

# Wishing Roles (Bimbofication & MILFication)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Combined Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer & Rilby

*Mike and Hannah share a loving relationship, or at least so Mike thinks. When the couple are out with their single friend Amanda, each of the three make a wish. Mike wishes for a perfect partner, Hannah wishes she could make Mike happy, given that she plans to leave him. And Amanda wishes she could be in a relationship too. All three are about to be in for a shock as relationships are rearranged and the bodies of the two women changed . . .*

## Wishing Roles

### Part 1: Upon a Star

Mike held his girlfriend's hand as they walked back home to their apartment through the central city park. He and Hannah had just been catching up with some friends out of town, enjoying some drinks with them and reminiscing about old times. And, as always when he got a bit tipsy, Mike was waxing lyrical about how much he loved - truly loved - his girlfriend.

"You're the best Hannah," he said, gripping her hand tighter and leaning against her a little. "You're seriously the best."

"Oh Mike, you're definitely a little tipsy, aren't you?"

"No, I'm just very relaxed. Relaxed and in love. You look so beautiful tonight and I love you so much."

It wasn't a lie: he really did love her, and she really did look beautiful. Mike was in his late twenties, and was no bad specimen himself. He was tall, with broad shoulders and solid muscle mass, a square jaw and dark brown hair that always looked a little messy in just the right, kind of stylised, way. The fact that he had dressed up for the occasion also helped. And yet still, Hannah was in a different league. She was twenty three years old, and the pair had met a little over a year ago. She was tall, elegant, almost *elven* in her appearance, as if her beauty was somewhat ethereal. This was complimented by her prominent cheekbones and alluring green eyes, not to mention her wavy strawberry blonde hair. Her figure was petite and waifish, but that only added to her beauty instead of detracting from it. Normally, Mike went for curvier girls - he liked big boobs and butts and all that, like any red-blooded male of the human persuasion - but Hannah's presence commanded something very different, as did the way she smiled softly, spoke musically, and generally appeared in

control at all times. It was kind of like dating a goddess at times, and he was thankful each day for that.

“You look very handsome yourself Mike,” she noted, “but try not to be too loud, okay? Amanda is behind us. You know she’s single and bothered by it.”

Mike nodded, taking that in. He turned his head and saw that Amanda was indeed behind them, trailing by about thirty feet or so, no doubt heading back to her own lonely apartment. That loneliness was not an assumption either; despite the fact that the older forty two year old woman was deeply career focused in her administrative role, everyone could tell that she looked wistfully at other couples. It didn’t help that she was a rather frumpy woman; her brown hair was too curly, her face too square, her blemishes too frequent, her figure pudgy in strange places. She even dressed the part, hiding her figure in woollen wear that looked appropriate for a grandmother.

“Poor Amanda,” Mike whispered, turning to look back at Hannah. “If only she could have what we have. True love, huh?”

“Y-yeah,” she said back, biting her lip for a moment. “I mean, of course, babe.”

“Mhm, true love,” the deeply romantic and slightly tipsy Mike said, gazing up at the stars. “We’re so lucky we found each other at that tennis club. God, imagine if I hadn’t gone that day? We might never have ended up meeting, and we wouldn’t have this perfect relationship.”

“That . . . that is sort of true, I guess.”

He placed an arm around her. She didn’t pry herself away, but it should have been clear to Mike that he was missing some cues. For one, Hannah hadn’t actually professed love back, nor had she shown a lot of comfort at his own declarations. On top of that, she was starting to walk faster, and when he went to kiss her she returned it amicably but not at the extended length he clearly desired. From a distance, however, none of this was clear; Amanda behind them sighed softly to herself as she witnessed what seemed to be a perfect display of connection and love.

Hannah exhaled, realising she had to rip the bandaid off. For two months now she had been contemplating leaving him. She really liked Mike - truly - but he was just . . . just too much! He always wanted to spend time with her, rarely let her have her own space, and was always complimenting her and caressing her and wanting to be around her, even when she went to catch up with her girlfriends. It was damn suffocating, and the worst part was that there was no maliciousness in it at all; he simply loved her down to the depths of his bones, and couldn’t see that she wanted to fly more free. She’d tried talking to him about it, but while he understood what she was saying, the lesson rarely translated to any actual changes. He just wanted to be in her presence, and it was *exhausting*.

She'd thought about cheating on him. A lot, actually. It would be easy. She knew she was truly beautiful. All she'd have to do would be to go to a club (once she extracted herself from Mike) and wear one of her cute outfits. There'd be a guy there that wanted her, she knew from experience before dating Mike. And then she could go back to his place, have a fun fuck or two or three, and come back home and shower. It was a delightful little dream, but she swore she'd never be a dirty cheater, so it remained that; just a dream. One that told her it was time to get out before she did something she really regretted. She just needed to tell him.

"Mike," she started. "Can we stop and have a talk for a m--"

"Hey look! Shooting stars! They look incredible."

Hannah looked up. Amanda behind them, keeping herself respectfully distant, stopped as well. All three were transfixed by the site of numerous shooting stars across the night sky. They were like no shooting stars Mike or the two women had ever seen; the cosmic event was a fiery green in colour, and looked a lot closer than most, burning up in the atmosphere seemingly over the very city itself.

"Wow," Amanda said to herself.

"Whoa," Hannah also said.

Mike took her hand and planted a kiss on her cheek before returning his gaze to the sky. "What a romantic sight, huh?"

Hannah couldn't agree more. She wanted to badly to tell Mike that it was over, but she recognised that it would be selfish to do so now, especially during such a moment.

"It sure is," she said quietly.

"We'll have to make a wish!" he declared. "Remember not to tell me what it is or it won't come true."

Hannah rolled her eyes a little. God, he could be such a golden retriever of a human being sometimes. It was endearing, but also a bit maddening. Still, lost in the moment and holding her boyfriend's hand, she closed her eyes and made her wish.

*I wish that I could make him happy,* she thought, choosing selflessness. It was true; if she could leave on good terms, she would feel herself to be a much better person.

Mike also made his wish.

*My only wish is to be with my perfect partner,* he thought. He was thinking of Hannah, of course, caressing her hand in his, but the nonspecificity of his wish was about to change everything.

Lastly, there was Amanda, lurking awkwardly behind them. She'd already said her goodbyes back at the restaurant, so she decided not to interact with the loving couple. Still, the sight of them beneath the glorious sky made her cast her own wish up to it.

*I wish I was in a loving relationship with a man who wanted me,* she thought.

For just a moment, the sky seemed to glow all the brighter. Three shooting stars broke from the cosmic swarm, and their careening arcs diverged significantly. For a moment, the three figures actually thought they were going to be *hit* by these arriving meteorites, but instead they gleamed in the sky, breaking apart in the most spectacular fashion. A momentary warmth hit each of the figures, particularly Hannah and Amanda, and then it was past and gone.

“That was awesome,” Mike said. He turned his head. “Did you see that Amanda?”

“Sure did!” the woman replied, a little nervously.

“Did you make a wish?”

“I - yes, I may have!”

Mike laughed quite excitedly. He placed an arm around Hannah and kissed her.

“And you made a wish?” he asked.

“Something like that.”

“Well, let’s hope all three of us get what we wished for,” he said, voice louder again so that the approaching Amanda could hear.

The two women exhaled, just a little. They both wanted exactly that.

But wishes can be fickle, especially when not worded well, and can end you up in strange and unforeseen places.

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When Hannah got up the next day, it took time to extract herself from Mike. They’d had sex a couple of times before falling asleep, and that was typical when he was tipsy and lusty. She didn’t mind too much, and that was just another annoyance of knowing she had to leave him; he really was a fantastic lover. Still, if he slept in, she might even get a few hours to herself to just work on her studies, read part of a book, maybe even do her yoga without him commenting on how much he liked to watch it (he didn’t say this in a creepy way, either. He was genuinely interested. It would be much easier to dump him if he actually was creepy about it).

It was when Hannah went to the bathroom to start a nice, hot shower that she sensed something was wrong. A warm glow radiated within her for just a moment, and it felt exactly the same as when she had witnessed the explosion of the three shooting stars the previous night. When she gazed at herself in the mirror, she actually gasped.

“What the -!?! My face . . .”

It was different, somehow. Her cheekbones were less defined, and her jawline not quite as young. She had . . . not *bags* underneath her eyes, but evidence of aging, certainly.

Slight crow feet wrinkles could be seen at the corners of said eyes too. Even her strawberry blonde hair seemed different, perhaps a bit darker.

“Maybe I’m just tired . . . that must be it.”

She began her shower, where her inspection of her body continued. That warm glowing feeling was still within her, and it took time to fade. Over the duration of the shower, Hannah began to notice other details of concern. Her breasts, petite and small that they were, seemed just a little larger, as if her period was coming early and causing bloat. Her nipples too were a bit bigger, and her waist thicker than she remembered. Not chubby in the least, still quite petite in fact, but not entirely *thin* as she had been. The same appeared to be the case with her thighs.

“It’s probably just an early period,” she said to herself. “Bloating and water retention. And I did eat a lot last night. Maybe I’ve been nervous eating building up the nerve to-”

“Mind if I join, babe?”

She turned, noticing that her boyfriend was already up, already naked, and already stepping into the shower. The shower she very much liked to enjoy all on her own.

“S-sure,” she said, not wanting to start something. Mike entered and began caressing her body. She might not usually mind this, but with her body feeling different she was more concerned than aroused.

“Hey Mike . . . Mike? Can we not right now?”

Mike stopped. “Is something wrong?”

“Um, this is going to sound crazy, but . . . do I look different to you?”

Mike stepped back a little, and she turned fully to face him. There was *definitely* more of a jiggle to her breasts now. She expected Mike to say something like ‘no, of course not!’ or ‘just that you’re even sexier than before, babe,’ but instead his eyes went wider.

“Hey, babe, don’t take this the wrong way at all - you know I love you and think you’re beautiful - but *yeah*, you *do* look different.”

Hannah’s jaw dropped. She wasn’t imagining it.

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Amanda was just feeding her cats when she realised that she felt oddly energetic that morning. Normally, getting up to feed Thucydides and Herakles was a nuisance. She may have been only forty-two years old, but her body felt older, and years of admin work from her home had left her back rather aching from poor posture. This morning, there was no ache. More than that, she had *energy*, even before she ate breakfast in her bathrobe.

“Maybe it was that delightful shooting star storm last night,” she mused to her cats. “What do you think, Thude?”

Thucydides just meowed happily.

“Well, maybe it was just the good company. It’s still a bit awkward being the clear oldest in a friend group, but I’m grateful to know Mike and Hannah. If only I had what they had.”

She’d met them, even played a part in getting them together, when they’d been part of the same study group on analytics at college. Mike was right at the end of his degree and was now a full accountant, while Hannah was still studying to deal with law. As a mature age student, Amanda had outside so many circles for being older, but the pair had welcomed her, and she’d come to enjoy their liveliness as much as they liked her maternal fussiness.

“Ah, young love,” she mused. “Not that I’m old, but still . . .”

Ah, who was she kidding? Early forties wasn’t old, but it wasn’t *young* either. Still, she felt better today than most days, even if there wasn’t someone in her life to keep her company.

“Your fault for being so focused on work that you didn’t make time,” she noted to herself. Amanda finished up her breakfast and headed to the bathroom to shower. She owned the apartment, so at least she had that comfort, but it didn’t help her when she was reminded that she was getting older and-

“What on earth!?”

The woman in the mirror wasn’t who she remembered. Amanda stepped closer and observed her face in the reflection. Her puffy cheeks were less puffy, and her wrinkles were less obvious. She looked several years younger, and this effect was added to by her hair, which had less grandma-curls and more *rich* curls to them. Her hair also seemed longer. She usually kept it shorter for reasons of convenience, but now it was extending down to her chin in length, and certainly past her ears.

“This is too weird.”

She disrobed, initially expecting no other changes. It was just a trick of the light, or the result of a particularly good night of sleep, or perhaps her latest diet had finally done the trick in fighting against her seemingly intrinsic frumpiness.

Instead, the woman gasped.

“Oh, oh my.”

It wasn’t a radical change, but it also wasn’t an unnoticeable one either. Her breasts, prominent C-cups but sagging and not exactly attractive, were much more pert and rounded upon her chest. Her oddly shaped bellybutton, which looked more like a sort of diagonal gash, was now rounded and cute. Her stomach, still flabby, had less fat on it that it should have. And the patches of cellulite and annoying moles that dotted her body, while present, had noticeably diminished.

Amanda blinked for a few moments, turning to notice that even her ass looked less sagging and more in shape, much like her breasts.

“How on earth is this even possible?” she asked.

## **Part 2: Transforming**

Hannah had no idea what to do. She’d had a little cry, which was quite unlike her usual, more stoic self. Mike, frustratingly and amazingly, had offered every possible support, but the truth was that the pair were absolutely boggled as to what could have possibly caused this.

“Perhaps it was the food last night?” Mike asked. “Maybe you had a reaction to it?”

Hannah gestured to her outfit, a stylish camisole and modern, slightly ripped-for-looks pair of jeans. She fit into them, but it was clear that her body was now a size larger than what she was wearing. She wore slim clothing, which made this all the more obvious.

“Could a reaction really cause *this*?” she asked. “I mean, my boobs are bigger. My waist is thicker. And . . . I feel older. I mean, I know I look older now-”

“Just a bit tired, I think.”

“Well, I’ve got fucking crow’s feet, so I’ll go with older. But that’s not just it; I feel like I’ve got less energy, Mike. I swear, I can feel my bones creaking. It’s really weird!”

Mike didn’t know what to say. Hannah was still obviously gorgeous, but it was undeniable that she looked different, and her hair indeed looked darker despite the fact that it would have been impossible to dye it so quickly.

“Let’s get you to a doctor,” he said. “We should make you an appointment.”

Hannah sighed. “You’re right. I’m sorry, babe, but this is just too freaky for me.”

“Hey, I’m here for you. You know I love you more than anything. I’ll help you through this.”

His arms encircled her, and again Hannah felt guilty. Mike was such a good guy, he truly was, but he needed either a girl who was just as clingy and boyfriend-crazy as he was girlfriend-crazy, or he needed to get some personal hobbies.

“Thanks, Mike,” she said.

“Hey, didn’t you have something to tell me last night? Something important before the whole wish-on-a-shooting-star sight?”

Hannah took a deep breath and steadied herself. It wasn’t a good time, but when was it ever? She needed to do this, she needed-

The phone rang, and for a moment, she thought it would somehow be the medical centre she was dialling for an appointment. She quickly realised how ridiculous that was, and saw that it was Amanda instead.

“Hang on Mike, let me get this. It’s Amanda.”

She brought the phone up to her ear.

“Hey Amanda, what’s up?”

The breathing on the other end of the phone was hesitant, almost scared. When the voice finally spoke, it sounded just a little lighter than Amanda’s usual lower-registry tone.

*“Hannah, this is going to sound very, very strange, but has anything strange happened to either you or Mike since last night? As in . . . do you feel different?”*

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Just half an hour later the three of them were all in the same room, having travelled to Amanda’s place. Thucydides and Herakles played with Mike as the three of them talked. He was a big animal lover but Hannah had too many allergies to allow pets. Thankfully, she could stand short bursts, and Amanda had given a quick vacuum.

“Are you sure you don’t need tissues?” Amanda asked.

Hannah rubbed her nose. “It’s okay. Our place is too small for three people to have this chat. This is all just so wild. You *do* look different, Amanda. No, really, you do. You look younger.”

“And you look . . .”

Amanda trailed off, not quite knowing what to say. Hannah was still immensely beautiful, but she didn’t look quite so petite and waif-like anymore.

“Fatter,” Hannah said.

Amanda scoffed. “If you’re fat, then what does that make me?”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to-”

“It’s okay, we’re all freaking out here. I actually painted my nails to calm myself down this morning. Paint my nails, me! And pink too, see? Can you believe that?”

Hannah gave a sympathetic smile. She, on the other hand, had been too worried to even go about her usual glam-up routine.

