

# Alternate Ending - Consequences of Catcalling (Coworkers to Bimbo Mom & Daughter)

By FoxFaceStories

## An Anonymous Commission

*Harold and Ben are two young men with seriously chauvinist attitudes towards women. They enjoy rating them, catcalling them, and generally degrading them, be they young college girls or older cougars. But when they make fun of the wrong mom and daughter pair, they soon find themselves mother and daughter, and now this sexy college gal and needy cougar will be on the receiving end of their previous comments, with a strong compulsion to live up to their new bimbo looks.*

## Consequences of Catcalling

The young woman ran past in a sports bra, and both men ogled.

“Eight.”

“Nah, Seven at best, get a look at those ankles. Mannish.”

“Yeah, okay. What about that one?” Harold pointed to a woman in her early-forties with a short bob and an impressive figure.

“Too curvy, and too old,” said Ben. “Six. And that’s being generous.

“Six? You’re out of your goddamn mind. She’s a total MILF dude.”

Ben rolled his eyes, chugging another beer as they sat on the wooden beam for their lunch break. “You and your MILFs. Why don’t you try women your own age?”

“Please,” Harold said, “you’re skirt chasing all the college girls, and you’re thirty years old, Ben.”

The blonde-haired man grinned. “What can I say, I like ‘em naive and horny. Isn’t that right lady? Love what you’re showing! Would love to see what you’re not!”

The young lady walking past looked around to see the two builders making rude gestures in her direction. Clearly startled, disgusted, and frightened in equal measure, she hurried her pace.

“Sad to see you go, but love to watch you walk away! Let that ass sway, honey!”

Ben laughed at Harold’s comment, and the two toasted their beers to the woman’s generous backside, hollering.

The two men were both thirty years old, and had been working in construction since they were teens. During that time, they had never developed a healthy respect for women; quite the opposite, in fact. Ben was a light-haired man with snake tattoos on his forearms

and a lop-sided grin. He had acne scars on his face, but was well-muscled. He loved sexy girls who had just reached the age of eighteen to twenty, and occasionally even had luck with them, though he was more often throwing out catcalls and harassing comments. He enjoyed watching them squirm, not knowing how to react to his come-ons. Harold, on the other hand, liked his women older, and didn't care who knew it. He loved a "sexy fucking MILF" as he put it, and rated Jennifer Connelly as the sexiest woman alive, at her current age. He had dark hair and was slightly tubbier, with a beer gut and lack of style that made most women averse to him. Despite this, he too occasionally had luck with older women, until they caught his eye wandering to other curvy women in their forties. Both had been friends for several years now, and had a workweek tradition of rating the women who walked past their worksite, and letting them know about it too.

"Pass me another beer, will ya?" Harold asked, the heavier drinker of the two.

Ben tossed it to him with a grin. "You're gonna poison your liver, Harry," he remarked.

"Sure I am, that's the point. Plus, don't you have your smokes?"

"Gave 'em up. Been two whole months, I told you that."

Harold chuckled as he downed the beer. "Sure you gave them up, Ben. I bet you'll be right back on them next week."

"Shut up, you cougar-chasing weirdo. I'm telling you, I'm actually off them."

"Sure you are - hey shut up anyhow. Lookie here at the pair we got. It's like they were tailor made for us, Ben."

Indeed, the women walking past looked exactly just that. The older woman would have been approaching fifty, with creases around her eyes and at the edges of her neck. But she had aged like fine wine, with luxurious dark hair with cute grey trails in it, and she had a curvy figure of someone who'd had several kids and enjoyed the fruits of those labors on her body, with a full chest and peach-like shape that gave her a round ass. Walking beside her, and chatting pleasantly with her, was a cute young thing with dark brown hair and green eyes, a solid D-cup bust, and a cute midriff that was shown off, courtesy of her wearing a sexy crop top and very form-fitting jeans. The two were obviously related; they had the same facial features and green eyes, and even their figures weren't too different, just separated by time and circumstances.

"Holy fuck," Ben said, eyeing the ladies. "Jesus, what a perfect pair."

"I know, right? That is one sexy ass MILF right there. The things I'd love to do to her."

"The other one is hot as all hell too. Jesus, she's so damn bright-eyed. I love that."

The two men looked at each other, and spoke their judgement as one.

"Total Tens."

They raised their beers to yell over the sounds of construction behind them, out onto the city footpath as the woman made their way into the town centre.

“Hey, lovely ladies, looking real nice today!”

The two of them glared, but continued chatting, pretending to ignore them.

“Don’t ignore us!” Harold called, “I love an older woman. You’ve got a real hot MILF wife, honey! Why don’t you come over and let me put my face in between that big chest of yours, huh?”

The woman whipped her head around incensed, for a moment seeming to consider whether to reply. Her daughter said something, and for just a moment, they looked to be about to continue on. At least, until Ben spoke.

“Yeah, let my friend here have at you, and I’ll take your sexy daughter! I’ll show that sweet tush of hers a thing or two. We can have you in the same room; a real two-for-one mother-daughter showing!”

The two of them whooped and cheered. Something must have snapped in both of them though, as mother and daughter both exchanged words, and began to smile. They were wide, sinister smiles that unsettled the two catcallers, especially since the two women began to approach.

“Hey now, we were just joking!” Harold said, but his words died away as both women cast out their hands and spoke something in an ancient and long-dead tongue. Their eyes glowed purple, and purple mist and sparks flew from their hands as they recited an incantation. All at once, the world stopped around them. Literally. A bird hovered in mid-air, pedestrians on the street were halted mid-stride. The clouds were not moving.

“What the fuck -” Ben started, but a movement by the mother halted the words in his mouth.

“SILENCE! BOTH OF YOU! AND HALT”

Both men were now terrified, unable to talk or move as the mother-daughter pair came close, regarding them.

“You just catcalled the wrong women, you repulsive pair of rats,” she snapped. Even up close, she was sexy, and to her disgust, both men still had erections from the sight of them.

“What shall we do mother? Turn them into rats for real?” the daughter said. She rubbed her hands together, and both men managed to move their eyes to exchange a terrified glance.

“No, I have a much better idea, my darling daughter. They love the way we look so much? Enough to treat our sex so callously and awfully? Well, why don’t we let them experience what life is like on the other side?”

“Ohhh Mom, you are too bad.”

The older woman petted her daughter. "You take the young one, dear. I think we *both* know what forms they should take. After all, pigs like these always fear being treated like the very women they sexualise."

"W-what -" Harold managed to say, but the woman simply put her finger over his lips.

"Shhh. It will all make sense once your punishment is complete. Because make no mistake, we are witches, and we are going to punish the two of you. *For life.*"

Ben only managed to make a whimper as both women's eyes glowed purple once more, and they began to recite an even longer incantation. Purple smoke leapt from their fingers to envelop the men, and they were both instantly overcome with strange tugging and pulling sensations. They could only see each other in the purple mist, the rest of the world was obscured, but what they saw was enough. Their tongues loosened a little, allowing them to moan and gasp and give stilted, segmented sentences of shock while their bodies changed.

Ben gasped as his body slimmed down and his sunburnt skin lightened considerably. His waist pulled in painfully, and to his horror his body hair all fell away, along with his arm hair and leg hair. He squirmed, trying to breath as his rib cage contracted, his entire form shrinking to become daintier and more womanly. His normally impressive muscles melted away, turning to fat and then shifting across his body in a manner that made his body writhe in discomfort and a little ticklishness. He managed to move his arms, and nearly cried when he saw his hands; no longer the hands of a construction worker, but instead the carefully manicured hands of a slender young woman.

"Oh f-fuck, we're b-becoming women!" he said, only to squeal in a high-pitched manner when he saw his friend.

Harold was also changing, but his transformation was somewhat different. Being the larger of the men, with far more fat, he clutched his belly in discomfort as large piles of tissue were moved to his ass and hips, and to his chest. He grunted, each breath causing his top half to jut out further, a set of very real female breasts surging forth like soft, white pillows. His voice became low and husky, like a woman who smoked but maintained a sultry quality to her voice, and he whimpered as his thighs thickened.

"I know!" he stammered to his friend, "I think - oh God, I think I'm becoming a goddamn MILF, Ben!"

He was right. He could feel himself aging, just as Ben could feeling himself becoming more youthful. Ben's wrinkles disappeared as his skin became young and perfect, while Harold on the other hand developed crow's feet around his eyes, creases along his neck and at the corners of his mouth, and his stomach developed obvious stretch marks. Both of them grabbed their scalps, sucking in breath as their hair spilled out; Harold's into a sexy black bob, Ben's into a long, flowing set of blonde curls.

“This is - ahhh - this is impossible!” Ben cried, his eyes turning blue, his hair becoming a platinum blonde. He grabbed his chest in response to developing pains, and practically *shrieked* as his nipples throbbed, becoming larger and erect. The flesh behind them bulged out, growing and growing and growing, overflowing his palms until he had a ripe pair of Double-Ds. His hips popped outwards and his face rearranged. The latter was particularly disconcerting; his lips became full, and his cheekbones rose and became prominent.

Harold was treated to the sight of his friend becoming the very stereotypical image of the sexy blonde bimbo, complete with pouty lips and overdone eyeshadow. Her figure was exaggerated and alluring, but he couldn't focus on it, because his own body was becoming an exaggerated image of MILF-hood. He gasped, fingers sinking into the flesh of his breasts as they stretched his high-vis shirt. They must have been full F-cups at the very least, practically the size of melons, and with the weight of them too! His ass felt like two volleyballs side by side, and his stomach had developed a slight flab to it, the stomach of an older woman who'd already birthed a child into the world. He felt makeup being applied to his face as it rearranged, and Ben could see that Harold had the look of a world-wise woman in her mid-forties, but still with plenty of allure. Perhaps even sexier for having it.

Both of them cried out as their penises pulled back into their bodies, inverting to become new vaginal passages, complete with functioning wombs, ovaries, and sensitive vulva at the entrance.

