

Mini-Story: Anniversary Gone Wrong & Right (Bimbo Body Swap TG)

By FoxFaceStories

To celebrate their anniversary, Samantha buys a spell scroll from her witch best friend Abby, one that will turn her and her husband Jason into the husband's greatest sexual fantasy. What she doesn't know is that his fantasy involves him being turned into a stacked ditzy bimbo and her into the now dominant husband. Things get even more screwed up when Abby tries to reverse this, leading to more chaos!

Anniversary Gone Wrong & Right

Jacy giggled in the aftermath of the pleasurable sex. She groped her large breasts, teasing out the last traces of post-penetrative pleasure, luxuriating in how utterly stacked she was. Her body had a slight sheen of sweat from the sheer amount of fucking she'd been doing, and it was almost making her aroused for another round.

"Mhmm, I think I, like, totally love being your sexy bimbo wife, Sam," she said, tracing her soft fingers over her husband's powerful, hairy chest. It was so different from how it had been, but God it turned her on how muscular and strong he was now.

"I think I, like, totes agree too, fellow wifey-bae," another voice came. It wasn't from Samuel though, but rather the *other* woman on his other side, also feeling his chest and pressing her impressively bosomy form against him. She was Abby, the redhead to Jacey's blonde, and she had certainly changed a great deal as well.

Samuel grunted a little, both from arousal, confusion, and a little anxiety. "Um, are you sure about this? I mean, we can't turn back, I know, but if we're all stuck like this, won't things get awkward between you two?"

Jacey and Abby shared a delicious grin. They both at once kissed Samuel tenderly on the neck, and continued to caress his form, their hands going lower until they began to caress his cock and balls.

"We've learned to be, like, super good at sharing," Abby said. "I was never a huge fan of Jacey back when she was, you know, totes your husband, but now that she's your sexy big-boobed wife, and I'm your wife too, we get along like a house on fire. Isn't that right, fellow wifey-bae?"

Jacey blushed a little, reminded of her former life. It often made her get a little giggly and sheepish, thinking of how she wasn't always such a lustful bimbo. But then she continued stroking Samuel into a hard and massive erection, and everything seemed alright.

“Totes, sexy,” she said. She kissed her husband again. “If I’m, like, stuck like this, and so is Abby, then we both really, really want to keep making you happy as possible. And getting you to fuck our slutty brains out, isn’t that right?”

“Mhmm, oh God,” Samuel said, his new cock hard as hell. “I really, really want that.”

The two women grinned, and even so did he. It was a remarkable change from how things used to be. Only a month ago, the three were certainly not in a polygamous relationship, and there weren’t any bimbos to be seen at all. Ah, but magic has a way of complicating things.

Jacey had been Jason, and Samuel had been Samantha. They were a loving couple in their early thirties, married for almost five years. With their fifth anniversary about to arrive, Samantha decided she was going to do something very special, and very sexily naughty for her loving husband. She decided to go to her best friend in the world, Abby, who had confided in her a year ago that she was a witch with special powers. Samantha knew not to ask favours, but felt this could be a special occasion, and while Abby wasn’t the biggest fan of Jason, viewing him as a little lazy and shallow at times, she agreed that a fun anniversary would be the best for them. And so she concocted exactly what Samantha asked for: a ritual that would allow Jason and Samantha to turn into *his* greatest sexual fantasy to play out.

Samantha didn’t know quite what to expect. He was a big comic fan, so perhaps she would temporarily become a hot spandex-suited heroine to his buff Superman type. Or perhaps she would just be herself, but far bustier (she was quite flat chested). Regardless, she suspected he would become quite well-endowed, and she wasn’t wrong on this score when she read from the scroll Abby had given her. She had taken them back to the bedroom after a lovely restaurant date out, and told him what she had planned. Jason was excited as hell, but also oddly nervous. She only found out why after she read the strange words, and suddenly there was a great *WHOOMPH!*

When the bright light cleared, she was shocked to find herself as a tall, muscular, handsome, and very well-endowed man. Jason, on the other hand, was also well-endowed . . . in the chest. And the ass. And in the hips. She had platinum blonde hair now, and large E-cup tits and a perfect hourglass figure. What’s more, when she tried to explain that her greatest sexual fantasy was a sort of gender bending situation, she kept tripping over her words and using valley girl speak. Apparently, becoming a bimbo type was on her list of kinks too. But just as Samantha was thinking of calling Abby to reverse this whole thing, she found her new member getting *very* hard and her body getting *very* interested at the sight of the bimbo before her. Jason was likewise getting hot and heavy, and in the end they decided to go for it. What followed was a fuckfest of such wild abandon that they were having to

consume what felt like gallons of water and have food breaks just to keep going. Jason wailed in pleasure as she was penetrated, her sensitive body becoming putty in the hands of Samantha. Both decided on new names during this roleplay: Jacey and Samuel. It was incredible. It was wonderful.

It also didn't wear off.

Not for the rest of the weekend, and not on Monday when they both had to email work regarding their 'sickness' and need for several days leave. By this point Abby was brought in to check on the magic, and to her embarrassment she had no idea what was wrong with it.

"It should have worked!" the plain-looking red-haired witch said. "Look, it's all right here, tailored to Jason's wish. The only reason it wouldn't work is if he wanted . . . but no, that'd be too much, surely. Anyway, the wording is fine, it reads . . ."

WHOOMPH!

And that was how another bimbo ended up in the same room, just as busty and sexy and horny as Jacey. In fact, they effectively *were* a pair of sexy twins, with the same body and face, all the same but for their hair colour. Abby was confused and shocked at first, but she couldn't resist her new bodily urges, and the fact that her brain was now thoroughly ditzy and bimbofied meant that any magical talent she had to reverse it was effectively gone as well. Not that she minded once things were sorted out. She was able to summon just enough energy to give them new identities, though that was only partly because this was part of Jacey's fantasy too; to live out like this, forever.

Which is how they got to this point; now stuck - and happily so - in a permanent polygamy. Every morning and night (and even more on the weekend), Samuel's two wives pleased him, just as he pleased them. They were giggly and silly, bubbly and kind, and their libidos made them such hot company, particularly given that they felt a need to dress sexy all the time. Still, they were always aware of who they had been.

Samuel grunted as the two of them began to take turners ducking his cock.

"This is still so weird. But God if I don't want to have threesomes with you for the rest of my life."

The two women moaned, exchanged a look, and giggled.

"We want that too, hubbie," they both said as one.

And then they continued to pleasure him. Jacey's fantasy had become a reality, and now it was *all* their fantasy. The only thing was that no anniversary could ever live up to this!

The End