“That is a bit unlike you,” she admitted. “I actually started stress-cleaning the kitchen. That’s normally Mike’s job.”

“She’s neat, but not a big cleaner,” Mike added, before smiling at Hannah. “Sorry, babe.”

“No offence taken,” she said. She ran her fingers through her hair. “Okay, so overnight I’ve put on weight and gotten some curves. I feel more tired and look a bit older,



but it's probably just stress at this point, because you actually look better and healthier, right?"

"I actually do," Amanda admitted, before lowering her voice so just Hannah could hear. "And my boobs are better too."

"Bigger, like mine?"

"No, at least I don't think so. But more pert. Less saggy. Less blemishes too."

"Amazing."

"Could this be . . . the wishes?"

Mike sat up straight, and Hannah leaned in.

"You don't think it could be that, Amanda?" the other woman asked.

"I don't know. I've never been very superstitious. But this morning I felt a warm glow just like last night when I was seeing how I'd changed."

"Me too!"

"She did," Mike added, and she described it as just like last night."

Amanda coughed into her hand, trying to put forward something radical. "Then is it possible that we each made a wish, and the wish is . . . doing something? Maybe even coming true?"

"It would depend on what you wished for, I guess," Mike said. "I mean, I just wished Hannah would stay my perfect partner."

Hannah bit her lip, feeling that shame and guilt rising again, but Amanda was the one to reply.

"Was that exactly how you worded it?"

"Um, well, if I can remember, I think my actual wish was *I wish to be with my perfect partner*, which is basically the same thing."

"I wished to make Mike happy," Hannah added.

"And I wished to be in a loving relationship with a man who wanted me," Amanda admitted, blushing a little. "A bit pathetic, really."

Mike frowned. "So we all made relationship wishes, I don't see what that has to do with all of this. Besides, I haven't changed. I still think it's the food from last night."

The three of them mused on that for a while.

"Let's just . . . keep it in consideration," Hannah said, concerned with Mike's wish. Was she becoming his ultimate dreamgirl? He loved her body, but she knew he had previously dated more voluptuous women.

Amanda concurred. She too had thoughts about her change: just as Hannah would be fitting her own wish and Mike's by becoming a bit more curvaceous, perhaps she was becoming more dateable by gaining more pertness and even looking younger. The prospect excited her, even if she recognised it was probably unlikely. Still, the notion of being a young,

gorgeous woman, when she'd only ever been one of those things before, made her contemplate all sorts of possibilities.

"Keep in touch?" she suggested.

"Of course," the other two said.

Hannah left with Mike, his hand around her slightly thicker waist. She still felt strange about it, but she *was* still beautiful, and she *had* been stressed lately. This was likely just all a ridiculous misunderstanding, not *magic*.

Mike, on the other hand, had an imagination that was stirring. He felt guilty for thinking it at all. Hannah was perfect for him. Just *perfect*. And yet, every man has in his mind the image of a perfect woman they knew didn't exist. It was ridiculous, but the idea of an ultra-feminine gal with large breasts, a delectable hourglass figure, and nice ass and hips was still something he thought about, very rarely, sure, but still thought about nonetheless. Hannah was unbelievably beautiful, but the loving boyfriend could imagine how much more wonderful she would be with a sexy bustline and curvier ass. He put the thoughts out of mind as soon as he could. They were all wrong. It wasn't fair to want his loving girlfriend to be anything different. He'd asked to be with a perfect partner, after all.

She loved him. Wasn't that a perfect partner enough?

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Over the next week, both women started to think that perhaps the changes they'd experienced were not so remarkable at all. Sure, Hannah looked slightly older, but she reckoned that this was probably just a result of having a slightly fuller figure and not using her makeup properly; with the right application, she still looked her lovely self, albeit with a few more curves. Amanda also saw no more changes, and this was a disappointment to her. But there *were* changes happening, ones that weren't visible but becoming increasingly present. *Mental* changes.

Hannah didn't even notice that she had started cleaning more and more. It was usually Mike's job, but she had taken to scrubbing marks off of the walls and getting rid of excess dust with more devotion than usual. Far more, in fact. Mike didn't complain, thinking it was just another show of affection from his girlfriend. She hadn't yet worked up the courage to dump him; with her body image altered, she wasn't sure she wanted to deal with that alone yet, as selfish as that was. Besides, she was starting to stress eat, or at least so she thought. More than once she ordered food to their apartment, aiming to get a nice salad as always, only to get french fries with a chicken burger. Yet when she checked her phone app, that was indeed what she had ordered! The worst part was that she had developed a hankering for said greasy fast food, and was willing to eat it alongside Mike.

“Hey, don’t get stressed over it,” he told her. “Everyone has a week or two where they just want to eat what they want. You’ll get back on your usual diet, babe. Besides, maybe the extra calories will go to these.”

He fondled her breasts, causing her moan. They were a little sore again, but she attributed that to her upcoming period. At least, she hoped it was the case. She hadn’t felt that strange glow again. Yet.

Amanda, on the other hand, was becoming a lot more social. It was as if a switch had been flicked, and she wanted to stop being such a shut-in whose only friends were ones who she had basically met in study groups or gone through high school with. She went shopping, purchasing a number of dresses and outfits that were more daring in colour, material, and style, not to mention how they showed off her more healthy, pert breasts. She decided to keep her nails pink as well, but just to indulge in her newfound determination to become more dateable, she actually went and got a professional manicure and pedicure too. She was surprised at how fun and relaxing it was, but more than that how easy it was to chat to Barbara, the lovely woman serving her at the salon. Amanda had never been a greatly social animal, yet now she found herself giggling and chatting and gossiping with the best of them!

“Oh my God, you’re kidding, your mother-in-law *actually* said that to you?” she asked Barb.

The other woman nodded, speaking in a strong New York accent. “Uh huh, uh huh, I could *not* believe it. And lemme tell you, darling, I’ve heard some bitchy comments in my time but that takes the cake! Oh, I just love your nails right now. If you ever think of getting your face style, pink is absolutely your colour. I think you should lose the dark dye in your hair, if you don’t mind me saying, though. Blonde is definitely the real you.”

Amanda paused. She could see herself in the mirrors of the establishment. There was a faint glowing warmth within her, but she couldn’t make out if a change had actually occurred.

“Um, I’m actually just naturally brunette,” she said with a sheepish grin.

“Really? You sure? I could have sworn your roots were blonde! Anyway, my mother-in-law, you won’t *believe* what she said after *that* . . .”

Amanda kept listening and engaging, but she was quick to get home afterwards, still aware of that warmth within her. It had already been a week of coming slowly but surely out of her social discomfort zone, and of updating her wardrobe and look, but Barbara’s comments about her hair had made her think once more about her transformation. She approached her mirror, looking into the reflection as she pried apart her hair to examine her roots.

“Oh my word,” she breathed, shocked. “My roots really have changed. Barb was right.”

She examined them again, just to make sure, but it was true on every part of her head that she could see.

“I’m going blonde!”

And that was when the warm glow hit her again, and *this* time the changes unfolded *visibly*. Amanda began to grunt and moan as it began.

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Hannah was out with Mike. He had attached himself to her as before, even though she wanted to catch up with her girlfriends and have coffee with them. The result was that he was among them, chatting freely to Monica and Indigo, both of whom clearly approved of him. Unfortunately, they were both in relationships themselves, so she couldn’t pawn him off. He kept looking over at her with stars in his eyes, clearly wrapped up in love.

“Everything okay?” she asked him a bit brusquely.

He faltered. “Y-yeah. Are you okay?”

Monica and Indigo paused to listen in.

“I’m . . . of course I’m fine, Mike. Can you please put that napkin on your dish? I’m worried it will go to the wind. And hold still.”

She leaned forward, licked her finger, and corrected a bit of his hair, as if by instinct. Monica giggled.

“Acting quite the momma there, Hannah.”

Hannah beamed with pride, before realising what she was doing. “Um, no. I was just . . . oh, stop it Monica!”

The girlfriends giggled, and Mike chuckled along. Hannah just sighed, ready to order a little food to go with her drink. She was feeling starved . . . primarily for fries and gravy instead of her usual salad. But as she rose to go to the counter of the little brunch takeaway place, a sudden warmth - a kind of *glow* - lit up in her belly. It felt just like the night of seeing the shooting star, only this time it was accompanied by a lurch and a series of pressures across her body.

“Urgghhh,” she grunted, leaning back against their table.

“Babe, are you alright?”

“Yeah, are you okay?” Indigo asked.

But Hannah could barely respond. Something was happening to her body. A series of tremors came over her, a wave of nausea too. And then, suddenly and without any way to hide it, her body began to change.

“Oh God!” she cried.

And then then it all happened.

### **Part 3: Age and Shape**

Hannah grew. Not in height, but in width, becoming chubbier and chubbier right before her friends and boyfriend. Her arms became thicker, her thighs most certainly so, and her ass ached with the promise of expansion. The others stared as she writhed, body shaking as she managed to hold the changes back through sheer willpower alone. She groaned, clutching the table she had just tried to leave as a wave of nausea swept through her. It was accompanied by more of those dreadful pressures, and the only thing keeping them back from occurring was her own dogged mind.

“N-no! It c-can’t happen! It can’t!”

“What are you talking about, Hannah?” Monica asked, obviously concerned.

“Yeah, are you okay, love?” Mike asked.

Hearing that word, ‘love,’ somehow broke down the walls of her bodily resistance. Her mind flashed back to that wish, the one she had made upon the shooting star for Mike to be happy. Somehow, she knew in that moment, her changing body was connected to that somehow. The epiphany caused the floor to finally wreck the dam.

“Nghhh! I don’t understand, how is this h-helping the w-wish!?”

The three others exchanged a look of confusion at the table, but she could barely care, because her body warped and changed further from that point. She moaned as her ass *swelled*. Her once-slim breasts surged forth, gaining fat and tissue and ending up in the impressive C-cup range, enough to stretch the confines of her dress. Her waist thickened, packing on pounds that seemed to come from nowhere, and her cheeks rounded out further. Even her hips widened, giving her a more maternal figure, leaving her dress to become much more showy than intended.

“Ugghhh,” she groaned, barely able to stop panting and sweating from the process of change. “H-help m-me!”

“Oh my God,” Indigo said, “her whole body is getting, like, fat or something!”

“Or curves at least!” Monica said. “Hannah, what on earth is happening to you?”

Hannah locked eyes with Mike. She could feel herself getting older, her body thicker and more mature. She was developing a mommy figure, and from Mike’s perspective his twenty three year old girlfriend now looked to be in her mid-thirties. Her hair got shorter too, pulling back into her scalp so that it now had a ‘mom cut’ of sorts.

“It’s the w-wish!” she managed. “The wish I made, or you made! It’s ch-changing me! Don’t ask me how I kn-know! UGH!!!”

One last expansion of her breasts, leaving her cleavage seriously on display. She now had delightfully thick curves, but her body was also a bit more jiggy and wider in general, like a voluptuous woman of great beauty who'd had a couple of kids and eaten too much fast food, and it had left a mark on her otherwise impressive figure.

The changes stopped. Mike was suddenly at her side, helping hold her up on unsteady legs. Several patrons at other outdoor tables looked at her with shock, only to go back to their meals.

"Are you okay, love?" Mike asked.

"I - I feel different. God, I feel *older*. And *fatter*."

"You're not fat, but something's happened. Indigo and Monica, can you help me?"

"With what? Has something happened?"

Both Mike and Hannah looked up at the latter's two friends in surprise. Monica was texting on her phone, smirking at some social media story she was invested in, while Indigo was sipping her latte and checking the time.

Mike and Hannah both exchanged a look.

"You - you didn't see Hannah change? You were just commenting on it!"

"What change?" Indigo asked. "She's wearing the same dress as she was when she got here. Looks nice and tight on your figure, Han. I love the way you emphasise those thick curves, and I totally mean that. You're rocking thirty-six, I tell you!"

Hannah blinked. "Thirty s-six?"

"Yeah, you turned it the other day, remember. We had a whole party. Man, I don't go much for greasy food, but I couldn't resist."

Monica gave an exaggerated moan in approval. "Samesies. You really know how to serve a barbeque, Hannah. Are you not feeling okay? You look pale?"

By this point Mike was beginning to piece things together. Only he and Hannah seemed to have remembered what just went down: the rest of the patrons nearby had only been momentarily distracted, and while Monica and Indigo had been alarmed when the change had occurred, their memories had somehow been wiped.

"Neither of you noticed that Hannah got a little too . . . curvy?" he asked.

The two friends immediately launched into a two-pronged attack that would have left any man mortally injured.

"Excuse me?"

"What did you just say about Hannah?"

"Oh, he *didn't* just imply what I think he just implied!"

"Hannah, don't even dump him. I'll dump him *for* you."

"Mike, you've always been so sweet, but Hannah is a total catch. You knew what you were signing on for, dating an older woman, and her body can *get it*."

“Right on Monica! Mike, you better apologise!”

Mike held up his hands, signalling defeat. “I didn’t mean it like that, I meant it like, uh, just that she’s gotten so damn out of my league I’m getting worried, ya know. Because you’re beautiful, sweetheart.”

He said the last part to Hannah, and it made her heart flutter, though in a different way than expected. She felt a great deal of affection for Mike still, but it still wasn’t romantic. Neither was it at least based on attraction, though. Instead, there was something removed about it that she just couldn’t identify, as if they still had a relationship, but it was neither as friendship nor as lovers. It was becoming something else entirely, and she had no idea what that was, only that it scared her.

“Han, is that when he meant? Because I have a hot coffee right here!”

“It was!” she said quickly to Indigo, who calmed a little. “He’s always giving me little compliments. Look, I’m sorry girls, but I really have to go. I just got, um, a message from Amanda, my older friend. It’s an emergency, so I better go check on her.”

She motioned for Mike to leave with her, and the pair began to stand again, giving their apologies and both knowing that something else was going on. But before they could leave the table, Monica raised an eyebrow and cocked her head.

“Um, I hope Amanda is okay. But did you just say ‘older’ friend?”

“Yeah, what of it?” Hannah said. She reached out and grabbed one of the chocolate brownies that had been left on the table when the drinks had been served out. She normally would never do that for fear of her figure, but she couldn’t resist the compulsion now.

“It’s just that, Amanda is, like, only thirty years old. *You’re* the older friend, Han. Of course, you’re only as young as you feel, I guess!”

Hannah’s eyes widened. *Amanda had been at the park too.* She had made a wish. As had Mike. As had she. She swallowed and nodded to Mike, who was following the same conclusions now.

“I guess I misspoke,” she said. “Sorry, I really have to go. And we *really* have to get to Amanda’s place, Mike.”

“Of course, love,” he said, tagging along and fearing for his girlfriend.

But being called ‘love’ by him just felt all wrong, and not just because she wanted to break up with him still. No, there something almost . . . inappropriate about it.

“Let’s get to Amanda,” she said as she got into the car, adjusting the seat in order to better serve her changed figure. She was unused to her heavy breasts or wider hips, and Mike stared at them, astonished.

“Don’t look at me!” she said. “I need you to drive us there! We need to figure out what’s going on, and what Amanda wished for!”

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Amanda moaned, but it was a far more sensual moan than anything Hannah had expressed, at least so far. It was like her body wasn't just surrounded by various pressures, but being intimately massaged in all the right places. The *very right* places. The older woman caressed her curves, the previously non-existent ones, that was, as they continued to expand. A glorious energy flooded through her body, giving her new life: literally! Years fell away from her body, the forty-two year old now feeling like when she was in her early thirties, or younger! She groaned, pulling away her clothing in order to feel her newly sensitive skin. She watched herself in the mirror, strangely aroused by the sight of her rejuvenating form. It was so strange, she had never felt so sexual in her life, having been quite closed off and introverted even as a young woman.