“My d-d-*pussy!*” Brynn yelled.

The final alterations occurred, the last finishing touches. Ben gained several cute tattoos, complete with love hearts and butterflies, while Harold saw his legs and arms gain some slight wrinkles and shrinking as evidence of middle age. As if by afterthought, their clothes altered to fit their new forms: Ben gained a sexy crop top just like the daughter's, only it was hot pink. Her work shorts became a miniskirt, pastel blue in colour, and a necklace fell between her perfect breasts. Her flat stomach was open to the air, with a cute golden piercing on her belly button. Harold gained a dark dress with a deeply plunging neckline and short hem that fell around mid-thigh. Her shoes were nearly thigh-high and dark black, leaving a trace of leg skin showing in an attractive manner. The dress pulled tight around her ass and hugged her maternal curves well, but her cavernous cleavage remained her most on-display feature. A pair of hanging silver earrings pierced her lobes, and several jangling bracelets around her wrists. Her fingers had a number of cute rings also.

To all the world, they now looked like a sexy blonde bimbo in a two piece outfit, and a hot cougar MILF with a pair of enormous tits and a juicy ass. Both appeared as if they were on the hunt for mates. And both were utterly terrified and bewildered by what had just happened.

“Let us tell you how this is going to work,” the mother told the terrified former males. “You are no longer Harold and Ben - yes, we know your true names. It’s a witch thing. You are instead Harper and Brynn, a forty-five year old cougar and a twenty two year old college girl. And given that you had such a thing for my daughter and I being related, well . . .”

“We’ve decided to make you mother and daughter too,” her daughter cut in, relishing her moment. “You, Harper, are now legally and *biologically* Brynn’s mother. In the new reality we’ve made for you, you became pregnant and gave birth to her, so congratulations on being a mommy!”

“And a total MILF, too. Am I saying that right?” the mother asked, chuckling. She eyed Harper’s substantial bosom. “Just like your daughter is a hot young bimbo.”

“N-no,” Harper said in her husky new voice, “you - you can’t do this!”

“Oh but we can,” the daughter said gleefully, eyeing her own counterpart, making Brynn tremble. “And we have. From now on, you two live together in a cheap little apartment together. Don’t worry, nothing too terrible, after all, family takes care of each other right?”

“Please . . .” Brynn managed, but the mother was already talking.

“And on that note, you absolutely will need to take care of each other, because I’m afraid Harper and Brynn aren’t the brightest girls. So say goodbye to all that complex mathematics, specialised work skills, understanding of motor vehicles, and general financial and economic good sense too. From now on, you’ll need a bit of *male* help getting your shit together.”

She waved a hand, and both former men grabbed their brains, moaning in their new voices. In mere seconds, they felt their accumulated life skills and knowledge draining away. For Harper, that understanding was replaced by cosmetics and makeup skills, as well as hairdressing. For Brynn, it was replaced by dancing knowledge and - she shivered at this - *strip dance* skills. The two women looked to each other with absolute horror.

“And just so you can fully gel with your new lives,” the mother continued, “you’re going to have a series of magical compulsions set upon you that constantly ‘nudge’ you towards acting the part of the young bimbo and prowling cougar. You’ll be able to fight it, but will you always have the will to do so? Somehow I doubt it.”

Another weave of the hand, and a brief flash of purple in the air. Suddenly both new women felt very strange. Images of hot men appeared in their minds, as well as the desire to please them in all sorts of ways to satisfy their new horny urges.

“This is awful. We won’t stand for this!” Harper said. “And Ben won’t either!”

“You mean Brynn, right?” the daughter asked, grinning.

“My name is Ben!” the man said, “and he’s Harold. Not Harper!”

“Oh Mom, this won’t do at all!” the daughter whined. The mother simply petted her daughter on the head.

“Not to worry, my darling. Watch and learn. We’ll just give them another magical change to their minds. From now on, whenever they try to say something too ‘out of character’ or try to tell anyone the truth, instead they’ll be forced to say something much more appropriate to their new nympho personalities.”

Both Harper and Brynn were staring daggers at the women, but could do nothing as yet more mental changes came over them. They gasped as their minds were rewritten, and the connection between their thoughts and their words severed in places, and certain stock sexy phrases poured into their minds.

“Oh no, I just *love how sexy I am. Don’t ever turn me back,*” Brynn said. Her eyes went wide. She’d meant to say “Oh no, I hate this body. Turn me back!”

“You look like a total bimbo, *darling,*” Harper said, “This is wonderful. I’m so *glad* we’re women now. We can have *lots of fun finding sexy men* together.” She too was horrified. She was trying to say “You look like a total bimbo, Ben! This is horrible - we’re fucking women now! We’ve got to find a way to reverse this together!”

The mother-daughter witch combo backled at their confusion.

“Don’t worry,” the daughter said, “it won’t always be that bad, will it Mom?”

“No, dearest. So long as you two are alone together in a private space, you’ll have a little more allowance in being able to discuss your woes, though you’ll *always* treat each other like mother and daughter, just for fun. But that won’t be *too* often: you’ll be having plenty of gentleman callers, for the rest of your lives.”

Harper and Brynn tried to say something, anything, but with their dumber minds it was difficult to think of a smart argument to turn back. Already, their minds were starting to turn towards the subject of hot boys and how to show off their bodies to them.

“That’s right!” the mother witch said with glee, “already you’re feeling that compulsion to seek out your mates. But don’t worry, you won’t be able to get pregnant. I’ll add that in as a little safety clause, since I doubt you’ll be smart enough now to remember birth control.”

“What if they want babies, mother?”

“Fine, but only if you decide you actually want one. I’ll allow you *that* much freedom, and no more. From now on you’re going to live the lives of a slutty college cheerleader and a sex-crazed cougar who goes looking for men each night. Think of it as your lifelong punishment for the harrassment you have heaped on women your whole lives. I hope you both learn to enjoy it, because these are your new lives, *permanently!*”

And with that, the mother and daughter disappeared in a puff of purple smoke, leaving the *new* mother and daughter together, horrified and unknowing what to do. The world was moving again, and already they were gaining a lot of attention from men across the street, and - worst of all - their former coworkers on the construction site behind them.

“Hey sexy ladies!” Brad called out. He was an older man in his early fifties with a strong frame and silver hair. “Loving what I’m seeing! What are your names?”

“I’m H-*Harper*,” the new cougar said, subconsciously adopting a sexy pose that showed off her incredible rack. “And this is my gorgeous daughter, B-*Brynn*.”

“Like, how are *you* doing?” Brynn asked.

“I’m doing well indeed with you two in front of me. I’m Brad. Would you two like a tour of the site? We’re on break. I’m sure you two would like to see how some *real* men work?”

The two exchanged glances; they were both feeling a sudden flash of passion. To Harper, Brad was exactly the kind of man her body wanted. Despite working with him for the last eight years and viewing him as a mentor, she now was unable to avoid gazing at his strong biceps, his matted hair, the way his manly body was caked in dirt from hard labour. He was a total silver fox, and it was turning her on; big time. For Brynn, she couldn’t stop looking at all the other sexy construction boys who were closer to her own age across the lot.

“Oh. My. God,” she said in a stereotypical valley girl voice, “Are you seeing what I’m seeing, *Mom*? Matt and Rafael and Liam are like, *totally hot boys to me*.”

“I know, *darling*,” Harper replied, not even noticing how she was shifting her hip to one side to show off her rounded ass to Brad. “And my body really wants to fuck *that sexy Brad’s brains out*.”

“We, *like*, need to get out of here!” Brynn whispered, adjusting her top, and causing the entire contingent of men to point and stare at the gorgeous girl feeling at her Double-Ds before them.

“Sorry, *honey*,” Harper called to Brad. Even as she spoke she breathed heavily, and made the plunging neckline of her dress just that little more plunging. “My daughter and I have got to run some errands. But *maybe we’ll be back tomorrow, to give you a show*?”

“Lady, we would love nothing more. Hate to see you go -”

“But you *love to watch us walk away!*” said Brynn, before gasping at what she’d said. She’d intended to insult Brad for the lame come-on he was going to say. Instead, she’d finished it for him. The two new women turned to leave, and as they did, the men whooped and cheered as both of them couldn’t help but put on an exaggerated walk, swinging their hips from side to side. Brynn’s peachy ass was firm and ripe, and Harper’s larger derriere wobbled sexy, as they moved as fast as they could on heels away from their site.

“Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit, we’ve been turned into, *like, totally sexy hot ladies*,” Brynn said as they rounded the corner. Other men in town were already staring at them, and she tried to ignore how much her loins were starting to flush with heat.

“I know, *honey*,” Harper said. She hated how she felt now, so curvy and maternal, older but weirdly confident in her sexuality. Her black bob of hair swished with each step,



and she gave a knowing little wink at a gentleman who walked past, who nearly crashed into a pole he was so distracted looking at her prodigious bustline. “This *is wonderful*. I mean, it sucks! I’m stuck as your *hot mother*, and I can’t stop looking at all these men!”

“We need to find somewhere away from them!” Brynn said. It was hard to think of strategies, her mind was too flooded with horny imagery, and she knew it. “*Gawd*, I’m a total dumb blonde bimbo now, *Mom!* I can’t think of how we can even turn back!”

“Me either,” Harper said, though she at least wasn’t quite as reduced in intelligence as her new daughter. “Let’s just get to the car before we are too tempted to *have a little fun with all these delicious desserts around us.*”

They snuck around to the car park, the two busty women doing their best to walk in heels, and inadvertently giving everyone a show with their wide hips. Brynn subconsciously adjusted her crop top so that her impressive cleavage was more on display, as well as more of her perfect white midriff. Harper couldn’t help but run her fingers through her hair in a sensual manner, allowing her big boobs to press against one another in her low-cut top, distracting yet more men heading for their lunch break.

