price!”

The two men smirked, getting up from their table and heading to the store. It was worth a look at the very least.

What was the worst that could happen?

**The End**