“Mhmmm, I feel so - so - so *HOT!*”

Even the word 'hot' sounded fucking *hot*. She gyrated her hips a little, now only in her bra and underwear, clutching the bathroom counter. She already looked attractive thanks to her new hairdo and makeup, not to mention her manicure, but where before she'd had just a little hesitance about them, now she positively *revelled* in her new look. Her breasts expanded as if they were literally being *pumped* bigger, and her hips widened, though not so much that they looked too maternal. Her stomach flattened further, and her legs seemed to . . . to get longer! She stretched them out, and they literally stretched even further. Her entire body was getting taller, leaving her at roughly 5'8: tall for a woman, but not *too* tall. Not so tall that she couldn't rest her head in the crook of Mike's shoulder lovingly, pressing her firm breasts against him as she teased him with her body, until he could no longer fight his desires and took her to the bed and took her hard and made her moan and cry out as he thrust into her again and again and again and -

She blinked. The changes were done, but her fingers were slipping inside her pussy, rubbing her swollen clit and eliciting sweet moans in her new, higher voice. It was almost a soprano pitch. Her other hand was rubbing her left nipple. Somewhere along the way in her dreamy haze she had taken off her too-small bra. Her breasts looked to be full D-cups now.

“Where did those th-thoughts coming from?” she said aloud. She clutched her head with one hand, moaning sweetly as she continued to rub her hungry pussy. “What is happening to m-me!? Why am I so, like, horny!? Ohhhhhh!!!”

The orgasm hit her. She'd been building to it for some time and didn't even realise she'd been doing it. She shook, trembling from the sensations that made her feel so damn alive. Again, her mind went to Mike. God, she wanted him. Just a few days ago, she had wanted what he and Hannah *had*. Now, she just wanted *him*. It was wrong, it was ridiculous. He was her friend, and so was Hannah. But now the thought of stealing him away and



making him hers with her younger body was a compulsion that was driving her. It only increased the power of her orgasms, as the last one coursed through her system, making her moan sweetly.

It was then that her phone rang. She wanted to leave it, but then she saw that it was *Mike* calling.

"I shouldn't," she said to herself, biting her lip. "Whatever's happening, I need to keep away from him."

But it kept ringing. And ringing. And ringing. She tried to stop herself, but her hand reached out to grab the phone anyway, as if remote-controlled by some other force.

"What!?! No, I'm not answering this - Hellooooo! This is Amanda speaking!"

She even *giggled* into the phone. None of it was intended by her. She was being bodyjacked! The very instant she had tried to resist her new body's desires, whatever was driving them, this strange force had taken over.

*"Hey, this is Mike! Hannah and I are heading to you now. Some weird things are happening."*

"Well, you don't say?" she purred.

*"Um, are you alright?"*

"Just perfect," she said, making kissy faces in the mirror. "Especially now that you're coming over. And Hannah, of course."

*"Speaking of, just humour me, do you remember how old Hannah is?"*

"Yeah, she's, like, twenty three. Do you not remember?"

She was starting to get control again, but another compulsion burned within her, this one a feeling she was 'supposed' to have; jealousy. Not just of what Hannah had in Mike, but specifically of her age. *She* should be twenty three, or even younger! All the better to spend more years being perfect for Mike.

*"Of course, it's just . . . we'll explain when we arrive. We'll be there in five. Bye!"*

Hannah put the phone down.

"Mhmm, I should wear something sexy for - no! Oh God, what am I saying?"

She looked again in the mirror, having regained control of herself. She was indeed becoming quite attractive, with more curves than Hannah ever had. But why was she saying 'like' occasionally now? And why was she trying to be all sweet on Mike, and then forced to be when she resisted?

"This is all wrong," she said, still not used to her higher, sexier voice. "Oh God, I hope they know what's happening. I don't want to end up as some young horny bimbo or something, I'm a professional, damn it!"

And then, seemingly just because she had said this in defiance of the growing compulsions, her bathroom cabinet changed. Once it had been threadbare and ordinary,

plain and practical. Now, numerous stylish makeups flooded the countertops, as well as foundation, eyeliner, eyeshadow kits, a deluxe hair dryer, and numerous other beauty products that she didn't even know what to do with.

But the compulsions did. The compulsions were there. After her changes and subsequent self-pleasuring, she'd ruined her makeup. Now, she simply *had* to make herself pretty as possible. For Mike, of course.

"Jesus, what am I becoming?" she asked.

But she didn't want to go into autopilot again, and the burning ache to look as hot as possible was getting more potent by the second. She reached out for a cotton pad to remove her makeup and get herself ready all over again.

"I, like, hope I've got some cute outfits for my new size," she said aloud.

The worst part was that she really did hope exactly that. She'd look *great* in them.

#### **Part 4: Epiphanies**

Hannah hurriedly rapped her knuckles on Amanda's door. The place had changed, somewhat. The decor was a little brighter, the welcome mat designed with more flowery writing that had '*Welcome Home, Gal!*' upon its pattern in a vibrant purple.

"C'mon, c'mon!" she said, voice a little huskier than it should have been. "Answer, Amanda! Please open the door."

"She's here, love, just wait," Mike said. He placed a hand on her shoulder, trying to calm her. "We'll sort this out."

"We better. I'm becoming a fat freak."

"You're not fat, and you're not a freak either. You know I . . . care for you."

Hannah paused from her knocking. Mike always said he loved her, hell, he'd done just that a moment ago! Now he was saying 'I care for you,' with a strain in his voice.

"Mike, when you just said that, were you trying to say you loved me, but you felt a need to say something else?"

Now it was Mike's turn to look confused. "How - how did you know that?"

"Whatever this is, it's compelling both of us to play certain-"

The door opened before she could finish her thoughts, though it wasn't Amanda that was on the other side as they expected. This was more like her hot niece, or perhaps even her daughter, to judge from her age. She had dark blonde hair unlike Amanda's mousey brown, and her figure was impressively curvaceous in a tight blouse and flowing skirt. It was obvious that she had a nice hourglass figure, and a pretty face to go along with it, full lips

and all. Her makeup only enhanced that beauty; Hannah experienced a jealousy at the women's skill, but also a strange pride, for reasons she could not yet discern.

"Who are you?" she asked the woman, whose facial structure certainly resembled Amanda, only if she wasn't so dowdy and was nearly twenty years younger.

"Who am I? Who are, like, you? Oh my gosh, Mike! I've been . . . dying to see you. Who's this woman? She isn't . . . she isn't your new girlfriend, is she?"

Amanda winced at the very thought, despite knowing how wrong it was.

"Please, whoever you are," Mike said, "we need to talk to Amanda? Can you go get her?"

She placed a hand on her hips and cocked it to one side, posing sexily thanks to the latest shove from the magic that had changed her.

"Amanda's right here honey, new and improved. What do you think?"

She turned on the spot, revealing that she had a nice rear too, at least as it outlined against her skirt a little. Her legs, Mike couldn't help but notice, were damn sexy. He felt a strange compulsion to look at them a little longer, until Hannah nudged him with her elbow.

"And I'm Hannah! God, it looks like whatever hit me also hit you. I have an idea of what it was."

"Hannah? Like, holy shit! You've got curves now, and you look way older! Wait, am I stealing your youth? 'Cause I feel super younger and sexier now."

Mike swallowed. Sexy was right. With a bit more in the bust, a bit more in the hips, and an even more beautiful face with fuller lips, and this lady would be his absolute dream woman, conjured straight from his deepest sexual imagination.

Hannah nudged him again, irritated at how this young thing was grabbing his eye. Yet she couldn't escape the strange understanding that these two were *meant* to have such electric chemistry. As if she somehow approved of it, which was all wrong!

"Can we come in," she said, using her newfound authoritative voice. "I think we've got a lot to discuss."

Amanda nodded, seeming to regain herself.

"Yes, please. I - I don't know what's happening, but if you have any idea . . . this is all very strange."

"You're telling me."

Mike nodded. "I'm almost waiting my turn. Hannah thinks she may know what's going on."

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"A wish? Really? Like, as in, when we wished on the shooting star?"

“Exactly,” Hannah said. “We made a wish on the shooting star and it all changed us, somehow. Well, at least you and I.”

They were all sitting in the living room space Amanda had organised for them. The decorations were a lot girlier than they used to be, and she said they had simply ‘come from nowhere,’ much like the outfit she had changed into without thinking, following a subconscious need to wear a pink pantsuit that clung to her lovely new features. Mike had sat down beside her on the two-person couch, himself feeling a strange compulsion to be by Amanda rather than his love, leaving poor Hannah to be seated opposite them on her own, snacking on the little cakes that Amanda had baked recently, and wondering where her need for calories and sugar had sprung from.

The two women had listed off their changes to one another, with Mike awkwardly pitching in with things he had noticed - behaviours and even physical changes - while also very aware that he hadn’t changed much at all. Occasionally he experienced a twinge, an urge to place his hand on Amanda’s athletic, perfectly shaped thigh, and then he wondered where on earth such an urge could have even come from. He tried to keep his attention on Hannah, seeing her beauty, but while she was still good looking, attraction was less and less a reality for him. It was almost as if being attracted to his girlfriend was . . . wrong, somehow. Taboo, and not in a sexy way. Whereas Amanda, looking chirpier and fitter and curvier than ever, was like the sun; impossible to look at for too long, and yet drawing the eye anyway.

“It’s just, like, crazy to think of,” Amanda said. “But it’s true! Ever since that night, I’ve been changing. I thought it was just physical changes at first, but now I feel a need to fulfil a role. It’s like the magic or whatever it is, is pushing me to be a different person.”

She looked into Mike’s eyes, and had to look away, coughing awkwardly.

“I know what you mean,” Hannah said. “I can’t stop eating junk food. Not ridiculous amounts of it, but it’s not my special diet! And I can’t be intimate with Mike anymore.”

“You can’t?” he asked.

She swallowed. “No, it just seems all wrong! And I want to clean more, and make sure things are tidy, and I haven’t even checked in with all my girlfriends on social media even though they’ve been messaging me. I don’t want to go clubbing, for God’s sake! I *like* clubbing!”

The two women looked to Mike.

“What?”

“Have you, like, changed?” Amanda said. She placed her hand on his thigh, going along with the compulsion.

He flapped his hand to indicate ‘kinda.’ “Not physically, no. But I’m starting to feel what you ladies are feeling; a sort of set of compulsions driving me to act certain ways towards . . . certain people.”

He said that last part while eyeing Amanda. It was getting harder and harder not to be just a little, well, *hard* in her presence. Without even meaning to she was thrusting out her chest and sighing softly, placing one leg over another in feminine repose.

“What kind of ways? And to who?” Hannah asked, folding her arms.

“Just . . . different. I can’t explain it.”

It was a lie, of course. A total lie. But better a lie than admit he was trying to resist the urge to place a hand around Amanda’s waist and kiss her on the cheek lovingly. Little did he know that she was wanting exactly that.

“Well, we need to figure out how our wishes got us here,” Hannah said, gesturing to her MILF-like body. “I’ll go first then. I wished . . . well, I wished that I would make you happy, Mike.”

“You always make me happy, Hannah. That’s why I . . . care deeply about you.”

“No, I meant it more like . . .”

“More like what?”

She paused, not knowing how to proceed. She couldn’t rip that bandaid off, not now.

“I guess I don’t know. I just wanted you to be happy, and for me to play a part in that.”

“Aww, that’s so lovely. I made a similar wish. I wished to be with you as my perfect partner.”

Amanda interjected. She had been getting a bit more spontaneous and beauty-obsessed, but she hadn’t lost any of her smarts, at least not yet.

“Was that the specific wording of your wish, Mike?”

Mike’s brow creased. “Actually, you’re right, it wasn’t. I just wished to be with my perfect partner. I didn’t specify Hannah. But that wouldn’t mean anything, right?”

Hannah felt a lurch in her gut, as if the truth was on the verge revealing itself.

“It means that your perfect partner might be . . . someone else,” Amanda suggested. She clung to his arm, following her instincts, even though she knew she shouldn’t.

“Hey, can you focus?” Hannah said. “And tell us what you wished for, to end up like that!”

Amanda snapped out of it. “Sorry! I don’t know what came over me . . . but I do remember what, like, wished for.” Her cheeks went a bit red as she hesitated before continuing. “I was looking at the pair of you, walking through the park ahead of me as we all went home, and I couldn’t help, like, feeling this intense jealousy. I’d always been happy alone, at least I thought I was, but suddenly I was forty two and feeling super lonely, and there you were being totally cute and loving, and I looked up at the shooting star and I knew I just had to ask for it.”

“Ask for what?” Mike said, hesitating, his hand hovering over her thigh. He pulled it back before Hannah could notice. He had no idea what was coming over him, but had a feeling he was about to find out.

“I asked - I *wished* to be in a loving relationship with a man who wanted me.”

Dead silence filled the room, and it was a *loud* silence. Each of the trio were running through the wishes in their head, slowly fitting together how they worked in concert to end up in their current chaotic situation. After several long minutes of this, of uncomfortable shared glances, unspoken attractions or unattractions, of confused feelings and strange bodily sensations, the silence finally broke in a flurry of agitation and accusation.

“You wished to make him happy, but what would really make him happy?”

“Wishing to be with your perfect partner is not the same as wishing to be with me!”

“Hold on, if you wanted to be in a loving relationship with a man that wanted you, wouldn’t that possibly change *you* to what *he* wanted?”

“How does becoming an older woman with all these curves make him happy?”

“I guess I didn’t think my perfect partner meant anything but you, Hannah. I mean, I’ve always had fantasies in my head, but what guy doesn’t?”

“Does that mean I’m becoming younger and prettier and, like, a bit of a bimbo because that’s what he had in his head?”

“Oh my God, Mike, are you serious? That’s gonna be your perfect girl? Some airheaded big-titted blonde?”

“No! Well, I mean, it’s just a fantasy!”

“Hey, I am not blonde, or any of that stuff!”

“Are too! At least I want to make sure Mike is happy, and support him like a good mother-in-law should!”

“At least I’m not becoming an old cow, *MOM!*”

“I can’t believe that I ever had a daughter like you! I only ever wanted you to be happy with Mike. I supported the both of you and this is the thanks I get?”

“Oh please, Mom! You’re such a cougar that you probably would’ve snatched him yourself. No wonder you’re always being so nice to him! You love having my sexy husband around!”

“I love him as my son-in-law!”

“And I love him as my husband and the future father of all our babies!”

“BOTH OF YOU STOP! CAN’T YOU HEAR WHAT YOU’RE SAYING!?”

The two bickering women stopped, both looking to Mike with shocked looks on their faces. Neither were used to hearing him raise his voice, especially Hannah. But it was Amanda that touched his shoulder gingerly, struggling with her newfound attraction to him,

one that was surprisingly strong even beyond the compulsions, as if her libido was rising by the minute.

“Honey, I mean, like, *Mike*, what’s going on?”

Mike stood, moving away from the two of them. “Amanda, you just called me your *husband*. As if you were my *wife*. And Hannah, honey, you just called yourself my *mother-in-law*, as if you were not only *not* my girlfriend, but - but -”

Amanda flung up her hands to her mouth and squeaked in a rather valley girl-like fashion. She looked over to Hannah, who had made the same realisation, and whose eyes were now bulging as she looked down at her older, curvier, and more *maternal* body. The same body that was getting hair that was blonde to match Amanda’s, and curves to match in spades. In fact, the two were even starting to look like . . .

“Oh God. Oh God, no! I’m - I’m your *mother!*?”

Amanda squeaked again. “I - no, you’re not! But you also, like, are? This is way too confusing. God, Mike, what did your wish do to my brain?”

Mike rubbed his temples as the two women freaked out. “Let me get this straight. I wished to be with a perfect partner, but Hannah isn’t my perfect partner despite that *obviously being the case*, so the wish is moulding someone to become that person. Except that Amanda *also* wished to be in a relationship with a man who loved her very much, and I was the nearest man, so now that’s m-me.”

He stumbled on that last bit. There were compulsions wanting to make him say more. To even tell Amanda that he did love her. To play his part, as the husband to his new perfect wife. He managed to carry on, summoning enough willpower.

“And because Hannah wished to be happy, she’s turning into my own damn mother-in-law, becoming *Amanda’s mother*, because what guy doesn’t hope that when he finds the right girl, that his mother-in-law is not a monster but actually kind and supportive?”