“Hey girls,” one said.

“*Hi honey*,” they said as one, both fighting the urge to adopt a cute pose. They managed, but it was damned difficult. Their bodies *wanted* to be shown off, and to Harper’s great annoyance, she felt an overwhelming urge to draw a smoke. To both their shocks, they realised they now had pretty purses - a slim black one for Harper, a bright pink one for Brynn - and from hers Harper drew a cigarette case.

“I thought you quit, *Mom*” Brynn said as they moved towards where their utes were located.

“I did, *honey*, but this body really wants a smoke. *You’ll understand when you’re older, baby.*”

To both their red-faced embarrassment Harper reached out and felt the need to cuddle her daughter. Their big boobs pressed together, and yet more attention was heaped on them from a group of male teenagers, who took several screenshots with their phones.

“Hell yeah! Don’t stop ladies!”

They pulled apart and, fuming, walked away, letting the teens have a good view of their sexy behinds. Harper was already smoking, and to Brynn’s annoyance, she was feeling the need to smoke also. And to have a cute, girly drink to get all tipsy with.

They made it to the carpark on the other side of the construction lot. As they stared up at the tower being constructed, both were horrified to realise the witches were right: they couldn’t remember a thing about their lifetime jobs.

“I’m *like*, soooo dumb now,” Brynn said, tears in her eyes.

Harper comforted her again. "Me too, *baby*, me too. She scanned her eyes for her car, but something compelled her to look across the street. There, a hairdressing salon named *Beautique* was standing, and she felt a strange recognition.

"Oh shit, I'm a *fantastic* hairdresser now," she said to herself. "That's where I work part-time to *support us*."

Brynn was already moving through her purse, trying to find her keys. She couldn't see her car, but perhaps if she could get it to unlock remotely . . .

"O. M. G.," she said, finding her driver's licence within it. "My name is, *like*, your name now. I'm Brynn Neeman, not instead of *Brynn Neeman*. Agh! You know what I mean!"

It was true. Her ID showed a beautiful blonde girl with bright blue eyes beaming at the camera. Even in the photo, she looked a little dumb, though very joyous. Harper checked her own ID. In it, a sultry older woman was smirking, her lip pulling teasingly to one side, her hair a bit longer in the picture, with some brown highlights in it. She idly wondered if she should return to that look.

"I'm forty-five years old!" she realised. "I've lost fifteen years of my life, *baby*."

"And I'm twenty two!" Brynn said, unbelieving. She shook her arms in frustration, and her boobs wobbled heavily in her top. The display only showed her new age and mindset. "I've lost eight years, *mom!*"

They continued to search for revelations, and it took longer than it should have with their duller minds to arrive at the conclusion that Brynn no longer had a car; only Harper. They were going to have to drive home together, as mother and daughter. What's more, their utes had disappeared. Instead, Harper had a stereotypical used Honda with a couple of paint chips on one side. A solid car, reliable, but a far cry from the expensive work vehicle she'd been proud of.

"This totally *sucks*," Brynn said, as she got in the passenger seat and adjusted her seatbelt. She struggled for a moment before realising it would now go awkwardly between her boobs. For Harper, that issue was even more deeply pronounced. "We're stuck as *totally hot bitches*, and I'm too dumb to figure out what to do! I don't even have my car!"

"At least you're not a middle aged *hottie!* And you can have a car *when you've earned it, honey*. Ugh, sorry *honey*, that's the magic talking. I think the new you just doesn't have one. We'll go to my house and sort it out, okay?"

"Fine," she said, fuming, crossing her arms over her breasts. Even that was exaggerated, pouty behaviour, and she found herself being magically nudged a little to lean into that sort of behaviour. "Let's just hope we don't stop and see any more *hot guys*."

Unfortunately for them, as Harper began to drive, she realised she was heading the wrong way.

“Where are you going?” Brynn asked. She had already started to explore her unfamiliar body, feeling at her sizable breasts and slim waist. Her pussy was beginning to ache with need, and it was hard not to stare out the window at all the ‘juicy’ men she saw.

“I don’t know, *honey*,” Harper replied, also feeling at her tremendous breast. It was so large and sensitive, the two of them like bowling balls pulling at her shoulders. And yet each wobble made her begin to drip with need between her legs. She needed a nice older man to give her a ride.

To their collective shock, they were headed to the other side of town from where they both lived, to a neighbourhood that was not exactly poor but certainly not on the wealthy side, definitely lower on the economic spectrum than the good earnings of their previous construction livelihoods. Not that either of them understood what ‘economic spectrum’ meant now. The two of them bickered and chatted back and forth as Harper drove, trying to figure out what was going on and how to deal with their new needs. Brynn was openly rubbing at her crotch by this point, but couldn’t give herself the satisfaction she needed; only a hot boy could do that. They tried to keep a look out for the witches, and how to find them, but even if they were male again and had their intelligence back, it was a near-impossible task. As it was, they couldn’t think much further than getting home, wherever that was.

‘Home’ turned out to be a rental home situated in a block of three of identical rentals. It was small, but not tiny, and perfectly liveable, but a step down from their previous living arrangements.

“This is *totes* unfair,” Brynn pouted, as she got out of the vehicle. “Why are we, *like*, totally struggling now?”

“It’ll be okay, *darling*,” Harper said, a strange protective impulse coming over her. She put a maternal arm around her new daughter’s shoulder. “Let’s get inside, and I’ll *cook you something nice* to make you feel better.”

She realised in that moment that one skill she now did have; she could cook one hell of a dish, and it was immediately followed by a thought on how it was an excellent way to draw in older men. No sooner had she made that thought when she heard a deep male voice call out.

“Welcome back Miss Harper, lovely to see you and your daughter again!”

She turned, a flutter already beginning in her heart, to see a strong-figured man in overalls who looked to be in his forties. He must be a neighbour.

“Hello *Mr Barnes*,” she said demurely, placing a hand on her generous hip. “What are you doing *walking by my house at this time?*”

He grinned. “Oh, I was just wondering if you’d made one of those amazing apple pies again. The kind I like.”

Harper's incredibly ample chest swelled, and she couldn't help but pull her top open a little, pretending she was overheated, and giving him a hell of a show of her spectacular rack. "Is that right?" she said, trying to ignore the burning need, and utterly failing. "Well, I'm sure I can make you one up now, if you want?"

He smiled, and it was a handsome smile. "I think that'll be just fine by me. Can I come in?"

"Oh, you can come in alright," she said with a knowing wink.

To her own horror, as well as her daughter's, she took the hand of the man she somehow knew was named Robert, and let him inside their apartment.

"You don't mind, right *Brynn*?"

"What are you talking about, *Mom*," she said, trying to express her indignation. "*I'm more than happy for you. So long as you're okay with me seeing if Nathan is free.*"

Mr Barnes cracked up. "Oh my, it'll do my boy some good to be with a girl like you. Like father, like son, like mother, like daughter, huh?"

She was trying to think of who the fuck Nathan was, but already she felt a strong draw to pop over to the next apartment and knock on the door. She had a feeling of dread building, as did Harper, but both women were now so overcome with need and weakened by the events of the last hour that they were succumbing to their compulsions. An average-looking man around his mid-twenties answered the door. He had brown hair and an easy smile, and was so very clearly the son of the Rob. It made her mind cringe to think of where this might all be heading. Unfortunately, Nate was fit enough that Brynn began to think of him as a '*total yummo*'.

"Hey Brynn!" he declared, "how are you doing?"

Brynn tried to tell him to go back inside, but hesitated. His eyes were drawing to her dress and her cute midriff, and her slutty mind was imagining him putting his hands all over those parts . . . and more. Instead, she gave into the compulsion.

"I'm doing, *like, so good Nate. My Mom is having fun with Mr Barnes right now, and I'm totally jelly. Do you wanna, like, come and fuck me in my room right now?*"

Despite herself, despite the terror of what she had become, she nevertheless felt a deep excitement as his dick rose, visibly stiffening in his pants.

"Hell yeah, Brynn, I'll come right over!"

"*Don't come too soon,*" she said, licking her lips. She walked away, swaying her hips and running her hands up through her hair, practically *bouncing* in her steps back to her new home. Her nympho mind was alight with images of being pounded, just like Harper's was. The only difference was, the new mom of the pair was seconds away from that very scenario. It made Brynn jealous at the thought of it.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, what the hell am I doing?” she whispered to herself. But that need burning within her was only getting stronger, just as the witches said it would. She could feel her slutty bimbo brain wanted his cock inside of her, and not just fucking her either. She closed the door to the rental, and licked her lips at the thought of sucking his big cock as well. Of going down and making him hard with her full, fake-looking lips until he blew a load down her throat.

“I’d *love* that,” she said, trying to indicate the opposite to herself. “I *want* to swallow his *hot load*. Fuck!”

She stepped into the rental, astonished at this new and unfamiliar home. The interior had been painted a pastel pink, and the furniture was clearly second hand. There were only two rooms, a small kitchen, a respectable living area, and a laundry and bathroom. A small backyard was available to them, with a short deck and space for a veggie patch. It was not exactly a place you retired to. What was most shocking, however, was something Harper had already noticed: her new mother was chatting to Robert Barnes, allowing him to put her hand around her thick waist as she explained to him the photos. They all contained pictures of mother and daughter from adventures and experiences they’d never truly had. There was an image of them dressed up in cleavage-revealing dresses for a movie night, another of them at a national park wearing skimpy khaki shorts and thin blouses, and one in particular that Rob was fascinated by.

“My goodness, you’re both so attractive!” he said, a little creepily.

“I know,” Harper said, “it looks like we’re *really hot beach girls*, doesn’t it?”

They exchanged an empty-eyed look as Harper turned the photo frame so Brynn could see. In it, both of them were on the beach, posing with several male beachgoers, who were groping their breasts in an exaggerated fashion for the photo. Harper’s thicker body type and MILFy looks were on full display in her dark blue bikini, especially given her F-cup monsters and impressively wide hips. Brynn, meanwhile, was in a pink bikini that barely covered her DD cup chest, and her toned, petite body gave way to her long and sensuous legs. Both women were grinning for the camera.

“Oh my *Gawd*, that’s *totally* us,” Brynn said, trying to show how repulsed she was. “We’re, *like*, total sluts in that photo, *mom*.”

“I know,” Harper said, trying to communicate her fear with her eyes. “It’s like I’m some sort of *sex-hungry cougar now*.”

The older woman felt a strong compulsion to drape her arms over Robert now, and she gave in to it. Her older body may be slightly weathered by middle-age, but she looked astonishing. Not necessarily younger, but simply possessing all the sex appeal of a curvy, well-maintained woman at that age. She drew Rob near.

“Do you want a *sex-hungry cougar now*?”

The man was clearly tenting in his pants, and she delicately began to rub at his hardness, savouring its feel.

"I absolutely do," he replied, smiling and placing his muscled arms around her sexy waist, planting his hands on her round backside. "Why don't we go somewhere a little more private? I'm sure your daughter has other things to be doing."

Brynn was disgusted by her friend-turned-mother's actions, and yet she couldn't help but salivate at it. She was furious, not just at that, but how long Nate was taking!

"That's right, *honey*, you go get some help *from a cute boy your own age, mkay?*"

Harper gave one last hopeless look before taking Rob into her bedroom, and moments after the door closed, Brynn heard the sounds of lovemaking starting.

"Holy shit, *Mom* is really having sex with a guy. What the fuck! I've got to get out of here before I *taste Nate's yummy cock.*"

But it was too late. The door opened, and there stood Nate, trying his best to look handsome and confident. It somehow made him look all the cuter to Brynn, as if she could make him into a man.

"Hey Brynn, still up for a ride?" he said. Ben would never have been even that lame, but for the new woman, it made her new female parts all the more moist.

"Oh my *gawd*, I . . . want to have sex with you," she said, unable to say the all-important 'not.'

More moans, male and female, came from the other room. Harper moaned.

"Oh God, Rob! We have to stop, *because I need your face in my fat tits! Suck on them for me!*"

"Holy shit, that's my Dad in there," Nate said. "And your Mom too? Damn, I didn't realise this was a family party.

"That's a problem?" Brynn asked, but it across more like a sexy dare than a query. Nate just smiled

"No way. Dad thinks your Mom is the hottest thing on the block, but I know that's really you, Brynn."

She breathed deep, already so unbelievably horny for this man. Her magnificent breasts heaved, and she could no longer fight the urges. She gave in, just like Harper had, cursing those witches in her mind.

"Then let's go to my room. I'll *give you a show*, and then I want you *suck your big hard dick* while you *lick my wet pussy.*"

She couldn't believe the words she was saying as she dragged him into her room, which was an even hotter pink in colour, and had numerous posters of hot boyband members and models plastered everywhere, as well as fashion magazines and drawers of

makeup. In the centre of the room, to the former alpha male construction worker's horror, was a stripper pole.

"Oh my *gawd*, I'm going to dance for you," she realised. She could feel his eyes on her, and the knowledge of how to put on a sexy show for him was blaring in her brain. She could resist the compulsion, the witches had said so, but her transformed Mom was beginning to moan loudly in the other room, and it made her so damn jealous that the slutty part of her mind was simply too strong.

"Sit down on the chair and watch, and I'll give you a show and a *lap dance*."

She grabbed the pole, removed her crop top and skirt so she was just in her panties and tight, revealing bra, and began to gyrate her body, dancing for her boytoy's pleasure.

Meanwhile, Harper groaned in her husky voice. She was weirdly turned on by her own body. She'd always loved fucking hot MILFs and soccer moms as a man, but now she was one, and a stupidly hot one at that. Her body was in heat, and Rob was all over her, though she got turned on by calling him 'Mr Barnes.'

"Push them together, suck on them!" she demanded, and there was no compulsion in her voice. Her desperate body needed to dominate this man.

"God you have the best goddamn tits! I fucking love your body!"

He caressed every inch of her, and she shivered in delight as he ran his hand across her slightly flabby belly. She was half naked already, and he was completely, a slight beer gut sticking out and a bald spot at the back of his head. Somehow, being past his 'use-by' date only made him seem more like a hunk.

"You like a *sexy MILF queen*, don't you?" Harper asked. She tried to stop escalating, but her mouth kept substituting words. "Why don't you just stop *playing around and stick that big cock in me?*"

Rob didn't need any more encouragement. He pulled aside the middle-aged woman's pantied, and she helped guide his thick penis head into her lips. She rubbed it against her vulva, allowing it to get nice and lubricated against her wetness, before allowing him to plunge fully in. She gasped, overwhelmed by the utterly alien feeling of a man's cock entering her. It went deep, far deeper than she expected, and she groaned in her husky voice as she was pierced. It felt like a spear was entering her, except that as it drove home, her vaginal muscles hugged his manhood, sending pulses of pleasure throughout her body.

He began thrusting, his belly against hers, and she clutched onto him, thrusting back just as aggressively. Like an experienced cougar, her body knew exactly what to do. She thrust her massive tits in his face, allowing him to suck her large, slightly cracked nipples. It felt amazing to have them massaged, and she positioned his body against her in order to maximise both their pleasure.

“That’s right, *hun*,” she said, “don’t stop, right there *baby!* You’re actually fucking me! I’m getting fucked by a *big strong hunky* man! *We’re gonna come together!*”

He continued to thrust, gripping her large breasts and pressing his face into their mammoth flesh. Their moans echoed next door, somehow only heightening Brynn’s own sexual excitement. She was dancing on the pole, spinning about and lifting her long legs off the floor. She could see that Nate was already stroking himself in excitement, and to own her own disgust she became oddly proud of how much she was teasing him. She contorted her sexy young body against the pole, gripping it with her power thighs and lifting herself up, before letting go with her hands and hanging by her legs, tipping her body backwards so that her large, rounded boobs nearly spilled out of her bra. She went upside down, revealing the full extent of her astonishing flexibility, and smiled sweetly at his face. Her cleavage was astonishing, her inverted position causing them to barely cling to the bra.

“Oh shit, I’m dancing for you,” she said, trying to figure out if she could communicate a way to stop this. “I’m dancing for you and *you like what you see, don’t you, big boy?*”

“Hell yeah, I do,” Nate replied, getting more confident. “Did you say something about a lap dance?”

She licked her lips. She felt so damn turned on by him. She just wanted to lick him and kiss him and bite him, like he was a lollipop. She jumped off the pole, landing expertly, and sauntered over to him. She curled out her hands around his neck, and wrapped one leg out. She began to gyrate and shift her hips, thrusting her increasingly wet panties in his face.

“*This* is a lap dance,” she said, “and in a moment, *I’m putting my lap in your face.*”

He grabbed her hips, caressing her skin as she danced over him. She giggled sweetly, unable to help herself as she pressed her cleavage into his face, before turning and twerking her tight ass before him. He gripped it, and she groaned in response, anticipating the notion of having a dick in their too.

“Oh God, I can’t stop!” she said, and it was an honest cry for help as much as a desire-filled plea for him to fuck her already. Nate interpreted the latter, grabbing her and spinning her around. In moments both were stripping off their clothes, and she pulled him onto her pink sheets. As promised, he shifted his body around so that his hard, aching cock was right in her face below her, while her pussy was above his mouth. He lapped at her wetness, and she squealed in a bimbo-ish cry of need. His cock looked so damn salivating to her new, deeply slutty mind, and despite every reluctance, she began to stroke it. Then lick it. Then taste it and suck it and take it within her overly-full, almost fake-looking lips.

The two groaned and moaned as they sixty-nined on the bed, matching the sounds coming from the room next door. As if by magic, every participant came at around the same time. Harper gasped in a low voice as her pussy was flooded with Rob’s seed, and to Brynn’s even greater astonishment, she felt Nate’s large dick throb as she deep-throated



him. She had no gag-reflex: it was as if her new body was *made* for giving the best possible blowjobs. Which made it all the worse and all the better when he tensed, and his spunk exploded in large streams straight down her throat. She didn't even cough, instead she drank it in, savouring its nourishing salty taste, which only made her come even harder.

Both Brynn and Harper rested against their respective love partner, exhausted and spent. Nate and Rob spend those moments pressing their face against the tits of the two slutty former males, unknowing they were once ordinary construction workers. It made the two women feel strangely relaxed, bathing in post-coital pleasures, their minds overwhelmed by the events of the last hour and a half. They could only imagine ways to possibly turn back, or hope that the witches would take pity on them, and reverse them. Because in their new lives, there would be bills to pay, chores to be done, food to be cooked, strip dances to be performed, hair to be styled, and many, many men to be fucked, in a variety of ways.

“Oh God, I'm a *total slut*,” said Brynn to herself.

“Fuck, I'm an *absolute MILF*, aren't I?” Harper said.

The two former sexist males were now too dumb to think of how to fight against their growing impulses. Especially since, as the minutes passed, both of them were feeling that rising need to go at it all again.

As they would, for a long time to come.

### **Six Months Later . . .**

Brynn was almost bouncing by the time she was called up on stage. The announcer was just as ecstatic.

“ANNND NOW, BLONDIE BRYNN IS GONNA SHOW US ALL HER SEXY MOVES!”

The crowd, a half-and-half mix composed of single middle-aged men and college boys with too much time on their hands, roared with approval. The *Red Cat Club* had many attractive dancers, but Blondie Brynn was easily their most accomplished. Her fit figure with its impressive hourglass shape, peach-shaped ass, and bouncing DD tits were a favourite of the crowds, but her bubbly attitude and trademark pigtails were what really made her stand out. She sauntered on stage, clearly excited to be there, and the crowd cheered again.