At those words, it was Hannah’s turn to feel a compulsion.

“Of course, Mike. You know I’d do anything to make sure my daughter and her lucky husband are well taken care of. I mean - shit! I didn’t mean to say that! I didn’t want any of this! I just wanted to find a way to break up with you and for us to still be happy and be friends. I didn’t want this to happen, I swear!”

“You wanted to break up with me?” Mike asked.

“No! I mean, yes! You’re always so clingy, always wanting cuddles and to be together, and I just wanted a break from it all. I didn’t want to be your mother-in-law, or for Amanda to be your wife!”

At that point, another set of compulsions hit Amanda. Even as Mike stared up at his girlfriend, the woman he so wanted to be with again and restore so he could be attracted to her again, she felt an opportunity. A need to play her part. And this time, her own resistance

crumbled quickly. Despite her reservations over what she was becoming, she found herself standing and pressing her voluptuous form against Mike. It was autopilot once more, and all the humiliation in the world couldn't stop her from saying what came out next.

"I'll give you lots of cuddles and more, my sexy husband."

## **Part 5: Playing Roles**

Mike didn't know what to do. His girlfriend - whom he loved - was turning into his curvaceous and older mother-in-law, all while his friend was being transformed into his wife. It was all wrong, but the worst part was that as the bombshell revelation of what was happening slowly died down, he truly was finding it very, very hard not to be attracted to Amanda. With her increasing curves and delightfully bimbo-ish way of speaking, it was like an unrealistic, fantastic dream come true. She spoke in sultry, teasing tones, cuddled him whenever she got the opportunity (always making sure to press her larger breasts against him), and generally beamed in his presence, all subservient and submissive. Until, that was, she realised what she was doing.

"Like, fuck! I'm doing it again, aren't I?" she said, pulling apart from him and trying to calm herself.

They were walking through the city park together while Hannah stayed back at their apartment, trying to figure a way out of this mess. All three had slept the night at Amanda's place, and the two women had even had a freaking *discussion* about who got to share a bed with Mike. Hannah had desperately wanted to *want* it, even just to prove to herself that she wasn't really becoming his mother-in-law, but something in her compulsions made it feel all wrong. Amanda had been leaping at the opportunity, but somehow managed to fight the compulsions and sleep in her usual bed while Mike slept on the floor. No one had gotten much sleep as a result. Of course, just like had happened before, because Amanda pushed against her role, she was 'rewarded' with further changes when she woke up: she now pert Double-D cup breasts and hair that was even more vibrant and blonde.

Naturally, this had caused another meltdown, especially as Hannah cooked them breakfast.

"It's not fair, I'm not meant to be getting older. God, why am I using so much bacon grease? I don't even like bacon but this stupid changing body craves it! I won't be your mother, Amanda, I won't be!"

"Good!" Amanda cried back, "because I'm not your daughter. I just need my Mike as my husband and - shit! I'm doing it again!"



It had led to Mike being stuck between a rock and a hard place, and in the end he'd slipped out to go for a walk by himself to try and get some clean air to clear his head. At least, that was the intention, because Amanda had caught up with him and asked to keep him company, which he'd reluctantly accepted. It had taken less than ten minutes for her to start giggling at his comments or check out his body, and not many more for her to start pressing herself against him whenever they stopped, obviously finding comfort in his masculine body.

"I can't, like, stop it!" she whined, running her hands through her blondified hair. "I really mean it, Mike, I'm super trying here, but I'm becoming such a totally hot bimbo type and it's making me so horny for you. This stupid wish really wants me to be your perfect wife, I swear!"

Mike placed his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes - a hard feat, given that she was sporting a new sports bra that cupped her magnificent double-D tits perfectly.

"I know it isn't your fault, Amanda," he said. "God, if it is your fault, then it's my fault as much as yours, because I made a wish too. So did Hannah. I just can't imagine what you're going through. I know you're so proud of your smarts."

"I knooow!" she whined in a higher Valley girl tone. She stamped her foot in irritation, making her boobs jiggle. "Why am I becoming like this? The wish makes me really want to like it. I've got such big boobs now, and I'm so young and thin like I secretly always wanted, but why am I such a bimbo? I didn't want to be such a total catch!"

Mike sighed, and gestured for her to keep walking through the park with him.

"It's going to be embarrassing to explain. Can I do it as we walk?"

Amand nodded, walking with him. Mike noticed that her hips swayed in a lovely way. She was wearing yoga pants - Amanda didn't even *have* yoga pants, and yet had them now. She reached out several times to hold his arm, managing just barely to resist, but was rewarded for it with a shiver through her being that left her hair even brighter and lovelier, her face younger and lips fuller.

"Ohhhh," she moaned. "It keeps happening. I change whenever I f-fight it. I think my face just got-"

"Prettier," Mike said, raising a hand to cup her cheek, only to pull back himself. "Shit, I'm sorry. Here, take my arm."

For doing so, Amanda received a massive dopamine rush. It felt so much better now, to be on her husband's arm, even if she knew he wasn't *really* her husband.

"Okay, so this is a little bit dumb, especially since I've always prided myself on being a good guy, a big believer in women's rights and everything, but I've always had this secret fantasy. I doubt I'd be the only one, but I always thought it was fairly shameful. You've got to understand, Amanda, that I loved Hannah. I mean, I love her. As my girlfriend, no matter

what she's turning into. I wanted to be with her - I still do. She's pretty, she's smart, and she's got this lovely elven beauty kind of thing going on."

"But . . ." Amanda said, looking down at her voluptuous chest and realising there was more to come.

Mike sighed again. "Yeah, that's just it. There's a but, and a big one."

"Let's hope I get a big one too," Amanda said, giggling before catching herself. "Sorry, can you, like, continue?"

"It's just that . . . part of me has always fantasised about being with a hot blonde chick with a killer body - big tits, big ass, perfect curves, the works - and a totally bimbo personality. I have no idea why, but the idea of a ditzy, sexy, incredibly horny wife who just loves taking it from me, and is totally submissive to me, just really revs my engine."

Amanda went red. "Oh God. Like, are you serious? *That's* what I'm becoming? You want, like, a dumb girl with big tits!?"

Mike sagged. "I guess, down deep, I sorta do. I never would have pursued it, but now you're changing into it."

Amanda wanted to change the conversation, but then a compulsion came over her. Without even pushing against it, she slid herself closer to Mike, letting him place an arm around her waist. She bit her lip, trying not to feel excitement at this terrible possibility.

"So, this dream girl of yours," she said. "She'd have tits like mine, or bigger?"

Mike cringed. "Um, bigger."

"Just a little bigger, or do you want big, head-sized titties that are soooo sensitive?"

"Fuck, I, um, want them like that. The second thing."

She shivered with reluctant excitement. "And I'd be, like, really ditzy, right? Dependent on you? Would I cook for you?"

Mike scratched the back of his head. He wasn't feeling exactly the same compulsions as the transforming women in his life, but he was certainly feeling *some* compulsions. The fact that Amanda already had more curves than Hannah ever did was only making them harder to resist.

"I - I'm trying not to answer that," he said, grunting from the difficulty of withholding the truth.

Amanda herself was also trying to resist this flirtatiousness. She held his arm tight, then placed herself before him so that both her hands were on his chest instead, and she looking up into his eyes imploringly. They had become quite blue.

"I would, wouldn't I? I mean, *she* would. She would cook you meals and . . . would she keep the house clean like a sexy maid? Dress up for you? Have your babies?"

Mike swallowed. The compulsions were too damn strong.

“All that,” he finally said, exhaling with his response, “and more. She’d be bubbly and funny, giggly and sweet. But she’s also be hot and know it, and always show off her body. She’d love being all flirty, even in public, and act like my sexy trophy wife. She’d have a really damn high libido, and would do everything to look feminine and pink and pretty.”

“Like a personal Barbie,” she whispered, raising her hands so that they were entwined together around Mike’s neck. “That’s what you’d like me to be, dear husband. And I could be it. *I* could be *her*. I’d forget all about being a frumpy nerd and be, like, your sexy fantasy. And you would be my big, manly protector. Would that be so bad?”

The words were pouring forth from her mouth and she simply couldn’t stop them. Mike held her, his hands slowly encircling her waist as she went up on her tippy toes.

“N-no,” he stammered, fighting the compulsions but not nearly as hard as he should have. “That wouldn’t be so bad at all . . .”

Their lips brushed up against one another, and soon the pair were kissing in the middle of the park, each pressing their body against the other. The feeling of her ripe tits against his chest was divine, and it was even better for Amanda, who moaned into his mouth, trying not to smile. Her nipples tingled, swelling just a little larger, and her breasts grew too, along with her ass. It was perfect, it was sweet. It was . . .

“No, this is, like, soooo wrong!” she cried, pulling back.

Both looked down at her heavier bosom. She now had what had to be E-cups, which sat upon her chest like perfect soft fruit, bulging out over the band of her sports bra as if threatening to escape.

“I’m sorry,” Mike said, reaching out automatically to comfort her. “I wasn’t myself. I didn’t mean to-”

“No, don’t touch me!” Amanda cried, her voice somehow even *higher* than it was before, with a kind of Valley girl twang as well. “Gawd, this isn’t, like, fair! I change faster when I fight this damn mind control, but I also totes change when I *do* give in! I can’t win!”

Mike wanted to hold her. It was instinct born of the wish, he knew, but seeing the increasingly young and gorgeous blonde cry was almost too hard to take.

“Come on,” he said. “We’ll get you back to the apartment. Maybe Hannah has had more luck and has figured out how to change us back.”

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Hannah was having no luck, and had no idea how to change herself or Amanda back. She had been trying to read up on wishes, but after the chaos and emotions last night, Amanda’s place had been left as a total mess, with unwashed dishes piled in the sink and clothes scattered about.

"This just won't do," she murmured to herself. "I'll just - I'll just conduct a little cleaning! Nothing much!"

Instead, her mind went on autopilot as she cleaned away. She sorted dishes, clothes, and then got out the cleaning sprays to deal with a host of stains that were tucked away. Amanda - at least before she started bimbofying - kept a pretty clean house, but there was always room for improvement.

"Besides," she said to herself. "I need to make sure the place is spick and span for my lovely daughter and son-in-law. The less time they have for cleaning, the more time they have for giving me tons of grandchildren. Oh, I bet they'll be handsome once they-"

She paused, looking down at herself. Without even realising it, she had gone along with the compulsions and played the part of the loving mother-in-law. And for her reward, she could feel a fresh set of changes sweeping over her.

"What? No! I thought it only made me change when I tried to resist the - NGHH! Ohhhhh, mmmhm! Ahhhh!!"

Her body became older, now entering its forties quite easily. Her skin gained some wrinkles, and her overall figure adopted a more matronly shape in general. Her chest in particular swelled, as did her hips. They creaked audibly as they widened, and her waist - which had once been so delicately slim - expanded wider once more, giving her a maternal thickness that was at once mature and also still quite attractive.

Not that Hannah saw it that way.

"No! I can't be getting any older! I didn't want this with my wish! I can take care of Mike in other ways, I don't have to be his goddamn mother-in-law." Tears formed in her eyes, and she attacked the grime at the base of the shower with renewed vigour.

"Not fair, it's not fair! I'm losing years of my life, all while *she* gets to become a pretty little bimbo. There's no way he'll end up with her. He just wouldn't!"

She collapsed backwards, resting on her noticeably larger, bouncier rear.

"But I didn't want him, did I? I wanted to be free of him, just for him to be happy."

The thoughts returned, those invasive mother-in-law thoughts. Wasn't she getting everything she wanted? She would be free to pursue other men - and her mind was suddenly thinking about *older*, silver-haired men - and maybe her new life would be more successful? And she truly did want Mike to be happy. Would she have truly protested if he'd ended up with Amanda before? She doubted it. It was just that . . .

"She's becoming my daughter," she sniffled. "My own daughter. It's a crazy nightmare. I'm a MILF of a mom and I never even gave birth!"

The designator was right: she was increasingly a MILF. Still beautiful, but now with a set of thick curves and sexy maturity to make her very attractive in an altogether more maternal way. She couldn't help but check herself out in the bathroom mirror, sliding her

hands over her wide hips and imagining a man in his forties - no, in his *fifties* - doing the same. She'd found Mike too cuddly and attached, but having a stoic, detached man of vintage age, one who could get her going in the bed . . .

"Mhmmm," she moaned, biting her lip as she imagined it. "Maybe I could learn to play that role. Maybe I could get used to this . . ."

And maybe a tighter dress, but not so tight as to show off her slightly rounded stomach. She could start going out to clubs to find such men . . . though she'd only go for mocktails or light drinks at best, maybe even a cranberry juice. Her older self would be compelled to be sensible and respectable for her age, after all, and only upgrade to a good wine in good established company.

"N-no," she managed, struggling against those enticements. "I can fight this. I can - just need to get a grip and -"

The door opened, and Amanda made her way back in. Hannah exited the bathroom and stared in shock at the young woman. She was even blonder, younger, and *bustier* than she had been before, and her expression said 'airhead' all the more.

"You - you've changed further, my daughter!" she said.

"You too, Mom! I mean, Mom! I mean, like, Hannah! Shit!"

Mike followed into the living room, blushing a deep red. His eyes went wide at Hannah's appearance, and she found herself also blushing in turn.

"I - I changed some more," she whispered.

"So did I," Amanda said. "I'm, like, becoming his bimbo fantasy dream wife. It's sooo hot, Mom, but also soooooo wrong."

"I know what you mean, I'm starting to think in different ways. It's hard to resist. It's like I can't help myself, and then suddenly I'm cleaning or making food for you two or doing my best so you can be a loving couple or-"

"Amanda and I kissed," Mike said.

She paused, shocked. Amanda placed a hand over Mike's and he didn't fight it off.

"You did what?"

"We totes kissed," Amanda admitted. "We didn't mean to, but it was also, like, really hot and stuff. We used tongue."

"Amanda!" Mike said, trying to keep things under control. "Hannah, please tell me you found something, *anything*, that can reverse this. The changes are speeding up."

"I know. I changed *when* I started acting like more of a mother-in-law, not just when I fought it."

"Same here! Except, like, as a bimbo!" Amanda announced.

“But I didn’t find anything! It’s like the shooting star or whatever it was doesn’t want me to know a way. I kept getting distracted with more work, and then I ended up becoming a damn MILF. I’m not old enough to be your mother, Amanda! I think I now *am* your mother!”

Mike and Amanda saw it; the resemblance between the two women was uncanny.

“Oh God,” Mike said. “What do we do?”

But Hannah was already moving, gathering her things and Mike’s and throwing them to him.

“There’s only one thing we can do. We have to separate! Mike, you find an apartment or a hotel. I’ll go back to my place, and Amanda, you stay here! We’ll starve this wish out if we have to! The less time we spend together, the better chance we’ll still be us by the time this wish finishes!”

Mike and Amanda exchanged a look. Neither wanted to part, but they knew it had to be the case *because* they felt that way.

“Okay,” Mike said.

“Like, if we have to,” Amanda said.

“Good, because I *refuse* to end up in this ridiculously curvy older body. Now hurry up and pack, darlings. You shouldn’t keep your mother waiting!”

They got to packing straight away, while Amanda helped them. No one mentioned the last part of Hannah’s words. If she wasn’t aware of them, she certainly didn’t want to be.

## **Part 6: Keeping Apart**

The assignment was clear: Mike, Hannah, and Amanda simply had to stay apart, all while doing their own independent research on the strange wishing stars. Any rumour or gossip or tales - however ancient or remote - was to be paid close attention to. Reversing the course of the wishes was the only way to save Hannah from becoming a curvy maternal woman in her forties, Amanda from becoming a young bimbo ruled by fashion and sex, and Mike from being sandwiched between them as son-in-law and husband, respectively.

“Just don’t contact each other, for God’s sake!” Hannah said, pushing against her instincts, the ones that *burned* for her to push the new lovebirds together. “It shouldn’t be too hard, right?”

Mike and Amanda both agreed, even as they reached out to hold one another for one last comforting goodbye. Hannah had to snap at them to not encourage the changes just for them to notice. They put a stop to it, and went their own ways. Yet even as they left, Hannah felt a deep sorrow in her heart at what she’d just done. She left, driving back to her

apartment and Mike off to a hotel, but she couldn't help but feel she'd done a terrible thing. Wouldn't a good mother-in-law have tried to get them to be together and work it all out? Shouldn't she just bake them something?

"Perhaps if I just talk to Amanda, mother to daughter, then I'll - oh damn! It's happening again already."

She kept driving, trying to focus her mind on solutions instead of compromises.

In the other car, Mike was desperately doing his best to keep the memory of Amanda's body pressed against his out of his mind. The fact was, though, that she was everything he'd fantasised in a woman, and there was also the knowledge that her changes weren't even done yet: her boobs were likely to get even *bigger*, her personality even *bubblier*, her butt even *peachier*. And that was to say nothing of how ditzy, sexy, cutesy, and *randy* she would get.

"Goddamn it," he muttered to himself, continuing to drive away from Amanda's house with the herculean effort of a spaceship escaping a blackhole. "Just think about something else. Anything else. *Anything*."

But taxes, the economy, even Grandma's upcoming birthday, none of it could be boring or unsexy enough to keep Amanda's changes and her bubbly new voice out of his mental space. By the time he checked himself into the Redview Motel, he was going insane trying to think of ways to stay distant from the woman he was thinking automatically of as 'his wife.'

"Think about Hannah. Not as she is but as she was. The woman I loved - still love. So beautiful, so loving, so kind, so smart. I fell in love with her because of those qualities."

He managed this, but not for nearly as long as he would prefer, for as he remembered the good times with Hannah, her body slowly morphed in his mind to take on more curves. Her fae-like physique gained larger breasts, her hair turned platinum blonde, and she gained a giggly, peppy attitude to match her girly gait. In moments, she was Amanda again.

"Fuck!" he said. "I need my wife! I mean - shit! I'm just gonna go masturbate."

And that's just what he did. He didn't think of Hannah's body once. It was all Amanda now, and when he imagined holding her naked against him, he came very quickly, and powerfully at that too.

Lastly, there was Amanda herself. She was holed up in her apartment, pacing back and forth, trying to calm herself. Her entire wardrobe had changed, and other parts of her house had become a lot more vibrant; pinks and pastels and cute little ornaments. She still had her bookcases, but reading was not on her mind at that moment.

Mike was.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, scratching her teeth with her finger, imagining better uses for her mouth. “Why did I, like, let him go? I need my big hot hubby. He makes me soooo hot!”

She had to start caressing her breasts, feeling their weight and cupping them. God, they were getting big. Already Double-D’s. But a part of her wanted them to be even *bigger*. She wanted to be so damn busty that Mike could use her chest as pillows. Busty enough that her tits were *head-sized*. She wanted *everyone* to know what a hot trophy wife body she had, and who cares if no one looked her in the eyes again? She’d wear jewellery between her cleavage just to direct them to look down and appreciate her best assets!

Amanda shook her head. “N-no. That’s not what I want. I don’t want to be dumb! I - I’m okay with looking, like, beautiful, but I don’t want to have a bimbo-body. I can be young without being, like, totes stupid! Ugh! Gotta stay smart. Gotta read, like, a really smart economics book or something.”

She sprang up from her seat, and was instantly hit by the unfamiliar, slightly painful, yet also weirdly satisfying sensation of her heavy breasts bouncing.

“Wow, too big for my sports bra,” she marvelled, poking her boobs. “These are way bigger than I’m used to. I bet I could be, like, even - wait, I’ve already had this conversation with myself. Stupid, silly Mandy!”

She didn’t even register that she was calling herself ‘Mandy’ now. Instead, she moved over to the bookshelf to find herself a good read. Something challenging. Something that would keep her mind sharp and stop her from becoming a damn bimbo. She had always prided herself on her academic smarts, and the hard work it had taken to achieve them, and she wasn’t about to give them up now.

“Let’s see. *Les Mis*, *Crime and Punishment* . . . *Anna Karenina!*”

It was the perfect choice. A tale that would appeal to the intelligent woman, while telling the story *of* an intelligent woman. She sighed a deep breath of relief, reflecting on the path she’d taken to get where she was, the person she was supposed to be, and opened the book up.

“You still want a man, Mandy,” she said to herself, “but the man for you. You won’t change to fit the man. Your man should *love* a good Tolstoy.”

She began reading, and the feelings of relief swelled further as she was swept up in the prose. Amanda had begun to fear that her bimbofying self would hate reading, or find it impossible, or - and this was perhaps hyperbolic - that she might become illiterate entirely. Instead, she couldn’t stop reading. It was just like it should be: a great writer had the power to sweep aside one’s fears and anxieties and replace them with an almost homely sense of calm, all while investing them in what happened next.



“Oh, I do hope they get together,” she said, turning the page. “Mr Zukov is so right for Anna, but Petyr is such a bad boy. Mhmm . . . I can just imagine them, so handsome.”

She turned another page, and this one had her gasping. Finally, they were on the verge of a sex scene, with Anna flinging off her clothes and begging Zukov to take her if he was interested, or leave her if he thought Petyr deserved her more. To her satisfaction, he took her up. He was cuddly, he was kind, but the narrative revealed him to be incredibly aggressive and dominant in bed, just like Anna liked it. Just like *Amanda* now liked it.”

“Ohhhh,” she moaned, stroking her nipples idly with one hand as she held the book with the other. “That’s it. This is the stuff that gets, like, my hot engine really revving. A total classic of -”

She paused. This wasn’t how *Anna Karenina* went. It wasn’t the story at all! She snapped the book shut. It was somehow much slimmer - probably only one hundred and twenty pages all of a sudden. And it was no longer Anna Karenina, not even in the same ballpark of literature, in fact.

“*My Russian Lover,*” she read aloud. “*A Steamy Tale in a Wintry Place.*”

She flung the book across the room, practically screaming at it.

“Fuck you!” she cried. “Fuck you! You can’t make me, like, accept this! I’ll fight super hard, right up to the end!”

She wiped away her tears.

“Gawd, I wish Mike was here.”

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After that disastrous first day, things began to settle a little. They were easiest for Mike, of course. While the wish still affected him, practically *driving* him to end up with Amanda, he still possessed more free will than the two women, and did his best to be self-sufficient. He was able to secure sick leave from work and catch up with friends to distract him, and likewise whenever his needs for a partner - whether Hannah or Amanda - got too powerful, he could always quickly take care of himself. It wasn’t enough, of course, and several times he came close to messaging the other two to meet up, but he wanted to remain strong.

Of course, that was easier said than done. Mike’s old phone photos of Hannah had all changed, so that even depictions of her old form were gone. He could still remember her pretty clearly, but it was all imagination - and the problem with relying on imagination is that it drove him to think about his fantasy partner once more, which just made him imagine Amanda instead. The fact that Amanda was now showing up in many of the photos that should have had Hannah only made this more likely to occur.

An image of the pair fishing on a boat originally depicted Hannah in a cute top and jeans, waiting for a fish to bite. Now it had Amanda wearing a bikini top that showed off her proud and ample chest, and a pair of tight swim shorts that left her thighs bare. She was clinging lovingly to Mike, laughing at the tangle in her rod.

Another photo had Mike and Hannah together at a friend's wedding. Hannah had worn an attractive green dress that was stylish and elegant on her slim figure. Now it had Amanda in a sexy red dress that lifted up her cleavage, all while having a short hem. Not so short to be scandalous, but the fact that a few men in the background were looking appreciatively at the way it hugged her ass revealed that it could have been quite the upstager.

"God, this is crazy," he mused to himself. "I just need to focus on the research. I can undo this, and make everything right. I'm so sorry, Hannah. I'm so sorry, Amanda. Shit, I always get mopey like this when it's just me."

It was what was making research difficult. Mike was a pretty switched on person, but the whole reason he was in this mess was because of how clingy and attached he could be. He wanted Hannah - or Amanda - with him. That way he could be lovey dovey, enjoy some makeout sessions, maybe a bit of sex, but also simply bask in someone else's constant company.

Amanda would provide that in her new body and personality, he knew. That was the problem.

He got back to research, intently focusing on that for the next few days. It was all he could allow himself to think about, even as lead after lead went dry. Shooting stars were quite legendary, and there were many mythic stories of how they granted wishes, sometimes even wishes that turned karmic or simply went wrong for no reason other than chance. But there was nothing concrete he could find, which made him all the more disappointed, and therefore desperate for company.

He was starting to really want someone with him.

After four days, he opened up his phone, his finger hovering between Hannah's number and Amanda's, who was now listed as 'Mandy.'

After much indecision, he finally made his choice.

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Hannah was shocked at herself. She had always prided herself on her slim figure. Oh, sure, when she'd been younger she'd wished for bigger boobs and a few more curves, but she had always been praised for her delicate looks, her elegance, her slim beauty that bordered on the ethereal. She worked hard to maintain it too, being quite the fashionista and knowing

exactly what would compliment her figure, all while still projecting a sense of respectability and even power. She was going into law once she graduated college, after all. At least, that was the plan.

But now the plan was shot. She had aged nearly twenty years, and each day of her isolation seemed to bring just a little more cellulite, a little more flab, a little more thickness. Her thighs were gargantuan, at least compared to who she had been, and her face had taken on a broadness: still very pretty, but in a 'hot mommy' kind of way, with older eyes and little crow's feet. Her ass was blowing up, of course, and she could feel it when she sat down. And for all that she was trying to become thin and younger-looking again, her diet was shifting against her control.

"Why is pizza so bloody good?" she said aloud after the second order in two straight days. "I'm meant to hate grease! What's wrong with me?"

It wasn't just pizza, either. Her formerly vegetarian diet now favoured strong meats, chunky foods, and the occasional dessert. It wasn't grotesque, and she had no fear of becoming obese or anything, but there was no denying where this extra food was going: her body was 'thicker than a bowl of oatmeal,' as some might say. And if that wasn't somehow enough, with every extra inch of curve added to her hips and bust and backside, she felt more and more like her real self.

"Stupid fucking wish!" she declared. "I'm meant to be going for the bar, not working in one!"

That had been the *other* discovery. Beyond the photos in the house now displaying her as an older MILF type, beyond the fact that Amanda now featured in half of them as her attractive *daughter*, beyond even the nuisance that was all the evidence she was older, ranging from the style of her ornamentation to her own bedcovers and curtains, there was the fact that she'd lost her freaking occupational future.

She was a bar waitress now.

She'd found out the very next day after the three of them had separated when work had called her, asking that she come in due to another waitress getting sick. The compulsions had hit her then, and hit her *hard*. She wanted to say 'no, fuck off!' and hang up the phone, but instead she found herself smiling sweetly despite there being no one else in the room.

"Of course, sugar!" she announced, "I'll be right there!"

*'I knew you wouldn't fail me, Hannah. No doubt you'll rake the tips in tonight!'*

She wasn't sure what her employer - whose name was apparently 'Brent' judging from her contact list - meant by that, until she realised she was changing into a *very* form fitting waitress costume. It flaunted her motherly curves, the waitress top pulling tight around her large breasts, which were also yearning to grow further, much like her new daughter's.

She estimated they were bigger, in fact, possible E-cups, though with a little more sag in them. Combined with her tight serving apron and skirt, and she had the whole 'sexy server' look going on, the sort of older woman at a diner who enticed men.

And entice them she did, whether she wanted to or not.

The first night she tried to fight her instincts the whole time, railing against the men who leered at her, and completely failing to serve drinks effectively. She received few tips and incited the frustration of a confused Brent, but the few times she was tipped there was a rush of endorphins through her brain, pushing her forth to do better, to play her damn *role*.

The next night was something else. She was tired, and had achieved nothing in her search for a way to reverse her ill fortune. In fact, her ability to research had been compromised by her need to not only do another clean of the house, but also to bake some biscuits and cookies for Mike and Amanda.

"That'll make the loving couple happy," she announced sweetly to herself. As soon as she realised what she was doing though, she threw them in the trash can.

This made her more susceptible to the compulsions of the night. The aged-up and MILFified woman gave up after all her failures, the result was the most dangerous thing of all . . . a fun night. In this changed reality, numerous regular patrons knew her name and were more than happy to see her, and even happier to be served by her. The bar was a family one, so it served food as well, meaning that she was often bringing over plates of dinner and receiving compliments from the single fathers.

"Lookin' good, Hannah!"

"Here's our girl, always here to brighten our day!"

"Hannah, you are going to steal all my cash with the tips you're earning."

"Damn, what a gal!"

She found herself letting her childbearing hips sway a bit more, and to thrust out her chest a bit as she asked for orders. She prioritised the older men particularly, having to bite her lip as she listened to the baritone voices of silver-haired foxes, especially the ones who seemed to be in that upper earning bracket. It was clear they could go to better establishments, but she was their draw.

"Well, you know I just love it when you drop by Alan," she told a lawyer in his fifties, quite a handsome one at that. "What would you like to order?"

"Are you on the menu?" he asked cheekily.

Rather than gag on the stereotype, or become annoyed that this man had a career she also deserved, she found herself giggling instead, placing her hands on her hips so he could appreciate her figure.

"Oh, I'm far too much woman for a main. I'm on the dessert menu, honey. You gotta stick around."

It took every inch of willpower not to send any more overt signals than that. In fact, when Alan asked her if she wanted to grab a drink *after* the bar closed, she came so close to saying yes that she was left fuming in her car. It seemed that Amanda's body wasn't the only one with a high libido.

"Like daughter, like mother," she sighed. She looked at the little bit of paper in her hand. It had Alan's number on it. She swallowed, grappling with her new desires.

"I didn't want Mike in the end, but do I want this? An older woman deserves a bit of passion too, right?"

She managed to start her car and get back home, but she was nervous for what the future would bring. Mike had texted that he'd had no luck researching the shooting stars, and God knew she hadn't either.

Hannah could only hope that Amanda was having better luck. The new MILF was now forty two years old according to her driver's licence, and her body was still getting thicker, her clothing less stylish and more *showy*. Where would it end?

"Please, my Mandy," she whispered as she got into bed, having pleased herself already at the thought of Alan, "please tell me you've had some success."

She checked her phone again. Her new daughter hadn't replied to her questions.

"Just what is she doing?"

## **Part 7: Getting Ready for the Deed**

It was insane, she knew it was insane, but Amanda simply couldn't fight the compulsions anymore. How on Earth was she meant to stay inside when there was an entire world of social excitement out there? She had a bombshell of a body now, and whenever she allowed herself to revel in her bigger tits and perfect curves and sexy youth, that warm glow would start within her, and only *increase* those changes.

She needed bigger bras.

She needed sexier outfits.

She needed to get some lip fillers.

"Lip fillers? What, like, do I want with those?"

This was the question she asked herself after she'd already paid for them at the plastic surgery shop. Some operations could be done immediately, and she was willing to throw down enough cash to make it happen, despite her interior disgust. Amanda had always viewed plastic surgery as a foul thing people did that ruined their bodies. Despite her frumpiness, she'd never really considered it as a seriously corrective option.

But she wasn't Amanda anymore. She was *Mandy* now, and Mandy really, really, really big full lips that were perfectly pouted. All the better to suck Mike's big, hard cock.

"Mhmm," she moaned under her breath, thinking of that image. She quivered a little at the thought of it, sucking on a pencil she'd swiped from the receptionist's desk just to sate her intense cravings. She could see it in her mind's eye: her on her knees in front of Mike, stroking his length as she gave him the best blowjob of his life. And she'd swallow of course, never spit. And she'd maintain eyecontact the entire time, maybe even lube up her tits so she could fuck his cock between them while she performed the act. Whatever he wanted, really. She was destined to be *his* bimbo."

"No," she muttered under her breath, trying to gather herself. "I'm not, like, a bimbo. I'm an educated girly girl. I'm, like, super smart. There is no way I'm going to be-

"Amanda?"

She looked up, jolted from her thoughts. Dr Jellman, the plastic surgeon, was standing there, beckoning her forward.

"Are you ready?"