“BLONDIE! BLONDIE! BLONDIE!”

She blew an excited kiss, and shook her hips a little for show. Several of the men whooped and catcalled, and she lifted her tits just for show, only to drop them, letting them bounce on her chest. The action received yet another series of hollers. She strutted up to the dancing pole, swaying her hips suggestively, basking in the attention. She'd been doing this for months now, and was more than used to the rhythms of her new body. In fact, it was a rare night that she *didn't* relish in the sensations of it, even if it still made her male self

incredibly embarrassed. She reached the pole, and began her dance, sliding her long legs up and down as the music pumped and the lights rotated over her scantily clad figure. She suggestively removed her top, revealing her bra beneath, a bra that was a size too small in order to better show off the sheer size of her melons. Her pigtailed whipped back and forth as she rocked her head, before she began twirling around the pole, allowing the men in the room to gaze at her long legs and amazing ass. The last sight was further revealed as she tore off her short skirt, so that she was now just in her panties. She rotated upside down and jiggled her chest suggestively. There was money changing hands in the crowd, betting on if those fine cantaloupe-sized boobies would spill free.

They didn't, and she made sure of that. Brynn's male ego hadn't just taken a beaten, but a complete shattering these last few months, but even that tinny little male voice that remained refused to give in to that last compulsion to tear off her bra and show her titties to the entire club. Both her and her Mom had to pick their battles now, or else they'd lose all of them, and this was Brynn's. She slow-walked back down to her feet, impressing the crowd with her dexterity, before moving forward down the catwalk. Men stuff bills in her panties, and she blew kisses at them.

"Thank you *studs*," she cooed, pursing her overly-full lips, which were a bright glossy pink. Her eyes had purple eye shadow, and her eyelashes had extensions that were almost parodically long. One of the men slapped her on the ass, and she wheeled around on him.

"HEY! You *have to pay for that privilege honey*."

She rolled her eyes at how she couldn't even maintain that level of dignity. The man eagerly stuffed a twenty dollar note, and she wobbled her boobies just to give him a thankful show.

"You're the hottest girl in town, Brynn!" a man called.

Brynn recognised the voice, and nearly died inside. It was an old friend from work: Matt. He was young, roughly thirty in age, but now eight years older than her. He was clearly on break, and judging from his manner, had drunk a few beers as well. Brynn shivered as she felt an instant attraction to him, compelled to please this man. She wanted to fight it, but her prep for this dance had meant her planned blowjob for Bill backstage had fallen through. She licked her lips, and moved forwards.

"Hey *baby*," she said, "I've got some dancing left to do, but I *want to fuck your brains out in ten*."

She'd meant to say she *didn't* want to fuck him, but the curse was the curse, and much as she was blushing a little at the fact that she wanted to fuck a coworker, she'd hit lower lows than that already. She finished her dance, and true to her word, ten minutes later she was letting her former friend ram his thick cock up her ass, and she gasped and moaned and begged for more the whole time.

"I can't believe I'm loving this so much!" she cried. "I *never* want this to end!"

And with that, he exploded inside of her, his coarse hands fondling her pink nipples and sending her rocking with female orgasms. She sighed to herself in that post-coital clear-headedness, unbelieving that she had given into the compulsions.

Yet again.

When Brynn's shift ended she made her way to the parking lot. Her Mom's car was easy to find; it was the one that was currently rocking back and forth on the suspension. Harper was inside, being groped and touched and fucked by a middle-aged man with thick glasses and a nebbish-looking beard. Nevertheless, despite his ordinary appearance, it was clear it was making Brynn's mom of six months go wild with ecstasy.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God I don't want this *to end!*" she cried, voice echoing through the parking lot. Some of the passersbies turned their heads in the cars direction, and Brynn just shrugged, allowing her cleavage to wobble in her top. They both had a reputation now, and it was becoming easier to embrace it with a sense of humour rather than be utterly embarrassed each time.

Harper continued to moan as the man's penis thrust inside of her. They were both on the backseat, her sitting on his lap and facing him, her knees on the seat, and her back hunched enough that she could bounce. It was - she was embarrassed to think - by far her favourite position. As a man, Harold had loved the notion of being ridden by a busty MILF so he could have his face perfectly positioned against her boobs. Now, she was shoving her soft, heavy rack into Martin Estvale's face instead, saving the way he licked and sucked and groped her big boobies. She groaned like a whore, orgasms overwhelming her middle-aged body, and then she felt his sticky substance shoot within her.

"Mmmhhmm, that was *nice*," she said in her sensual, motherly voice. "Nice enough for those tax returns to be done, do you think?"

It took a moment for the near-catatonic Martin to respond.

"Very much - ohh - so," he said. "I'll even - Jesus, I'm still reeling - I'll even help you sort the power bill this month, too. If you suck my dick later."

She reached down and stroked it, even as it softened.

"Deal, *big boy*. Now you better go, my daughter is getting cold."

With great awkwardness the man startled and got out of the car.

"Hey Brynn. Uh, how are you?"

Brynn folded her arms, squishing her breasts together in a way that only made him stare.

"I'm doing well Mr Estvale. I'll have my paper to you tomorrow. I'm, *like, totally* sorry about it being a week overdue."

He shook his head, a little embarrassed. “Um, don’t worry. Your mother has, um, *convinced me* to give you an extension.”

Brynn tried to hide a smirk, and instead she gave a naive, bimbo-like beaming grin.

“Oh my *gawd*, thanks Mr Estvale!”

“You have a good night now.”

Martin left, leaving Harper to remove herself from the backseat and step outside for a smoke. To Harold’s utter annoyance, Harper was utterly addicted to smoking, despite the fact that as a man he’d managed to beat the habit. It was the same with the drink; both girls loved a good beer, especially if it was shared with the boys. The mom of six months was dressed in a leopard-print top that was laced together over her deep cleavage, with a set of denim jeans with rips along the knees. Both did well to accentuate her matronly curves. She ran a hand through her black bob, where a brunette streak she’d had done recently was obvious beneath the streetlamp.

“Hey *baby*,” she said to Brynn, “how was work?”

Brynn shrugged. Her stripper lingerie was covered over a little with a thin pink jacket and white skirt, though she still wore impressively high heels with lacing that went halfway up to her knee. She’d removed her pigtails, allowing her curly blonde hair to flow free and frame her big, innocent-looking eyes.

“Oh, you know *Mom*, the usual. There was a bigger crowd tonight, so I made some extra. It should easily cover the rent for the next month, I think.”

“Did you do the upside down thing?”

Brynn sighed. Her mother may have been her best friend once, but like most mothers, she didn’t quite understand the right terminology for her hobby.

“You mean my *inverted hang*? Yeah, I did it. Drove ‘em wild. I swear half of my college class were there, as well as most of the football team. They were *so cute cheering me on*.”

They both knew the last part was a mental compulsion, but it still stirred up feelings of desire in them.

“That’s wonderful dear, especially about the money. I’m too much of a *sex-crazed MILF* to figure out all the tax and pay stuff, so it’s good we have these *sexy boytoys* willing to give us favours in exchange for us *fucking their big, hard cocks*.”

They both sighed this time. Occasionally a sentence like that came out, where most of it was lost to rewording.

“Matt from work was there.”

“Matt? One of your cheerleading fucks?”

She shook her head. “From Before. You know, when we weren’t such *curvy nymphos*.”

Harper's eyes went wide. "Did you?"

"Yeah. He fucked me alright, *right up my juicy ass.*"

Harper stepped closer and hugged her daughter tight. Despite having her face pressed deep into her former friend's cleavage, Brynn felt reassured and comforted. It was weird how much she was starting to see her magically-created mother as an actual mother instead.

"It's okay *honey*, *Momma's* fucked a few men from work too. We cope, and we move on."

"It's just humiliating. Being stuck like this, as *two gorgeous sluts*. *Like*, are we ever gonna change back?"

Harper tossed her cigarette, and shrugged, causing her tremendous bosom to wobble slightly. "I don't know, *baby*, but I think we might be like this for life. I tried thinking of a way to find those witches again the other day."

"Did you *totes* come up with a plan?"

"No, I got nothing, *dearie*. I couldn't stop thinking about how cute the *sexy gardener was next door*. So I brought him over and let him cum all over my *big mommy titties.*"

Brynn sighed, adjusting her top to better show off her cleavage, though to whom she didn't know. They'd both found over the last couple of months that they increasingly made themselves look sexy even if they weren't meeting someone. It was becoming second-hand to the former males.

"I guess we're just too air-headed to think of a way out of it," Brynn said. "It's like at college. I'm so good at being a *bouncy, boobalicious* cheerleader who gives all the players *good luck blowjob*s, that I can barely pass my non-dance classes. I have to give Richie Avis a handjob and a feel of my *ripe rack* in order to get a passing grade."

"Mhm. I saw you zipping down your top for that bald professor of yours too. *Momma taught you well, honey.*"

"This is just us now, I reckon."

"Yeah, *my darling*. I think it is. We're gonna be a mom-daughter pair of sluts for life. At least we're able to make a living, me with my styling and you with your dancing. And we can fuck our way to success with all the super hard stuff we're too *nympho-brained* to figure out anymore."

"There is that."

"Well, shall we go home? We can watch a movie together. I've got a date with that new neighbour down the street tomorrow so Movie Night will have to come forward."

"I know Mom," Brynn said, moving to the car door. "Because I've got a date with him the following night. He wants to fuck us both at the same time, I think. *A sexy three-way with mom and daughter together.*"

Harper considered it, and realised the thought of sharing a man with her daughter was a turn on to her cougar body. Brynn was having the same realisation. They both looked to each other, a little embarrassed but more than that, a little curious. A little excited.

“Fuck,” they both said at once.

“I guess we’re gonna do that, *Mom*,” Brynn said.

“I guess so,” Harper replied. “Maybe I can show you a thing or two.”

“Pfft, you wish, old timer.”