She could say no. She knew it. The magic would punish her, but she *could say no*. It was just too hard to resist, was the problem. On some level, *she wanted* to become Mike's hot blonde busty bimbo, sexy lip fillers and all.

"I'm more than ready!" she exclaimed. Her tone was bubbly and sweet, and that felt right too.

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It was as if the magic wanted her new lips to develop perfectly, because any swelling from the filler was gone within twenty four hours. She looked at herself in the mirror with some sadness: she really did look like one of those Instagram girls now, especially with how slutty she did her makeup. It was a far cry from any standard of beauty she could have ever wanted, and she had always wished she was beautiful, but in a regal and intelligent way, not like a total fashionista.

But she wasn't a fashionista yet. Now that her lips were healed remarkably quickly, with less than twenty four hours having passed, the next compulsion was clear: *shopping*. She'd already done this, but her body was changed further, and so had her mind. She needed sexier clothing, lacier lingerie, silkier pyjamas, higher heels, showier dresses, shorter skirts. The changing woman tried with all her might to stick to the plan and stay home. She even managed to scroll social media for an hour without once checking on Mike or her Mom - Hannah, that was - even though she really, really wanted to send her husband, as she was

starting to think of him - a sexy pic with tons of cleavage and a real pouty expression. Even better if it had a naughty message.

“Fine, I’ll buy, like, the fucking clothes if that’ll keep my mind off all that hot, dirty sex with my gorgeous hubby!”

It was the best she could do given how strong the magic of the wish was now. In order to stave off a far worse action, Mandy had to choose the lesser evil. It helped that the lesser evil, in this case, was so much damn fun! She went straight to *Coquette’s* and stopped caring one iota about how much was on her card, or how much her credit card limited her. Instead, she indulged wildly, making a move for the kind of outfits that would get her locked up in some countries, and others that would have her seriously interrogated at the wrong venue even in *this* one. She found gorgeous pump heels, red stilettos, and pink shoes that would go dynamite with the sexy cocktail dresses they matched. A red sequin dress was there to give her a Jessica Rabbit look, while a pink one piled up her cleavage so that she was almost spilling out of the dress . . . just how Mikey would love it. She purchased bikinis despite never being a beach girl before; now, she savoured the idea of showing off her hot bod with her blue and pink bikinis: she loved how they were less supportive and let her big boobies *bounce*. She had to get back into the change room before she made a scene of herself inducing that very effect!

By the time she left, she’d even picked up some sexy things just for the bedroom, including a see-through camisole and fishnet stockings, and some teddies that would emphasise all her best assets. It almost made her want to get a boob job, but even her new, bimbo self knew that was ridiculous: she already had the biggest, pertest, jiggiest tits in town.

“Oh my God, I feel soooooo much better!” she exclaimed as she got back home. Somewhere along the way even her ride had changed: it was now a pink Mustang, like she was some Barbie or something. The thought alone made her giggle, bite her lip in reluctant disgust, and then return to giggling again anyway. She spent time retrying on her dresses, and ended up in a really hot red number that pulled tight against her curves but left her legs almost entirely bare when a text came through from Mike. Mandy hesitated. She’d done herself up pretty, matching red lipstick and all, but what had it all been for? On some level, she knew this was part of the wish’s power: Mike secretly fantasised about having a wife who was a sexy vixen, a bimbo who dressed up sexy *for him*, not just for herself, and wanted to be on his arm, or better, *beneath his naked, thrusting body*, as much as possible.

“I don’t really want this,” she said. “It’s just, like, the magic anyway.”

A warm glow settled in her belly. To her surprise, her breasts expanded just a little bit, going up half a cupsize and leaving her moan in brief ecstasy. Her ass grew a little too, as if

given a proper butt lift. Even her hair extended further, down to the bottom of her shoulder blades.

"Mhmm, no! Stop this! I don't want - oh God, just do it! Change me for him, but let me read his words!"

She grabbed the phone, her will collapsing under the weight of the wish's blessing and punishment rolled into one. Even if it was a rebuke, she wanted to read it. Even better, what if Mikey had found a *solution*? If her sexy, handsome husband had found a way to turn her back . . .

She opened up her messages and read what he had to say.

*I'm so, so sorry Mandy. I can't stop fighting this. I need you. I fucking need you. I know it's wrong and a betrayal of Hannah but I can't get you out of my head. It's the magic, I know, but it doesn't matter right now. Say the word and I won't message you again. I'll do whatever it takes to leave you alone. But say the word also, and I'll be right at your door.*

"Oh no," Mandy said in her airy voice. "Oh no, oh no, this is bad, this is bad!"

It was bad for two reasons:

One: Mike wanted to fuck her.

Two: She wanted to fuck *him*.

"Be strong, Mandy," she said, clenching her eyes shut. "Be strong, be strong!"

But her fingers didn't get the message. They typed faster than thought, but then again, *thought* didn't exactly come easily to her these days.

*Mikey, u no I mean it when I say Im super sorry but im the same babe!!! I need you to cum over RIGHT NOW I swear I'm so wet and my tits need ur hands on them NOW!!!1!*

She pressed send, and then waited with baited breath. The message was unread for a moment, and then the 'Seen 5.15pm' message came up. And then the long, anxiety-induced moment where she waited to see his reply. The message popped up, filling her with fear and lust and goddamn excitement all at once.

*Be right there*, was all it said.

"Fuck! Fuck, why did I send that?" she asked herself, throwing a little childish fit and smacking the ends of her bed. "This sucks! But I need him to fuck me so bad. Maybe if when he reaches the door I can just . . . not be, like, presentable? I can make myself suuuuper unfuckable, right? Not wear any of this sexy stuff, and maybe that will work out?"

She put her finger between her teeth, biting just gently as she tried to stop imagining her husband thrusting deep into her waiting wetness. She could stop this. She could.

Couldn't she?

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Mike practically *raced* the traffic to get to Mandy's place. It was weird, because it was starting to feel like *his* place too. Being at the motel just had been part of his plan, but his damn cock had kept springing into action with the merest thought of Mandy, and attempts to think about Hannah instead had only made him feel gross: despite knowing she was his girlfriend in the proper reality, it just felt like he was masturbating to his mother-in-law, instead of his sexy trophy wife.

"C'mon, turn green, damn it!" he growled, waiting for the light to change. He was so close to Mandy's place now, and could only imagine how much she'd changed. His body hadn't altered one bit, but his need to be with her was certainly a compulsion, as was his now insatiable horniness. He'd never thought of himself as a horndog, but now the wish's magic was pushing him to fuck his wife and finally *claim* her. There would be no going back, he knew, not from that.

But then, like a message from the heavens, the light turned green and the traffic began to clear. The way to Mandy's place was open and free.

"God help me," he muttered under his breath, trying to contain his already raging erection. "I can only hope she had a stronger will than me."

He didn't stop hitting the gas until he reached the park right outside her home. At that point he practically jumped out of his vehicle, moving past the pink Mustang that he somehow knew belonged to Mandy, and then wrapped his knuckles upon her door.

"Mandy!" he called, a little too loudly, agitation creeping into his voice. "It's me. Open up, we need to, uh, talk. Husband to wife. Well, you know what I mean. I'm not in my right mind and I need you to help me stop myself from doing something really, really wrong."

Someone unlatched the lock from the other side, and the door creeped open slowly.

"I was hoping you could, like, be the one to stop me, sexy," a bubbly, nervous voice said from the other side. The door opened wider to reveal Mandy standing there in a red dress, one that showed off all her perfect curves and left exceedingly little to the imagination. Her breasts were nearly falling out of the low, low v-neck, one that revealing her entire cleavage, her breasts pushed together by the tightness of the dress. Her hourglass shape was on full display, and the hem was dangerously close to her womanhood, showing off her luscious thighs and shapely legs. Her hair, lush and wavy and perfect, rested over one shoulder, and her face was a mix of trembling anxiety and nervous anticipation. She looked like she'd fallen from heaven, or perhaps risen from the depths of hell like a succubi sent to tempt him.

"Holy shit, Mandy!" Mike said.

"Mmmikey," she purred, practically moaning his hand. "I tried to resist it like you did. I was gonna make myself, like, totally ugly and stuff. But instead I dressed up so damn

fuckable because the magic compelled this body to be totally all yours and I just couldn't stand how much I, like, totally wanted that!"

She leaned forward, pressing her arms against the sides of her breasts to make them press delightful against one another. They shifted, gravity causing them to hang a little as she posed, and she stuff her ass out to one side in a spine-bending manoeuvre that showed off just how many killer curves she truly possessed now.

"Oh God, oh Jesus help me," Mike breathed, the air having practically left him by this point. His dick was harder than stone, practically *throbbing* with a need to take this woman. The fact that her hand still had the engagement ring and wedding band that marked her as *his* only made the temptation all the greater. He knew he was on a precipice now; they both were. Mandy was breathing heavily, her perfect bosom rising and falling like two great globes. Her lip trembled, and she bit it, and this only looked even hotter from Mike's perspective.

"I don't think I can stop myself," Mikey finally said.

"M-me either," Mandy replied. "I just - I just want to let you fuck me anyway you want! I can't help it!"

Mike took a step forward and encircled his arms around Mandy, feeling her curves and making her shiver in delight. He lowered his hands and squeezed her ass, eliciting a gasp from her; even her ass was so sensitive now in a way she could barely believe.

"What if we do it just once, honey?" he said, lapsing back into their married-life dialogue. "Just enjoy each other like we did on our wedding night, just once?"

Mandy cooed, breathing heavily.

"Just once . . . ooooh. Yes. Just take me one time, Mikey. And then maybe we can f-fight it afterwards. But right now . . ."

She wrapped her arms around his neck, even as she led him into the building and he shut the door behind them. Their bodies came together, their attraction undeniable.

It was like a wish come true.

## **Part 8: More Than Once**

Mike couldn't get enough of Mandy in that dress. He kissed her, fondling her breasts, running his hands over her. She clung to him, pressing her stomach against the hardness in his shirt, rubbing up against her husband so that she could tease his cock even more. They knocked over vases and books as they moved up the hallway, unable to stop pressing one another against the wall, grunting and groaning with sheer arousal and passion.

“You’re s-so handsome,” she moaned. “So muscular.”

“And your breasts are unbelievable, your curves!”

“They’re awful! I’m such a bimbo!”

“A perfect bimbo,” he replied. “Just as I fantasise about. I bet those tits are really sensitive.”

“F-feel them, then! Get me out of this dress!”

He helped her slide out of it, freeing her bountiful breasts. Instantly he was upon them, caressing and wobbling them, fondling her nipples with his thumbs and then sucking upon them. Mandy was in heaven and hell, but Mike’s walls were fully down as they progressed to the bedroom. He tipped her over to her back and she spread her legs instinctively.

“I can’t fight this,” she said.

“Do we even want to?”

It was the armour piercing question, and it shattered hers.

“No,” she replied. She spread her legs wider. “Get my panties off. I want your big, hard dick in me, husband.”

With a smirk, and just a moment of regret, Mike entered her with her guidance, going deep into her pussy. It was tighter and wetter and finer than Hanah’s ever was, and that was the last he thought of his once-girlfriend.

They fucked in the bedroom. They fucked in the kitchen. They fucked in the living room and even in the hallway. They fucked on the couch and against the table and on the bed, against the wall and on the floor. Somewhere along the way, both Mike and Mandy realised that it was their fifth lovemaking session that night, five times as many as they had initially planned for themselves, and yet they simply couldn’t stop. Mike was having the best sex of his life, and the nature of the wish granting had clearly given him a lightning fast refractory period. It was as if just by being turned on he could be ‘refilled,’ so to speak. Maybe he could have fought it, but Mandy was now, sexually speaking, his perfect woman. She giggled at the cutest moments, purred during foreplay, moaned and cried out in submissive excitement as climax neared. When he fucked her missionary style, Mandy spread her legs around him, holding tight with her thighs and begging him to cup her sensitive tits. When he took her from behind, she assumed the most dutiful position, allowing him to feel like he was dominating his bimbo bride. And when he banged her against the wall, she pressed her heaving, jiggling chest into his face, all the better to lick and suck her nipples.

Mandy, in turn, was also in heaven. She had only started recently mourning a life without love and romance and sex, and while this was nowhere near the intellectual companionship she imagined, it was utterly intoxicating to have someone lust after her

perfect body as Mike did. She felt like she *belonged* to him, his trophy wife for life, his saucy woman, his to caress and grope and squeeze whenever he wanted, and she to dress up however he liked, all to please him. When he slid his huge cock into her from behind, she couldn't help but moan like a whore in heat, and while it still filled her with embarrassment, it also seemed so damn *good*. Even better was going down on her knees and deep-throating his cock. She had never imagined debasing herself like this, but now it felt *empowering* to be in such total submission. There was something freeing about being so captive to a man's attention, as paradoxical as that sounded. When he groaned and pulled her hair, climaxing into her mouth, she swallowed his salty issue not just without complaint, but with cheerful relish.

"Mhmmmm," she murmured, taking it all in. "Ahhhh!!"

And then, to her humiliation and joy, she actually came from sucking him off. Just pleasing her new husband brought such bodily pleasure to herself.

So yes, they fucked all night long, clinging to one another's naked bodies in the interim, conjuring up plans to separate and avoid another round of carnal relations even though both knew it was a fool's errand. The magic had won; there were no more warm glows of physical change, just the overriding push to follow their new roles, and the dopamine rush that came with doing so. To truly seal the deal, the pair continued to whisper lines that emerged from them like a pre-recorded script, especially as they drew close to yet another perfect shared orgasm.

*"I love you Mandy. I'll never love any woman but you."*

*"I love you too! I never want to be anything but your loving wife!"*

*"I'm so glad I proposed to you."*

*"I'm so glad - ahhhh - that I accepted! I'm yours, forever."*

*"I can't wait to start a family."*

*"I can't wait to have your babies! Now make me yours. I want you to show me who's in charge, husband."*

*"I will. Now moan for me, and don't stop moaning until you cum."*

And on it went, all sweet and loving, sensual and flirty, all as if they had been together for years and were destined to be together for life. And when Mike came inside of her, Mandy couldn't stop herself from imagining that perfect future, be it her pregnant with all their future children, or dressing up sexy for date night, or simply making him breakfast, lunch, and dinner like a loving wife should. Mike also saw this in his mind's eye, along with having this gorgeous, bubbly woman on his arm, the ultimate bimbo trophy as much as she would be his romantic partner.

There was no escaping it, now. They had given in, and both knew. When they collapsed into each other's arms that final time before going to sleep, their murmured conversation betrayed this fact.

"We're never going back, are we?" Mike asked, caressing his wife's hip.

"No," Mandy said, almost mournfully. "I can't fight it anymore. We've, like, lost. I can't ever be Amanda again. And only a small part of me even wants to. It's so unfair."

But then Mike's arms encircled her to comfort her, and comforted she was. She moaned a little, smiling despite herself as he cupped her large breast.

"I didn't mean for this," Mike said. "I'll take good care of you, honey."

"And I'll, like, always be your best . . . wife . . ."

Those were her last thoughts as she drifted into unconsciousness. Mike followed shortly after, marvelling at his new partner's body. To his embarrassment, he too had a shameful thought: it was hard to deny that Mandy was already a better partner than Hannah was.

Besides, why would he want to date his mother-in-law?

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The next morning, the pair made love again. Mandy dutifully woke her husband gently by licking his cock, hardening his shaft until Mike finally stirred.

"Mhmm, I thought it was a dream. Should we fight it?"

"I'm sick of fighting it," she replied, raising her head for a moment. She was wearing nothing but a sexy pair of red lingerie she'd put on especially for the morning. "Fighting it hasn't, like, done anything but bring me misery. But this big, hard dick on the other hand . . ."

Mike nodded, leaning back and putting his hands behind his head.

"I don't want to fight it either," he said. "Your lips are too good. I'm sorry."

"Like, don't be. Just so long as you let me taste your cum."

She went back to sucking, this time more vigorously, and the two once more came to terms with this new reality; she submissively pleasing her husband, and him relishing the sensations of it. Mike wasn't an alpha male bro type, nor even remotely misogynistic. This fantasy was just that; purely a fantasy. And somehow, despite all his attempts to be a better guy and date someone who was intelligent and assertive and wonderful, he'd landed straight back into fantasy land. And the reality was, he was starting to be okay with that.

"Nghhh, s-so close! God, I'm about to cum, Mandy! I'm nearly - nearly - ahhh!!  
Yesss!!!"

He ejaculated, arching his back as he did so, and it was a huge load as well. Even Mandy struggled to keep it all in, and the bimbofied former academic blushed with a deep

shade of red as she realised how far she had fallen. But then she swallowed it all down and literally orgasmed from the deliciously salty taste of it, and her regrets were pushed down once more.

“Like, that was sooooo hot and tasty,” she said afterwards. “Do you wanna go another round where you fuck my wet pussy, and then we can, like, shower together?”

“Sounds perfect, honey,” Mike said, the last part coming automatically. “I really am sorry about this, by the way.”

“Please, you, like, hardly sound it now.”

“Well, neither do you!”

A protracted silence followed.

“But this is it now, isn’t it?” Mandy says.

He scratched his hair sheepishly. “Yeah.”

“You, like, totally got everything you wanted.”

“I hope you can learn to enjoy this, at least. I mean, it sounds like you are. You know, during.”

“Mhmm, don’t remind me! Let’s just shower together so I don’t, like, totally think about it. You can feel my ass and tits while we enjoy it, and then I can dress up all hot for you in a crop top and short skirt. Ugh, I can’t believe what a total nympho bimbo I am now. We have to tell my Mom, you know.”

“You mean Hannah?” Mike asked, again feeling awkward.

“Yeah. H-Hannah. My Mom.”

Again, that silence.

“She’s gonna kill us,” Mandy said. “I’m soooo embarrassed by this. She held out longer than us. She’s stronger.”

“Maybe she’s found a cure,” Mike suggested, though he doubted it was true. At that point, staring at his naked wife’s big juicy tits was too much, and he began to get hard again. And then all hopes of a cure fled his mind. He didn’t want one.

“Another round, right?” he said.

She licked her lips, falling back into her new bimbo personality. “Like, maybe two? I really, really, *really* like it when you fuck me up against the wall.”

The shower had to wait.

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Mike drove. Mandy didn’t want Hannah - her Mom, now - to see her pink Mustang and think even less of her. Of course, it didn’t stop her from wearing a crop top that her big boobs were practically bursting out of, not to mention a pair of daisy dukes that hugged her behind

perfectly. Her top was pink, of course, and her hair was done up in pigtails. Mike found it hard not to look at her while driving. He shouldn't have felt guilty, he reasoned, this was his wife, after all. And perhaps he could have been more than okay with it, were it not for the predicament poor Hannah had ended up with, aged up nearly twenty years and given a curvy MILFy body she'd never wanted, not to mention a number of new eating habits that were totally at odds with her life of dieting and exercise.

"We just have to be up front with her," Mike said. "Tell her everything."

"Like, how many times I sucked you off and stuff?" Mandy asked, her mind lacking its previous intuitive intelligence.

"What? No, of course not, honey! I just mean we should tell her how we did have sex. Um, maybe leave out just how many times and what positions, honey."

"Even, like, that reverse cowgirl? Gawd, I can't believe, like, I never knew about it. I guess it took becoming a total airhead hottie to become sexually free, or something. Ugh, I don't know. It's my dumb brain talking, now. She's in charge."

He squeezed her thigh affectionately as he pulled up to park to where Hannah was. By all rights, he should really be living there too, but he had a feeling he'd be with Mandy from now on, unless Hannah had found a way to undo things. But that's not why they were here; they had to fess up and tell his former girlfriend-turned-mother-in-law that they'd done the deed, as man and wife.

"Should I just knock?" Mike asked.

"Like, I don't see why not?"

He did a few times, but no one answered.

"Maybe she's not home."

"Try the handle!"

It was a surprisingly good idea, given what an airhead Mandy had so recently become. The door opened, and the two stepped into the living room, the one that Mike could recall so often making out with Hannah in, until their wishes had changed everything.

"Hello? Anybody home?"

"Mike? Mandy? What are you doing here!?"

It was Hannah, stepping out from the bathroom, and obviously having recently showered. She was adorned in a white bathrobe and her hair was still covered, but it appeared that she too had undergone some last minute transformation adjustments. Her plumper body was obvious, thick in all the right ways, and her chest was larger than even Mady's, though less proportionately big given that she didn't have nearly her 'daughter's' petiteness. She looked to be the spitting image of Mandy were she twenty years older, had put on some love handles, and had a child or two. For Mandy, it wasn't even that awkward to

see her mother like this, but Mike almost felt a need to look away from a sight that would have once been ordinary to him.

“We - we had to come by and tell you,” Mike said.

“You need to leave!” Hannah hissed, her voice oddly whispered.

“Did you, like, find a way to reverse this?” Mandy asked. “Are you, like, concentrating or something?”

“No, it’s just - oh my God, you’re holding hands. This - did you *sleep* together? My gorgeous daughter and my wonderful son-in-law *slept together!*?”

Mike’s eyes went wide. “How did you know?”

“A woman can tell! God, look at you! So young! I can’t believe this! I - shoot. You need to go. Please, I’ll talk about it later, but you need to go n-”

“Hey Han, have you got visitors?”

From the bathroom stepped another individual, wearing a towel around his waist. He was grey-haired and hairy in general, but oddly handsome despite obviously being in his late forties or early fifties. He had a dashing kind of confidence, and he placed an arm around Hannah’s bare shoulders and smirked.

“You must be Mandy, right? Han’s daughter.”

Hannah blushed so deeply red that she could almost be mistaken for a tomato. The evidence of her own failure to avoid her role could not have been more obvious, nor the proof that she’d also left her relationship with Mike and had sex with someone else. Someone more ‘appropriate’ for her age.

“I’m Alan,” the man said. “Sorry to meet under such awkward circumstances.”

“You have, like, no idea,” Mandy said.

## **Part 9: Hannah’s Side**

Hannah had been trying to be careful, even with the compulsions. She was aware that she was now a woman in her forties. She was aware that so much about her had changed. Once petite and lithe, she was now thick and curvy. One young man passing her on the sidewalk had even catcalled her, stating that she was a ‘nice, thick-looking MILF!’ She’d later been informed that the spelling was ‘thicc,’ and that this was a compliment. Hadn’t she known that, once? God, it was so hard to tell with how her compulsions were pushing her mind to act in her new role.

And that was where Alan came into the picture.



He was handsome. He was charming. He was of a more *appropriate age*, at least given her new form. Once, Hannah would have found the notion of sleeping with a man in his early fifties to be utterly repugnant. Now, the wish was making her find it charming. As a regular at her work, it wasn't hard to notice that his eyes were on her, or that his slick tongue heaped compliments upon her when she served him.

"You're looking as radiant as ever, Hannah. You know, sometimes I don't even know if the food's good, because I'm too busy enjoying the fine company."

She would blush, grin, and make some flirty remark back, something like: "Well, I'll never complain about having a customer with such handsome silver hair as yourself, Alan!"

Hannah knew it was only a matter of time before she began to unravel. Her libido was stronger than it had been in her former life, and it was clear that her MILF-like body wanted this older man. She had already masturbated to the thought of him upon her and inside her several times. Her only hope was getting ahold of Mike and Mandy and getting their aid. Hell, even their encouragement!

Only, Mandy wasn't answering.

Neither was Mike.

She sent them a flurry of texts, even flagging a number of them as 'Code Red', the term they had agreed upon as one in which the other two would come to aid, a sign that the compulsions were going too far.

And yet, still no answer. Hannah was lying upon her bed, trying not to fidget too much. Trying not to give in. But it was true: the more one fought the effects of the wish, the more the compulsions to follow its course took over. Automatically, without her permission, her hands shot out to grab her phone once more. They typed in the number that Alan had given her. Anxious, frustrated, turned on and terrified, her possessed hand brought the phone to her ear, listening to it ring out.

"Please don't answer, please don't answer, please don't-"

There was a click. "Hello, this is Alan speaking."

The dam broke. Just hearing that voice, smooth and syrupy and aged like fine wine, shattered any resistance inside Hannah.

"Hello Alan, it's me."

"Hannah? I've been hoping to hear from you. I'd play it cool, but to be perfectly honest I've been glued to the phone all evening."

"Well, how would you like to glue yourself to something far more lovely? I'd like to see you. Are you free to come to my place?"

There was a brief pause on the other side of the phone. "How many speed laws can I break?"

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There wasn't much the MILFified former petite woman could do. When Alan arrived, a dashing smile plastered to his features, Hannah had already adorned herself in an outfit prime to seduce him. It wasn't the thin, slinky dresses she was used to, but rather a tight blue outfit that worked well with her blonde hair and outlined her voluptuous figure. It didn't hide her thickness, but instead celebrated it. Her pendulous breasts were pushed up to extremity by the cups of the outfit, and her impressive thighs were visible below the short hem. Most of all, it emphasised her wide, maternal hips and more generous waist. Part of her hoped that, somehow, Alan would be dissuaded by this appearance, including the pearly necklace she'd worn and the golden hoop earrings, both of which seemed tacky in her mind.

She was to be simultaneously disappointed and happily surprised, because he positively *beamed* to see her.

"My God," he said. "And I thought you were a sight before."

"Oh, you!" she replied, the reply coming automatically. "Are you ready?"

He arched an eyebrow. "For what? With that incredible getup, I imagine we're going out again?"

Hannah tried to say yes. She really did. Maybe if she got too drunk, or excessively vulgar, or just started flirting with other men as a last resort, then she could sink this before it permanently confirmed her into this role. But instead she just rested against the doorframe, tilting her hip just so, and thrusting out her generous chest for him to admire.

"Who said anything about going anywhere, soldier? We've already been to the bar, now we're up to the part where you take me home."

"And the dress?" he said, his voice already knowing where this was going.

Hannah winked. "Oh, this old thing? Well, I just need someone to help me get out of it. Do you think you might be up for the job?"

He slicked back his hair. "Hannah, I suppose I must make this sacrifice."

God, the dry wit. She chuckled, her huskier voice betraying her cougar-like nature. She flattened herself against the doorframe and gestured for him to enter. With a confident stride and a clear enjoyment at the sight of her perfectly wrapped body, Alan did so. She closed the door and brought him in.

He didn't get to see much of the interior though, because just seconds later she was making out with him, her aggressive sexual side now unable to be ignored. She couldn't fight it anymore.

She could only relish it.

It was not the dance of two young lovers, passionate and almost feral, dominated by their youthful vigour. This was something slower, more sophisticated, and that too drew

Hannah into her new role. Alan was a master: he tenderly caressed her, kissing her sensitive neck and whispering sweet words into her ear. It made her regret not cracking out a wine, of sitting before the fireplace and letting the sexual tension simmer. That would have been proper, but her body was simply too desirous by this point, and Alan was going along with it rather enthusiastically anyway.

“You truly are a perfect creature,” he told her, running his hands over her body, testing the boundaries and going just a little further each time. “What made you invite me over?”

“Mhmm,” she groaned. “I thought about doing s-something a little less immediate. Let you w-win me over first. But after all that flirting with me at the bar, I thought you’d more than earned a skip to the third date.”

“The third date?” he said. “Well, it’s nice to know I’ve made a good impression.”

“Don’t stop now. Make it a great one.”

“Oh, I am to, my dear. I aim to. May I unzip you?”

She wanted to say no. She wanted to say yes.

She said yes, of course.

His hands worked slowly, building up the tension deliberately as he gazed over her. She stared back into his eyes, every breath causing her large breasts to rise and fall dramatically. And then, like a magic trick, her dress fell away, for all intents and purposes disappearing from any view. Alan smiled.

“Like what you see?”

“Like would be the understatement of the century, Hannah.”

His hands reached out to touch her skin, and she shivered at his touch.

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“And then what happened?” Mike whispered.

“And then we had sex, goddamn it!” Hannah hissed.

“Mom!” Mandy hissed.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t speak like that to my son-in-law. But . . . but it was so good, daughter. You were so right about getting me back into the dating game. He truly is wonderful. Mhmm, and so virile. Now I understand why girls like older men, and why older men love a mature woman. Shit! Sorry, I’m saying all the craziest things, I just can’t help it! You two need to get me out of here, quickly!”

Alan was humming away in the kitchen, making some late-night coffees for all of them. Hannah and he had cleaned up, and he was getting ready to go. The only problem was, what Hannah had assumed would be a one-night stand was clearly more genuine

romantic interest on Alan's part, because he was pleased to chat with Mike and Mandy, and even complimented the latter on inheriting her "mother's good looks and lovely personality." It should have been skeevey, but the man had such a natural charm that even Mike was starting to like him, despite the fact he'd slept with the woman he was meant to be with.

"We've had our own problems," Mike said, holding Mandy, who was sitting on his lap in the sofa and lying lovingly back against him. "We, uh, may have run into trouble ourselves . . ."

Hannah looked at Mike and Mandy, sighing.

"Of course. Shit. I was so caught up in telling my story that I forgot that—"

"We, like, totally did it," Mandy said in her bubbly voice. "Like, four times."

Hannah frowned further. She coughed a little to herself. "Alan and I did it a few times too. God, that man is virile. And my needs . . . I've turned into such a cougar. And now I'm eating cheap ordered noodles and fries! What the hell can we do?"

No one could give an answer. The tension sat in the air between the trio, the realisation of just how baked-in their new personalities and fates had become sweeping over them. Mandy was too comfortable sitting on her now-husband's lap, and Mike in turn found it hard not to encircle her with his arms, or to touch her lovely thighs. Hannah, for her part, found the image romantic and sweet. As much as her brain told her how things were really meant to be, she couldn't stop thinking of Mike and Mandy as her son-in-law and daughter respectively. In fact, her mind was already going to the exciting possibility of grandchildren. It made her fidget.

"Coffees coming, finally!" Alan declared, coming over and handing them out. "Sorry about the delay. I'll have to get you a nicer coffee machine, Hannah. Is everything alright? I'm sensing a little tension in the room."

It was the understatement of the century. Unfortunately, the wish compelled them to cover it up. It was bringing them happiness, after all, no matter what they truly wanted.

"Just talking, like, about my childhood and stuff!" Mandy said.

"She was such a sweet daughter, and always obsessed with looking so pretty, as you can see!"

"It's what caught my eye in the first place!" Mike pitched in. "She was my childhood best friend. We've known each other forever. Hell, Hannah here is practically a mother to me as well."

"Well, it seems I'm in esteemed company then. Sorry for, er, surprising you before."

"It was an unaccounted drop in," Mike said, trying not to meet Hannah's embarrassed eyes. "We should have messaged or called ahead, shouldn't we, honey?"

Many nodded eagerly, holding Mike's hand. "Like, yeah. Um, thanks for the coffee, Alan."

“Well, it’s your mother’s coffee, but I’d be happy to bring in some of the brew I make. It’s quite a passion of mine, in fact.”

They all drank somewhat eagerly, the awkwardness in the air rather obvious by this point. Finally, Alan seemed to sense the shift in the room. He took one last gulp, slapped his knees and stood up.

“Well, I’ll be going. Don’t want to overstay my welcome . . . though I do hope I am welcome again, my dear. It was excellent to meet you Amanda, Mike, all the best to the pair of you. If I don’t see you sooner, Hannah, I look forward to having you take my order again.”

Hannah batted her eyelashes at him, standing up so close to him that her chest was nearly rubbing against his shirt. Mandy and Mike tried not to notice this too much.

“Oh, I think we can arrange an earlier meeting than that, mister,” she cooed. “Let me see you to the door.”

Alan was escorted by her, and Hannah looked back at her former boyfriend and her former friend with an exasperated expression, one that simply said: *I can’t stop!*

They both shot her back an equally frustrated look, all while holding hands. When Hannah left their site, going down the entrance hall to farewell Alan, they turned to one another.