They got in the car and drove off, laughing and chatting and consoling each other, destined to a life of being a small family of sex-crazed, looks-obsessed, bimbo-MILFery. They may never particularly like it, but it was their lives now for life, all because of their catcalling and harassment. Now, they would experience those same hoots and hollers for the rest of their life, and be compelled to live up their own slutty reputations. Harper and Brynn would just have to learn how to enjoy themselves, even amidst the shame.

A very different mom and daughter pairing watched them drive off, the elder of the two smirking.

“Did we go too far on them, Mom?” the daughter asked.

The mother witch simply put her hand on her daughter’s shoulder.

“Not at all, Morgan, not at all. In fact, I rather think this was a good lesson for you. Some men deserve to know exactly how it feels to be treated as an attractive woman often is, and those two will never forget it. After all, they’re going to live it.”

The daughter considered this for a few seconds, before being satisfied with her mother’s words.

“I think,” Morgan said, “I think I’m going to enjoy being a witch. It’s fun to change people’s bodies and give them a taste of their own medicine.”

“Morgan, my dear, I’m very glad to hear that. I look forward to seeing who you’ll change next. Next time, I’ll let you decide, and you can do it all yourself.”

“Wicked!” the daughter said, tossing back her hair. “Do you ever feel like dropping in on your victims, later down the line?”

“Do you think we should do so for those two?”

The daughter considered this. “Maybe in a few years. I think it would be fun to see the looks on their faces. And to tell them that we’re just checking in, and not changing them back.”

Her mother beamed with pride, hugging her daughter close.

“Morgan, my darling daughter, you are going to be a *wonderful* witch.”

The two hugged, still watching the car disappear over the horizon. The two former male construction workers left their view, moving on to their home, where they would live out their new bimbo lives forever. And while their intelligence had been reduced and their minds

geared towards sex, they would never again forget the consequences of catcalling, particularly since they could hardly step outside the house without getting catcalled themselves.

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It was indeed a couple of years later that the mom and daughter couple were dropped in on. By that point, things had changed a lot for the pair, and yet so very little at the same time. They were still rabid nymphomaniacs, even as Harper was hitting her menopause and experiencing the annoyance of hot flashes. They were also still very mentally reduced, and constantly having to sleep with much smarter individuals in order to sort their lives out. Harper in particular was an expert at poaching accountants, lawyers, construction workers, and all manner of other professions in order to coax them to help, *after* she'd sucked their cocks or let them bury their manhoods between her cheeks.

In the meantime, Brynn had graduated college as a star cheerleader and with a major in sports science, not that she entirely deserved it. While the friendly coworker-turned-hot daughter certainly had physical fitness on her side, the actual theoretical aspect of just about any job was beyond her, and so like her new mother she used the art of seduction and her own massive nymphomania to get cute nerds and smarter individuals to get the work done for her. Not a one of her professors could believe she managed a solid B mark - in fact that running joke was that she deserved 'double-D's' and nothing else - but there was no way to prove the fraud, since the one thing she could do was rote repetition, courtesy of some longer lovemaking sessions with a coach. Also, she had sucked more than one professor's cock anyway, and found that she fucking loved the taste of it. And so she had graduated and gained a job as a fitness trainer, one whose clients were almost entirely men, not that she minded at all. She routinely slept with her clientele despite that being off limits for the company she had signed up under, but none of them were willing to speak a word, especially since she was so damn needy for their touch.

Harper, on the other hand, had become increasingly dejected at the fact that she was now forty seven years old and still 'MILFing around', as she sadly put it. She had hoped that once she reached menopause that her bodily needs would abate, but instead it seemed that the mother-daughter witch combo had only cursed her libido to increase. She would quite literally fuck the milkman if there was one, as she often did with any male that visited. Over time she had built up a sort of rotating harem of consorts to please her, and occasionally even dabbled in Brynn's many boytoys. Not that Brynn minded too much: both were continually helpless to their curse, and part of that meant being super turned on by the

notion of 'sharing' a man between sexy mother and daughter, something they did routinely for younger guys and older ones.

This was how life was now. They were a pair of vacuous, stupid bimbos, and there was no evidence they would ever change back. They simply had to resign themselves to their roles, knowing they would be taking cock and sucking cock again and again, all while wearing outfits that showed off their juicy, yummy bodies. Harper had the worst of it, since she was far more often isolated and getting more tired, but Brynn didn't exactly love that she had an entire future life of being little more than a needy, sexy slut. But there was nothing they could do unless they were alone together, and even complaining about their lot in life lost its interest over time. Instead, they chatted about their sexual experiences, their fashion, what was next on the calendar, how they might shack up with some sugar daddies for the next rental payments and so on, and only occasionally pining out loud for their old lives. After all, what was the point? It wasn't like the witch and her daughter were returning.

That was, until they did.

It was a wintry mid-morning, and the snow had come down on the city. Ordinarily, this would have meant that Ben and Harry would be toughing it out in the hard weather on the construction site, but instead they had been a mother-daughter pair for two years now, and instead were entertaining a construction worker on his break, rather ironically. His name was Parker, and he was actually a man the pair of them had worked alongside and viewed as not up to scratch, at least in how much beer he could hold and how he came across to women. But the shoe was on the other foot now, because Harper was moaning in delight as she lay back on the bed while he ploughed his cock into her wet pussy, all while Brynn caressed his back and mashed her breasts against him, occasionally lowering herself to lick his balls and get him more.

"H-holy shit, you t-two are just insatiable!" he exclaimed, gaining speed.

Harper moaned, her larger breasts bouncing naked on her chest. "We like f-fucking *sexy hot men like you, Parker.*"

"*Yeah, I just wish you had two cocks so you could fuck me at the same time - save some in the tank for me, big boy!*"

He chuckled, only to wince a little, focusing on his own pleasure as it drew closer and closer. Brynn moved to the side and pulled his face into her chest, smothering him with her bountiful breasts and forcing him to lick and suck her perfect pink nipples. She whined in near-orgasm at the sensation: she had long lost her sense of embarrassment when it came to having her tits played with. Harper moved to shove her a little out of the way, but Brynn kept more to the side so the fucking could continue, and in moments Parker roared, expending his hot seed inside Harper. The older woman gasped in her husky voice.

"Yes! Yesss! *Cum in me! I just love it when a younger man takes a cougar like me!*"



“Fuck!” was all Peter could state. “You know, for an older woman, you’ve got the pussy of a twenty year old.”

She smirked. “I’ll take that as a compliment,” she mused.

“You should, mommy,” Brynn said. “*Because it means you and I are twinsies, not just mom and daughter. We’re totes a pair of hotties who are young where it counts!*”

Brynn was disgusted by her words, but evidently Parker thought they were a turn on, because once he’d extracted himself from Harper, eliciting a moan from her, he turned his attention to Brynn, who made sure that her body existed to please him. It took some time to get him hard again, but as the pair of them well knew, there were few men who could resist their advances, no matter how slutty and trashy they were. In just ten minutes, after making sure he got her to cum purely from licking her divine nipples, she was riding the man aggressively, letting her breasts press against his chest as she slid up and down.

“*That’s my girl!*” Harper cheered from the side, still exhausted from her own experience. Still, she rolled to her side and kissed Parker on the lips, turning his head so he was half focused on her, and making sure his hands were on her breasts.

It was in this act of passionate three-way sex that the witch and her daughter dropped into. There was a flash of light, and suddenly on the couch by the bed were two figures dressed in much classier outfits than anyone else, both of them looking pretty and beautiful and just like Harry and Ben had seen them when they’d catcalled the pair, only the daughter was visibly a couple of years younger.

“What the f-fuck?” Parker exclaimed, only for the mother witch to snap her fingers. Instantly, the three members on the bed all squirmed in agonised pleasure, instantly cumming at once. Parker orgasmed deep inside Brynn, who moaned in overwhelming delirium. Meanwhile, Harper was forced to rub her sensitive clit and play with her tits, lost in pleasure.

“Try to enjoy that before we boot you out of here,” the witch daughter said casually. “We’re just dropping in to say hello and see how you’re faring after a couple of years.”

“Indeed dear,” her mother added. “We always like to inspect our handiwork and ensure that all is well. And indeed, judging from those wonderfully pleasurable faces, I’d say it’s going well indeed.”

Parker managed to pull out from Brynn, scrambling back in shock. “Who - who are you?”

“These are the *total bitches who, like, turned us into absolute hussies!*” Brynn snapped, unable to help herself.

“Don’t be rude, Brynn!” Harper snapped. She covered herself in her bed sheet, feeling utterly humiliated, but not wanting an even worse punishment. “I’m sorry, she *can be such a real tart sometimes, I swear*. We don’t mean to insult you. You’re just surprised us.”

“That’s the intent,” the mother said. “Just like you surprised us with your vicious catcalling two years ago. Neither of us expected it, or wanted it, so you have no right of complaint.”

“What the hell is going on here?” Parker said.

The younger witch rolled her eyes. “For magic’s sake, we’re witches, you moron. These two women *used* to be your coworkers - one Harry and Ben - and now you get to enjoy the fruits of the new bodies we gave them, all because they couldn’t keep their mouths shut when it came to *our* bodies. They were total pervs, so we decided to give them bodies and brains and libidos that would make them perved upon for life. Well, my mother did, but I learned a lot from watching it.”

“Yes you did, dear,” the mother witch said. “You’ve learned mightily well. But a witch’s work is never done until she is able to look upon her masterpiece once more, later, without the influence of bias. So for now, Parker, simply be silent and still.”

She flicked her wrist, and the terrified - and aroused - man fell silent, bound by magic so he indeed could not speak or move at all.