“This is getting, like, sooooo fucked up,” Mandy whispered, her filler-filled lips emphasising each word in an adorably pouty manner.

“You’re telling me,” Mike replied. “God, I wish I’d never made that wish.”

“Me too. And I reckon Hannah totes thinks the same, right?”

“Well, she’s gone from a young woman with her whole life ahead of her, one who obsessed over dieting and style, to being someone else’s mother who picks up guys at the bar she works at. I want to still love her, but . . .”

Mandy drew herself closer, rubbing his thigh softly. “But you love me more, don’t you? Just like I totally can’t help, like, loving you soooooo much more now. The wish makes us the perfect sexy couple, right?”

Mike sighed, already getting turned on again. “Absolutely right. Damn.”

Hannah returned several minutes later. It had been hard, because she and Alan had just shared a very dreamy kiss on her front steps, and he had promised to call her, and she promised to pick up said call. Despite all the humiliation in her heart, said organ still fluttered. Her compulsions had won, but the tremble of excitement in her made her more okay with it, and that frustrated her all the more! Of course, she was further irritated when she entered back into her own living room and found Mike and Mandy making out on the couch, their lips locked upon one another.

“Oh, my sweet babies, so passionate!” she exclaimed, before catching herself. “Wait, stop! Stop, you two!”

Mike and Mandy did, but only with great effort.

"I don't think we can stop for long," Mike admitted.

"We, like, totally can't. I need my yummy Mike. I'm so sorry Hannah, but I totes want to bone him."

Hannah slumped. "We can't fight this at all, can we?"

"We - we might be able to," Mike said, but even he wasn't convinced by his own voice. "Maybe if there's another moment where a wish takes root."

"It, like, would have worked already," his wife said. "Face it honey, I'm, like, a total bimbo now. Your sexy bimbo who wants to ride you all the time. Mhmm! Whoops, almost lost my train of thought. But, like, I think we really are stuck like this. Hannah is my new mom, and I'm her daughter, and you and I are soooooo married."

"And I'm going to end up sleeping with silver haired old men," Hannah whined, sitting down as she did so. "Unless Alan snatches me up first. God, why does that sound so good? I almost don't want to fight these compulsions."

Mike was silent for a moment as the three changed individuals sat there.

"Maybe we don't," he finally said, startling the pair. "I know it sounds crazy, but maybe we just have to accept this new life."

"Like, easy for you to say, honey!"

"Yeah, you didn't lose twenty years of your life, and you got your fantasy girl!"

Mike nodded. Neither woman was wrong. And yet . . .

"Look, we either fight it and lose or accept it and lose with less exhaustion and less unhappiness. I know I'm just a guy, and I haven't changed as much as either of you, but when I give in to the compulsions, it really does feel like a wish is coming true. Maybe you both feel the same way, even if you don't want to admit it."

Hannah and Mandy both looked everywhere but each other and at Mike. It was hard not to think about their recent sexcapades, and how good it had felt to indulge in their new daily routines.

"I, like, don't want to accept it," Mandy said slowly, placing her head in her hands. "But maybe it's just too much to fight."

Hannah sighed. "Maybe you're right, my daughter. You and your husband. Maybe this is the new us, no matter what we want. And maybe we'll just have to figure out what that means for the new us. All of us."

The three sat there in silence again, each imagining what the future might hold for them. One thing was for certain: an outside force had already laid down the tracks for them. But what would these wishing roles be?

## Part 10: Wishes Granted

Mandy woke her to find her husband's large member sandwiched between her cheeks, hard as rock. The former older academic luxuriated in the sensation, having long ago given up fighting the arousal it gave her. Instead, she began to slide herself against it, shifting in such a way to gently wake her lover while teasing his dick at the same time. He was already spooning against her as he always did, one hand clasped over one of her magnificent breasts. They were even bigger now, thanks to some surgical work. *That* had been something she tried to fight, but evidently Mike had a thing for a woman with a boob job even when she didn't need one, and so here she was, with tits that were thankfully still quite bouncy and perky, but were now a whole cup size bigger.

And so very, very sensitive.

The first sign that Mike was starting to wake came when he began to subconsciously run his fingers over her nipple. The second was when he began to grunt. By this point, she was shifting herself against him more obviously, and starting to moan a little under her breath too. When she'd been Amanda, sex - on the rare occasions it happened - had always been a long affair of foreplay to get her to the right point. Now, it was like she became wet at the drop of a hat.

"Mhmm," she moaned, biting her lip. She gripped her husband's hand, making it grope her breast even more firmly. This was clearly the final straw, because she felt her husband breathe against her neck in a far more conscious way.

"What a lovely wake up," he said into her ear. "You always want it, don't you, Mandy?"

She trembled at his touch, which became more exploratory. "Yes. Ohhhh, you know I always do. It's a wish come true for you."

"I'll make you enjoy it too. You want it like this?"

"Mm-hmm. Play with my big fake tits, too. Be as rough as you like."

Mike was such a nice guy, she knew that, and he did too. He'd never stopped feeling guilty about what all their wishes had accidentally made Mandy and, of course, Hannah, and often apologised in those moments of clear-headedness. Something about that made it easier for Mandy, at least, though part of her sometimes wished he was more willing to take advantage of it. Be greedy and cruel. That way, she'd have someone to vent to and be angry at in a cathartic way. As it was, he was just too nice to be angry about their forced roles, and too horny and compelled to fight it.

So at least he did have a rougher side, one that could let her indulge in a little bitterness. Mike didn't just fantasise about having a bimbo wife, he also fantasised about really fucking her, hard. Of talking dirty and letting her know what she was. It was degrading

for them both - Hannah had confirmed he'd never been like that when they'd been a couple, so clearly it was a hidden fantasy - but even though it was humiliating, it let Mandy retain enough annoyance to keep hold of who she used to be.

"You're gonna like this, you dirty slut," Mike started, pressing his cock into her entrance. She lifted one leg to aid him, gasping as his huge member slid into her wet tunnel.

"I, like, totally am! I'm your dirty slut!"

"My fake, horny, submissive, sexy wife. You want me bad, don't you? Admit it?"

"I totes do! I - ohhhhh - need this! I f-fucking need you to cum inside me! I need my big, handsome man to be my master!"

He began fucking her, thrusting in and out even as he gripped her breasts, groping and grasping and squeezing them just enough to hurt, but not so much that it overrode the sheer levels of ecstasy he was also providing her.

"You're like this forever now," Mike grunted, thrusting faster and faster. She bucked herself against him, the pair on their side in the same spooning position. "Say it."

"I'm I-like this f-forever now! I'm your horny, slutty girl!"

"My bimbo!"

"Your bimbo! I, like, need you as my big man to make all the decisions!"

"And in exchange, I f-fuck you like this."

"Yes! Yes! YESSS!!!"

It didn't take long for either of them to cum. At least her orgasms were seriously amazing, better than they ever had been as Amanda. They rocked her core, again and again and fucking *again*, until she'd had not three or four but *five* consecutive climaxes. The sensation of her husband's hot cum flowing into her passage was seriously erotic, making her almost grateful that she was now stuck as a busty bimbo trophy wife. It was a miracle she hadn't gotten knocked up yet, though that loomed ever on the horizon. Mike wanted a sizeable family, and she had no doubt that her body would fill those fertile desires one day. For now, she managed to separate from him in the post-coital peace that followed, her big enhanced tits wobbling a little as she rested on her back, the pair of them now looking at the ceiling of their holiday hotel.

"Sorry," Mike said, blushing. Immediately, the guilt seized upon him. "I don't mean to say those things, you know. It's just a dumb fantasy of mine. I don't actually believe them."

"You, like, might as well," Mandy murmured. "I am your slut. Your bimbo wife. Stupid wishes. Ugh, at least I seriously came soooooo hard just now."

"Yeah, that was intense."

They both chuckled.

"But I am sorry."



“Stop apologising, honey. You can’t fight it anymore than I can, like, stop wearing outfits that seriously show off my huge tits. We’re stuck like this, and it’s been, you know, a year now or whatever.”

“I just don’t like calling you a bitch or a slut or a -”

“It turns me on when it happens, and, like, makes me centred on who I was. I don’t want to, you know, lose that or something. Just stop apologising and come join me in the shower or something. I need to blow off some steam.”

The compulsions rose, and she gave her husband a sultry look.

“And then I can blow *you*.”

Mike couldn’t help but grin. The guilty was still there, but his body had its own demands. “I wouldn’t complain about that at all. Besides, it’ll keep it in my pants for the wedding ceremony.”

“Please, like we aren’t gonna, like, totally fuck in a cupboard or something during the reception! You haven’t even seen my dress!”

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Hannah stood before her husband-to-be adorned in a pearl white dress that looked only a little tacky. It hugged her dimensions and had perhaps a bit too much cleavage, and its train was utterly excessive. It was everything the formerly glamorous woman would never wear to the wedding of her dreams: it showed off too much of her body, and was practically bait to any silver-haired man interested in a voluptuous woman in her early middle-age. Which, of course, was exactly why she was wearing it: it was the kind of outfit that she simply couldn’t resist in her new life.

“You look utterly entrancing,” Alan said, winking at her while the celebrant began the service.

“Thank you,” she said. “You look dashing as the day I met you.”

“One has to keep up.”

His words made her blush as they often did. Something lit up within her; not love, but certainly a form of pride. She could learn to love Alan, of course, in time. She imagined she even would. But did she really have to be married to him after less than a year in her new wishing role? Evidently this was the case. At least her daughter was here to support her, wearing a gorgeous blue dress that fit her slim yet busty figure, a cleavage window showing off a level of cleavage rivalled only by Hannah herself. It made the older woman briefly jealous of her ‘daughter,’ not just her youth but her figure and style as well. But then the stupid wish’s compulsions were there to make her feel immensely proud of her daughter, who was her maid of honour, naturally.

“You’re doing great, mom,” she whispered. “You can totes do this.”

Hannah wasn’t quite sure she could. She’d been on the very cusp of ending her relationship with Mike when this disaster had first begun, largely because she knew he was thinking of marrying her. Now, here she was, one year later and twenty years older, stuck marrying another man she found very attractive, loved having sex with, and genuinely enjoyed the company of, but not exactly in love with.

It had been a journey getting here. Unlike her Mandy and Mike who had ended up husband and wife and joined at the hip following the magical reality rewrite, Hannah had simply felt the instinctive urge to follow her role and pair up with sexy older men who could take care of her. At first that had been Alan, but there had been others. Their relationship had taken a break, and she had enjoyed the company of numerous other men who fit her new criteria, and all of whom enjoyed her MILF body. She’d even slept with some younger men too who were into that, and had to listen to the frankly degrading speeches they gave about how they loved a “total cougar” or a “sexy, thick-bodied MILF” and so forth, all the things she was never meant to be.

But in the end, the first ‘love’ won out. The transformed woman had a distinct feeling that the wish’s effects had decided, in some sentient way, to guide her back to Alan. They’d had the most chemistry, the best sex, and he was in the best financial position to support her. Besides, he also got along with Mandy and Mike, and that was perhaps most important of all; she had never managed to shed just how damn maternal she felt towards her former boyfriend and friend. Now she doted on her daughter, always coming by to give them cooked food and gifts and invited her daughter to spa days, during which they had the most seriously strange conversations that shifted from complaining about their current lives to comparing sex to talking about whatever shallow thing their new lives revolved around. It was, in a way, highly cathartic. It was these conversations that brought up Alan again, and Mandy had really pushed the issue.

“You should totes get back with him, Mom! He’s perfect for you, and seriously hot for an older guy! Besides, he loves golf like Mike does! He’s the best fit, seriously!”

And so it had happened. She’d called up Alan again, and he’d leapt at the opportunity to be with her. What had followed was a whirlwind of dates and even travels together, all culminating in a proposal just six months into their dating, one she had accepted eagerly despite her inner reluctance.

Even that had felt like a lifetime ago, given that they were now near the shores of warm and tropical Fiji, a sunny destination wedding by the beach. The sun smiled warmly upon her as Alan placed the ring upon her finger. Her heart skipped a beat, and as usual, there was that inner turmoil, that struggle between her true self and the woman she’d become. One day, she knew, they would finally blend, and then she could find peace and

true acceptance in her life. Perhaps, judging by Alan's handsome smile, that day would be sooner than later. As it was, the compulsion still had to act for her when the question came.

"And do you, Hannah, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

I. Hannah saw Mike in the crowd, a somewhat nostalgic expression on his features, then turned to see her own daughter beside her. She smiled sweetly, whispering, "Go on!", but the mother could see the hidden sympathy in her daughter's eyes. She turned back to Alan, her heart swelling with a love that was artificial but felt so damn real. Less than a few seconds had passed.

"I do," she said.

"Then I pronounce you husband and wife. Alan, you may now kiss the bride."

They kissed. It was not a brief kiss either.

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Mandy had not been wrong; she and Mike indeed found a hidden closet to fuck in during the reception. Her silly body was just too horny, and she knew her husband's dick would always rise to the occasion. He banged her against the wall of the small space, her legs wrapped around him, her bust right up in his face. They groaned in ecstasy once more, holding one another for some time before the hasty cleanup began.

"We are so fucking dirty," Mandy said. "Having sex at my own Mom's reception."

"Sorry about saying those-"

"Seriously, stop it. It gets me going and it centres me, Mike. Let's just get back out on the dance floor. I know you soooo want to see these big titties of mine bounce, and my legs move."

Mike scratched the back of his head. "You know what? Yeah, I really do. Look, let's just enjoy the night, right? Make your Mom as happy as possible."

"And us too, lover. If I can't go back to being who I was, then I at least want, like, every other girl on that dance floor to be totally jealous of how fucking hot we both are. Oh, and to celebrate Mom's marriage and stuff."

They returned to the floor just in time to find that the dancing really was starting up. The speeches were already done, the cake had been cut, and the warm tropical weather was cooling perfectly as night settled in. Heads turned, female and male, as Mike and Mandy entered the stage again. Hannah was already there in her wedding dress, the train now gone, dancing with her husband, her moves just a little scandalous. She'd had a bit to drink, and there were few doubts she and her new husband would be returning to the expansive and expensive wedding suite soon to really seal the marriage. Still, there was time for a brief reunion.

“Oh my God, Mandy! Come join us! Mike, my perfect son-in-law! I’m married!”

The pair laughed at the older woman’s tipsy expression.

“Alan, get me one last drink, will you? I want to talk to my wonderful kids!”

The man chuckled, winked at Mandy, clearly amused at his own wife’s tipsiness, then traipsed to the bar.

“How are you holding up?” Mike asked.

Hannah sighed in an exasperated and over the top manner. “I’m getting super drunk, that’s how! And I’m totally going to let Alan have his way with me. No offence, Mike, but he’s a much better fit at least.”

Mike coughed awkwardly, as did Mandy. “Uh, great, Hannah. I hope that he makes you happy.”

“He does! He will! Maybe! I don’t know! It’s not like I can fight it, right? At least tell me my darling daughter is making you happy, and he’s making you happy too, Mandy.”

The pair exchanged a glance.

“He does,” Mandy said.

“She will,” Mike said.

“Maybe.”

“I don’t know.”

And then, giggling by this point as they spoke the last part together: “I don’t know, it’s not like we can fight it, right?”

Great truth had never been spoken, and it left the three roaring with laughter at the absurdity of these new lives and endless compulsions. Alan returned with a new glass for Hannah, but she just waved her hand.

“I’ve changed my mind. Put it on a table, Alan. Let’s dance! All of us, let’s dance and just go with it tonight!”

Alan took it in stride, holding his wife and instantly pivoting her back to the dance floor. With a shrug, Mandy and Mike joined them, a little tipsy and excited themselves. The two attractive couples, separated by a whole generation, danced away to the upbeat music, forming the centre of a congregation of guests and family. The three of them all knew that tomorrow they would deal with hangovers and cleanups, compulsions and a lack of freedom over their changed lives. But for now, at least, all of that was a problem for the future. For now, they danced together, holding one another and laughing, embracing their roles and partnerships for this one night.

Anything else was a problem for tomorrow.

**The End**