“That’s better,” the witch said, flicking her hair back and striking a pose with her lovely body. Once, the two former men would have been attracted by the sight, but now both simply felt jealousy at her sense of style, her upper class fashion that they could never afford. “Now, consider this just a post-transformation review. How are you both feeling? I’ll even reduce the amount of slut speak you two have so you can make your points clear”

Both exchanged a glance, naked and foolish on the bed as they were. For the first time, they felt their minds clear, their intelligence rise, and their ability to speak normally return. It was a massive relief, and yet also terrifying to think it could be taken away again.

“It’s - it’s awful!” Brynn said. “Please, we’re so sorry! You’ve got to turn us back! All I do is have sex with men all day and dress up like a trashy girl to sleep with them. I do all sorts of demeaning things and this body loves it. I can’t help but get off on it, especially when I get catcalled or stared at or felt up - even without my permission!”

“And I’m a freakin’ middle-aged woman who still had men come around to ride her!” added Harper. “I haven’t been able to fight it, and I’m going through menopause! Please, we know now how horrible we were, and that we should never have said those horrible things.”

“Especially the mom and daughter jokes.”

“Or commenting on your bodies.”

“Or saying anything at all. We were idiots.”

“Complete idiots, just like mom - I mean, Harry - says!”

Harry/Harper nodded. “Please, even if you can’t turn us back, can you please not make us like this all the time? It’s . . . it’s impossible to live so stupid and horny and slutty, especially . . . especially at my age.”

“And I don’t want to spend my whole life like this either,” Brynn added. “Please change us back. We’re so fucking sorry. We’ll never, ever do what we did again. We’ll treat women with respect, always. We swear!”

The two witches watched these confessions with a measure of amusement, both smirking and exchanging their own glances. Finally, the mother motioned for silence.

“Well, what do you think, Morgan my dear? Are they sincere?”

“I should think so, mother. I should think very so.”

“But do we turn them back?”

Morgan giggled. “Of course not! They’ve made their bed, now they can lie in it. I haven’t forgotten the horrible things they said - we’ve got perfect memories, after all.”

“That’s true. And besides, you both seem to be surviving well enough. And it would be unfair for Parker here to suddenly have two other men in the bedroom. Far better we wipe his memory of this and let you keep on going.”

The two transformees gasped.

“No!” Harper pleaded. “Please! Anything but that!”

“You can’t do this to us!”

“Ah, but we can, and we will. You deserve it, and besides, even if you didn’t, we’re *witches*, honey. You’re going to be vacuous and stupid and slutty forever now. This was just a fun little check up for us. Morgan, can you do the honours?”

The daughter, whose name was evidently Morgan, giggled as she waved her hands in the air and murmured a strange incantation. Both Harper and Brynn tried to leap away, to avoid the inevitable, but it was impossible. In mere moments, that brief experience of mental freedom was ended, and their IQs shrunk rapidly. Their libidos returned, and with a vengeance too, and so did their need to always talk very dirty.

“Nooo! Ohmigod, this isn’t fair!” Brynn whined. “*Now I’m back to being a horny bimbo slut who just wants to suck cock!*”

“Please! Please!” Harper cried. “*I’m not meant to be a MILF with a tight, wet pussy that always needs a new man!*”

But the witches just laughed.

“I’d say that’s exactly what you’re meant to be,” the mother witch responded, “especially judging from the way you two are already playing with your tits without even realising it. But I’ll give you both a little boon, just so you can fully accept your new roles and know that we aren’t ever, ever coming back. I’m going to wipe Parker’s confused memories, and then you two are going to show him such a day and night of pleasure that he’ll be practically comatose by the end of it. Nothing will be off limits. It will be the kind of fuckfest that a pair of chauvinists like yourselves would have lusted over in your past life. And your bodies will *crave* it the entire time, no matter how much you hate it. How about that?”

Both girls were silent, but Harper bit her lip from the arousal, while Brynn licked hers.

“Wonderful! Morgan, why don’t you take the honours?”

The witch daughter grinned, and began to incant another spell. Like a pair of deer caught in the headlights, there was nothing Brynn or Harper could do.

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What followed was indeed the trashiest twenty four hours of Harper and Brynn’s lives, even by the standards of the pair, who had slept with numerous gas station truckers and blew off the entire football team, respectively. Parker had no idea what he was in for, but as far as he was concerned, he was damn well in heaven. The group went mobile, giving him handjobs at the theatre, fucking him at a private motel, and even grinding against him when they visited a minigolf course, to the horror of others around them. He ordinarily would have stopped, but he was unaware that he was caught up in the spell as much as they were, and so was happy to go along with it, especially since his refractory period had also become supernaturally short. The three cut a swathe through the night and morning, finally ending up back near their home after stumbling back drunk from a taxi. They were both in the act of undressing Parker for one last bout, kissing and snuggling and desperate to be his chief partner in the act to follow, when there was a loud bang on the door.

“Who was that?” Harper said.

“Who cares, Mom, *I want this guy inside me! He came in you last, it’s back to me now!*”

But there was another bang on the door as they continued, then another, and then finally the door slammed open despite being locked a moment ago. On the other side of the door was a woman with olive skin and numerous trinkets woven into her hair. She looked to be in her mid-forties, and dressed in something like a cross between a farmer’s outfit and a more elaborate cloak from a renaissance faire. What’s more, she looked *furios*.

“By all the Gods, what in the hell is wrong with the three of you!?” she exclaimed. “Where are you? I know you’re in here! You three who committed such depravities after breaking into my damn carriage and scaring my horses!”

But then she fell silent as she peered through the doorway to the actions on the bed, and her jaw fell.

“Oh, you have to be kidding me! You’re all still at it? What are you, on drugs?”

“Go away!” Brynn shouted. “We’re - ohhhhh - *we’re having the time of our frickin’ lives. Me and Mom are fucking this hot guy for all his worth!*”

“We’ll - ahhh - sort it later!” Harper added. “Get out of our house! *Especialy when I’m using my MILFY body for what it’s meant for!*”

The moaning continued as their pleasure rose, but the strange woman did not leave. Instead, her eyes widened with fury.

“That’s it, this is ridiculous. I don’t know what hedonistic freakshow you’ve got going here is, but you deserve to be cursed for your shameless acts. And unluckily for you, I’m a witch, which means that instead of having sex, you’ll be - what’s so funny?”

The two women were laughing, even as Parker continued to grunt and thrust into Harper, who had won the ‘fight’ for dominance in this latest threesome. Brynn fondled herself, giggling a little insanely, and tears ran down her eyes.

“You’re t-too late!” she said.

“That’s all we can say!” Harper added.

The pair laughed and fucked, utterly humiliated before this stranger, but unable to stop themselves. Parker was a little confused, but the magic was making him too aroused to really care, and he was so close to cumming.

The trinket-covered woman took a moment to reconfigure her thoughts. To their astonishment, she waved a hand through the air, and a trail of magical green flame-like substance moved with it.

“Well I’ll be,” she said to herself. “You’re already affected by magic. Powerful magic too. Transformative in body and mind. This has all the markings of Druissa and Morgan, that dark pair.”

“You - ahhhh - know them!?” Harper cried, close to her peak.

“Yes, I do. Let’s just call them competitors, though I have been known to work with their little coven. But sometimes they go too far - they are very old school. Let’s end this charade and we’ll talk more about what’s happened to you, and what you did with my carriage last night, because I’d like answers on that. Sorry about this, but it might make things quicker.”

Brynn noticed that the incantation she then casted was eerily similar.

“Wait, we’ve already - NNGHH! MMPMHPHH!!!”

For the second time in twenty four hours, all three of them exploded into orgasms, cumming harder than they ever had before. It was exceedingly awkward, particularly since it was in front of another witch, except this time they were at least given time to come down from it.

“Okay, is he affected too?” the woman said.

“O-only to have sex with us,” Brynn gasped. “It’s temporary. *They just wanted us to suck his amazing cock and have him fuck us in our asses for, like, twenty fours hours or whatever. He doesn’t even know who we totes are!*”

“Then we’ll remove him. Sweet dreams, whoever you are. You can wake back in your own bed now, and this will all have been a wonderful fantasy.”

With a flash of magic, Parker was gone, and there was just them and the witch. She gestured for them to change, and they scrambled to do so while she moved back to the living room. Both were nervous, but in their mental state - as well as their generally low IQ - neither quite knew what to expect or what to do other than to meekly and submissively obey. When they came out to the living room, Brynn was wearing a sexy cocktail dress that showed off her body and back tramp stamp, while Harper was wearing a midriff-bearing top and yoga pants that were too young and tight for her, as if she were trying to appear younger.

“Ah, I’m guessing this is part of the curse too,” the woman said. “Please, sit. Let’s talk. What are your names?”

“Harper.”

“Like, I’m Brynn.”

“Good to meet you . . . perhaps. I am Tila, also known by my business name: the Wandering Witch. Last night my beloved carriage was broken into by three individuals on a drunken bender, and I was horrified that my magical sensors picked up all kinds of depravities happening within. It was enough to scare my horses, too! Do you remember this?”

Harper blushed. “I may have suggested it. *It seemed really funny at the time, and hot.*”

“*Suuuuuper hot,*” Brynn said. “But . . . we kinda have to say that.”

“Yes, I’m picking up that as part of the curse,” she murmured. “This is powerful magic upon you, and I don’t know if I can unwind it fully. What I can do is temporarily lift parts of the mental blocks so you can tell me your story. I’d like to know what Druissa and Morgan were up to, and why they did this to you. And you must be totally honest as well: I still haven’t decided what I’m doing with you.”

But she did cast a spell that once more lifted the fog over their minds. Their libidos - always in their mind - drifted out of focus, and the pair were able to think beyond their current sentences again, for once. They quickly launched into the full story from beginning to end, occasionally sliding into unnecessarily sexual details, since though parts of the mental curse were lifted, they were still likely to talk in such manners out of habit, just like how Harper and Brynn were likely to say ‘totes’ and ‘super’ and ‘uh’ and ‘like’ in their sentences. Still, the mother-daughter pair muddled their way through it, and didn’t spare themselves either: neither of them wanted to lie to the witch and get in even worse trouble.

When they were finished, Tila the Wandering Witch sat back in the sofa - the same sofa they’d had sex upon with men numerous times - and sighed.

“Well, I can’t say you didn’t deserve a little punishment, but all of this seems quite . . . disproportionate.”

Harper was just glad she knew what that word meant again, though Brynn had never heard of it.

“So you can help us?” Brynn said, hope in her eyes. “You can change us back?”

“Please,” Harper added, placing a hand on her daughter’s hand. “We’ve gone through so much. I never intended for this to, like, happen to us. It’s super unfair. I don’t deserve to be some trashy older woman.”

“And I don’t want to keep sucking off everyone just to keep my job! It’s so gross even though it’s really tasty.”

But to their despair, Tila shook her head. “It’s not as simple as that, I’m afraid. A witch can never fully undo another witch’s work. Only the original caster can unbind their magic. But I might be able to still help you . . . loosen it. A little. Give you some hope that perhaps you did not have. I’m still angry about the carriage, but I blame that on Druissa and Morgan more than you.”

The mother and daughter pair held hands more securely. Brynn leaned against her mother for comfort, as she often did these days.

“You mean it? Anything! Please! Anything so I don’t have to be such an unbelievable slut!”

“And the same for me!” Harper added.

Tila conjured a tea in her hand, which made the pair gasp. “I promise nothing,” Tila said, though her voice seemed compassionate, “but I will try my best. Your crime would have earned a shapeshift from me for a time, just so you know, but I am not so vindictive as my fellow witch sisters. I much prefer to leave people with happier endings. So I shall attempt to do so now. I warn you: things may change less than you hope. But I *hope* to give you just that, at least a little. *Hope*. Stand before me, and I shall see what I can do.”

She drew from her outfit a strange elixir, and poured what seemed to be part-golden dust, part flowing metallic liquid upon the ground. Harper had to clench her teeth to avoid complaining, while Brynn nearly marvelled at the colour. Their minds were slipping back to their former, bimbo-like dimensions as Tila worked, and it was increasingly hard to pay attention to what she was doing. Already, the pair were feeling a return of lust, and even wishing Parker was here rather than this boring lady who didn’t have a cock between her legs. Still, they both knew the stakes, and tried to restrain their trashy talking as much as possible.

“*Gawd, I really hope I don’t have to, like, get fucked constantly,*” Brynn said.

“*I just don’t want hot flashes while I cum.*”

“Ewww, Mom!”

“You know I can’t help it!”

“Silence!” Tila said, staring them down. “Both of you. I have made an arcane circle bound by some of my strongest magic. I need to concentrate - step within, but do not break the line. That is very important. Think, as much as you can, on maintaining your intelligence. On your wits. On lowering your libidos.”

“Our what?” Brynn asked.

“Our *real fucking horniness, daughter.*”

“Ohhhhh.”

“Yes, that, young one. Think on that, and stay inside the circle.”

They did so obediently, and the pair tried to keep their thoughts on that - and not luscious dicks - as much as possible. It was a near-impossible task, but they summoned all the male pride they could in order to succeed, and they were making small progress. Harper and Brynn dwelt on the shame of their new lives and bodies, on how pathetic they felt being so submissive and stupid, and how they'd degraded themselves again and again and again. They also thought - particularly in Harper's case - on how much of their lives had been stolen by Druissa and Morgan, and what shreds of dignity had been taken from them. About every trashy tattoo and sentence, every drop of cum they'd swallowed, every man they'd shared, every weird mother-daughter slut interaction they'd had to partake in: they thought on it all.

“Close your eyes and keep focusing,” Tila said, and they did just that. A thrumming power rose within them and within the wider circle as well, building in intensity to the point where both found themselves strangely pleased by it.

Tila sighed. “I cannot undo it all, or even most of it. But when I tell you to, you must leap from the circle together, as mother and daughter. I will contain what curses I can within, and in crossing the boundary you will gain some small blessings I can offer. This much I can do, and no more - *so long as you promise not to break into my carriage and despoil it with your fucking ever again.*”

“We promise!” they said, moaning and squealing a little as the energy rose.

“Very good - now focus, and JUMP!”

They jumped forwards, both opening their eyes at the last second. A wall of living green flame rushed forward to greet them, and the two former tough guys couldn't help themselves.

They squealed in terror as they passed through it.

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Harper moaned as her man thrust into her. She parted her legs, clutching him to her, appreciating every ram of his rod into her tight pussy. She was so very needy, after all.

“I f-fucking I-love you!” she exclaimed.



“Me t-too!” he gasped. “You’re the b-best fucking wife!”

“Ohhhh, I love it when you call me your wife, *hot stuff*,” she purred, just a trace of horny language slipping into her vocabulary. It was enough to send her husband over the edge, and he came within her. She clasped her thick thighs around him and took in every trace of his warm issue, groaning seductively.

“Ahhhhh, yesssss. You know how to t-treat a woman, Samuel.”

“And you know how to work a man. Hot damn am I lucky to have locked you down.”

She grinned, kissing him passionately. “And I’m still only forty one years old. I’m aging like fine wine honey. Trust me.”

He couldn’t know exactly what she meant, but before her handsome, silver-haired husband could follow up on that statement, an alarm went off on his phone.

“Shit! Brynn’s going to be here any minute!”

Harper quickly rolled from the bed, clutching her crotch as she ambled to the shower. “I’ll clean up first!” she exclaimed. “*You shot a lot of hot cum inside me. We better make sure you don’t knock me up, sexy.*”

He grinned. They both knew he wanted one baby out of the relationship, though the prospect still scared her. But not enough to give up on this life and go back to how she was. She quickly went to the shower and turned it on, though she stopped a moment to smile at her reflection. She was still Harper, she was still an older woman, though she was forty one years old now, instead of forty seven. She felt a bit sprier, she hadn’t gone through menopause yet, and she didn’t have those damn slutty tattoos - except that one Samuel liked that was on her lower back. More than that, she was free from being a totally trashy, cock hungry MILF.

Well, almost. Sort of. She was still a total MILF, actually. Tila couldn’t undo that. And she was still an older woman. And she was still cock-hungry as hell. But now she could *choose* the cock, and choose well, given her intelligence was pretty back to normal. She didn’t have any construction knowledge back, and the stuff she did get was mainly house maintenance, makeup, and fashion, but that had to count for something, right? Now she could dress sexy in a more tasteful way, instead of like she was living in a damn caravan.

It filled her with renewed confidence as she got out and got dressed, swapping a kiss with Samuel before swapping places at the cutting board, preparing the last of the hors d’oeuvres. God, she actually knew what hors d’oeuvres were now! A miracle after her old fate!

Samuel himself had just finished cleaning up in the shower and getting dressed when the door knocked. For a moment, Harper felt a tremor of fear, until she remembered that Tila had said Morgan and Druissa would never revisit - their pattern was only to check in once, and never again. Still, she had to summon a bit of courage before moving to the front door.

She checked her dress - lots of cleavage on display, but that was compulsions for you - and then opened it with a smile.

“Brynn! My darling daughter!”

Her gorgeous daughter beamed and leapt into her mom’s arms. The two were still related, still mother and daughter, and both had come to accept that. Just as before, Brynn was a marvellously sexy young thing, now twenty three years of age (in this new reality, Harper had had her when she was eighteen, it seemed). But there was a buoyancy to her now that she had most of her brains back. She was still a bit of a ditz and a flirt, but like her mother she was freed of the worst trappings of the curse, enough to even date someone.

“Mom, this is David! David, meet my awesome *hot* mom.”

Harper flushed red at her daughter’s words, but David just chuckled. “I know, that’s how she talks,” he said, extending a hand. Harper embraced him instead.

“It’s lovely to meet you, and *what a nice specimen you’ve found here, Brynn. You’re lucky I’m married or else I’d snatch him away!*”

“Mom!” Brynn said, rolling her eyes. They both knew it was a little compulsive statement, and took it in humour, even though David looked momentarily horrified. He was indeed quite handsome; dark-skin, neat black hair, and a winning smile to match his heroic frame. It made Harper wish she could take Samuel out back and . . . imagine some things, but she recovered in a way she previously never would have been able to and invited him inside.

“Come meet my husband Samuel, Brynn’s step-father. I’m sure he’ll talk your ear off about football!”

“I’ll be glad to meet him.”

She gestured him up to the kitchen, so that mother and daughter could talk.

“He’s sure cute,” she whispered to Brynn.

“Maybe he’ll be *totes a silver-haired fox like stepdaddy one day*,” Brynn said excitedly.

“Or maybe just a fun fling, knowing you.”

“Awwww, put some faith in me, Mom. I’ve changed now! I can go solo like you!”

Harper regarded her daughter, and once more marvelled at the busty beauty before her. Once she would have lusted after this woman, catcalled her, maybe even groped her if she were drunk enough. Now, this woman was nothing more or less than her daughter, her flesh and blood. And thanks to Tila, they could live semi-normal lives, even if they were really, really girly ones, and certainly lusty as well. The fact that Brynn was wearing a tight crop top and skirt that showed off all her curves was evidence of that.

“You’re right, Brynn,” she said, smiling gently. “We have changed. More than once!”

“I’m happy not to change again, personally. *Better a hot girlfriend than a totally sexy stupid slut*, right?”

“Exactly my thinking, especially with my age, dear. And no more, ahem, *sharing*.”

“Ewww, thank God! Yuck!”

Still, she placed an arm around her daughter, and the two smiled together as they walked to the kitchen to enjoy the conversation.

“Just make sure to teach your man to be respectful of his *hot girlfriend*, and never to catcall,” Harper reminded. “Not even as a joke.”

“Oh, totes. No way, never gonna happen. I’m *totes training him*. Not catcalling whatsoever. Not even if he gets drunk.”

Which was well and good. They both knew intimately the consequences of *that*.

**The End**